

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY

EDITED BY KATHERINE TINGLEY

✽

Volume I

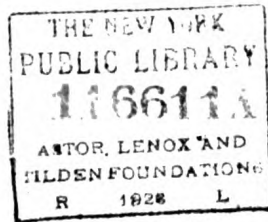
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The Theosophical Path

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Illustrated



Devoted to the Brotherhood of Humanity, the promulgation of Theosophy, the study of ancient & modern Ethics, Philosophy, Science and Art, and to the uplifting and purification of Home and National Life

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*The Secret Doctrine is the common property of the countless millions of men born under various climates, in times with which History refuses to deal, and to which esoteric teachings assign dates incompatible with the theories of Geology and Anthropology. The birth and evolution of the Sacred Science of the Past are lost in the very night of Time. . . . It is only by bringing before the reader an abundance of proofs all tending to show that in every age, under every condition of civilization and knowledge, the educated classes of every nation made themselves the more or less faithful echoes of one identical system and its fundamental traditions — that he can be made to see that so many streams of the same water must have had a common source from which they started. What was this source? . . . There must be truth and fact in that which every people of antiquity accepted and made the foundation of its religions and its faith. — H. P. BLAVATSKY, in *The Secret Doctrine*, II, 794*

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KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

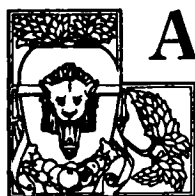
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JULY, 1911

NO. 1

THE REBIRTH OF CHRISTIANITY:

by H. T. Edge, B. A. (Cantab.)



AMONG ideas which Theosophists have been proclaiming for many years, and which are now finding expression through other channels, though in piecemeal and modified form, are those connected with the Christ story and Christianity. *Current Literature*, in reviewing "The Christ Myth," by Professor Dr. Arthur Drews of Karlsruhe, says:

In essence the argument of the book is that all the main ideas of Christianity existed in the world prior to the birth of Christ, and that the hero of the New Testament is an imaginative conception rather than an actual personality. The opening chapters illuminate the history of the Messianic idea. This idea, Professor Drews contends, is rooted in Persia and Greece, as well as in the Jewish consciousness. The Persians dreamed of a divine "friend" or "mediator" who should deliver them in the eternal struggle between light and darkness, between Ormuzd and Ahriman. The Greeks conceived a mediatory "Word" or *Logos* which should come to the aid of human weakness and identify man with God. Even more strongly, among the Jews, persisted the thought that "a Son of God" must intercede with Jehovah in behalf of his people.

Such utterances as the above are growing common, both from without the churches and from within. People are beginning to realize that they have not made the most of their religious traditions; that there is more in them than they have so far gotten out of them. They suspect that the Gospel narratives contain valuable truths that have been missed. The Christ is not merely a personality, but also a symbol, as is shown by the above writer; a symbol of the Divine in Man, recognized by the world ages before the Christian era.

The importance of the Christian Gospel today consists in its power to help us to realize that we are Divine in essence, and to aid us on the Path or Way which leads to a realization of that Divinity. Is it possible that now, for the first time, after all these centuries, the real import of that Gospel is about to be grasped? that the age-long worship of a wrong ideal — that of the personal God and his rewards and punishments, his propitiations and forgivenesses — is about to depart and make room for a more virile and ennobling, as well as more rational and holier faith?

Is it possible that a Resurrection is in progress, a Resurrection of Christ from the tomb in which we have buried him? *

What we understand by a Resurrection of Christ is the Resurrection of the ancient but buried truth that Man is essentially Divine — to replace the idea that he is essentially evil. This latter idea emphasizes the lower side of man's nature and actually weakens his faith in the Divine Power. Having thus lost his faith, he assumes an attitude of expectation and deprecation, praying to an imaginary deity instead of invoking by action the real Divinity within.

Ancient symbology, to which the above writer refers as being substantially identical with that of the Christian Gospel, speaks of the "Father" and the "Son." By the word "Father" was understood the Supreme; the "Son" was the Word, the Divine life in Man, which turned him from an animal being to what he is. Through the Son we approach the Father; that is, man must invoke the power of his own Higher Self. Another ancient teaching, taught in fables as well as sacred allegories, is that only by *acting* can man invoke the Divine aid. The Divine gift to Man is the Will, and he himself is the only one who can exert it. The fable tells that a carter invoked Hercules to lift his cart out of a rut, and Hercules told him to put his own shoulder to the wheel. For Hercules means strength, and strength is invoked by exerting it. In the same way we have to assert our Divinity by acting in a Divine way; and it seems that the Gospels give us ample instructions.

It may be that this was after all the real message, and that those who gave it have been waiting all this time for man to get up off his knees and *be somebody*.

* The reader of course will not think any allusion is here made to a possible physical appearance of Christ. Such preposterous suggestions are made in some quarters, but it is needless to say Theosophy has nothing to do with them.—H. T. E.

There are many religious gospels in the world, but they are all modifications of one great eternal gospel. That one gospel, clothed in many garbs, legendary, allegoric, theological, is the Drama of the Soul in its pilgrimage through life, its struggles with great adversaries, and its final victory. Christianity contains the same ancient wisdom; it has been covered over with accretions of theology and ecclesiasticism; it is now being disintombed. The process is a long and eventful one; for people cling fondly to old habits, and many still hope that they will be able to admit everything and yet set early medieval theology on the summit as the crowning revelation. The success with which they can do this depends upon what they can make of Christianity, for the less cannot contain the greater.

The personal Christ and the doctrine of the Atonement (in its familiar theological form) together constitute the rock on which there is most likelihood of a split. But this doctrine (that is, in its present form) will have to go, for it is inconsistent with the views of life that are now gaining ground. For one thing, it is not sufficiently international; it is too much like a gospel of salvation peculiar to Western civilization. Eastern religions are already amply provided with similar machinery in their own systems, and are not likely to give up their own for ours.

Again, the theological doctrine of Atonement includes the remission of sins, in the sense that the sinner is relieved from the consequences of his sins by a special act of intercession and vicarious suffering. It is useless for Christians to deny that such is the teaching, for it is expressly stated thus by eminent authorities whom we might quote; besides it is this very fact of remission that lends force to the appeal made to our weak desires and hopes; it is held up as a great advantage possessed by Christianity. This teaching is repugnant to our innate sense of justice, to our manliness, and to our best conceptions of Divine Wisdom. It is felt to be more in harmony with Law that man should work out the full consequences of all his acts, both good and bad, reaping the consequent joy and grief. The remission of sins does not mean an excusing from the penalty, but a purification of the man so that he will not commit any more sins. Man is justified, sanctified, and saved, by the Divine grace acting within and changing his heart — not by a propitiatory sacrifice and a mere formal act of belief.

And so the real doctrine of Atonement will have to take the place

of the other. The making *one*, or reconciliation, between the human soul and its Divine counterpart — that is the real Atonement. By it, man repudiates his false “self,” and recognizes his real Self; deposes the animal nature from the throne of his heart and establishes the kingdom of righteousness therein. But in the world just now there is a mighty battle between powers that tend to enslave man and keep him down, and powers that tend to liberate him. The former will try to perpetuate theological dogmatism and man’s fear of himself. The latter will ever strive to give him back his self-respect and faith in his own Divinity.

Christians love to speak of the greatness of their religion, but little do they realize how great it is. The Bible is printed in hundreds of millions, and enthusiastic evangelists place a copy in every hotel room; but it is a more precious treasure than they wot of. Enshrined within the verses of that strange literary compost, preserved in the misunderstood symbols of that religion, are records of the *Wisdom-Religion*, the world’s eternal gospel of Truth. Its teachings can indeed “make us free,” for they show us how to evoke the power of the “Word.” Unless we can use our Will — the Spiritual Will, not the feeble, selfish, personal will — we cannot be saved; else would the Creator have his heaven furnished with rescued dummies. When Man was gifted with Divine prerogatives of Will and Intelligence, he was thereby made a responsible self-acting being; he must redeem himself by his own (God-given) volition, not lay aside his initiative in weak reliance on some other will.

And the Spiritual Will is of the Heart; and of the Heart also is Wisdom; yet man in his unredeemed state obeys the leading of the desires and the false images they breed in the imagination. Therefore he will remain enslaved to these desires and will fail to understand the meaning of life unless he cultivates the impersonal Divine life within him. The teaching of the Gospel is directed to showing us how to enter this Way. To the ignorant the Master speaks in parables; but “to you it is given to understand the mysteries of the kingdom.” A priceless privilege, but how repudiated! If we would but carry out the injunctions of Jesus the Christ, instead of making his personality into a God — which surely he himself would never have wished—we should be worthier disciples and the greater gainers.

THE NEW EGYPTOLOGY AND THE THEOSOPHICAL RECORDS: by Charles J. Ryan



THE interesting problem of the origin of Egyptian culture is still unsolved by archaeologists, though many new facts have been recently discovered which seem to be leading to something definite. Nestor L'Hôte said sixty years ago:

The further one penetrates into antiquity towards the origins of Egyptian art, the more perfect are the products of that art, as though the genius of the people, inversely to that of others, was formed suddenly. . . . Egyptian art we only know in its decadence.

M. Jean Capart, the eminent Belgian Egyptologist, Keeper of the Egyptian Antiquities at the Royal Museum, Brussels, supports that opinion, saying, in his recent work on *Primitive Art in Egypt*, that M. L'Hôte's conclusion was and remains legitimate.

Since L'Hôte's time fine works of art and astonishing beauty have been found in tombs of the *Third* Dynasty of Egyptian Pharaohs, about whom nothing — or next to nothing — was known until lately; even the Fourth Dynasty, the so-called Pyramid Builders, being historically very obscure, no agreement as to their date having been come to yet. It is fairly decided that they lived more than four or five thousands years B. C. Maspero, speaking of some paintings of the extremely ancient Third Dynasty, says:

The Egyptians were animal painters of the highest power, and they never gave better proof of it than in this picture. No modern painter could have seized with more spirit and humor the heavy gait of the goose, the curves of its neck, the pretentious carriage of its head, and the markings of its plumage.

The human figure was also represented with great artistic skill at the same early period. Even then the characteristic full-faced eye in the profile face was a firmly established *convention*. We do not know the reasons for this, but it cannot have been accidental.

According to Dr. Petrie, the great Egyptian explorer, the commencement of the Egyptian civilization that we call classical, the Egypt of the Pharaohs with its hieroglyphs, its established style of art, its complicated religion and philosophy, dates back to not less than B. C. 5000. This would be the time of the First Dynasty. Think what that means! A stretch of splendid civilization before the beginning of the Christian era about five times as long as the period that has elapsed since the time of King Alfred to this day, a period which has included almost or quite all that we look upon as worthy

of consideration in *our* history! And yet back of Dr. Petrie's First Dynastic age we now find ourselves face to face with a prehistoric Egyptian civilization or civilizations of absolutely unknown age, possibly of a hundred thousand years duration. The one that immediately preceded the Dynastic or Pharaonic is supposed to be of Libyan origin.

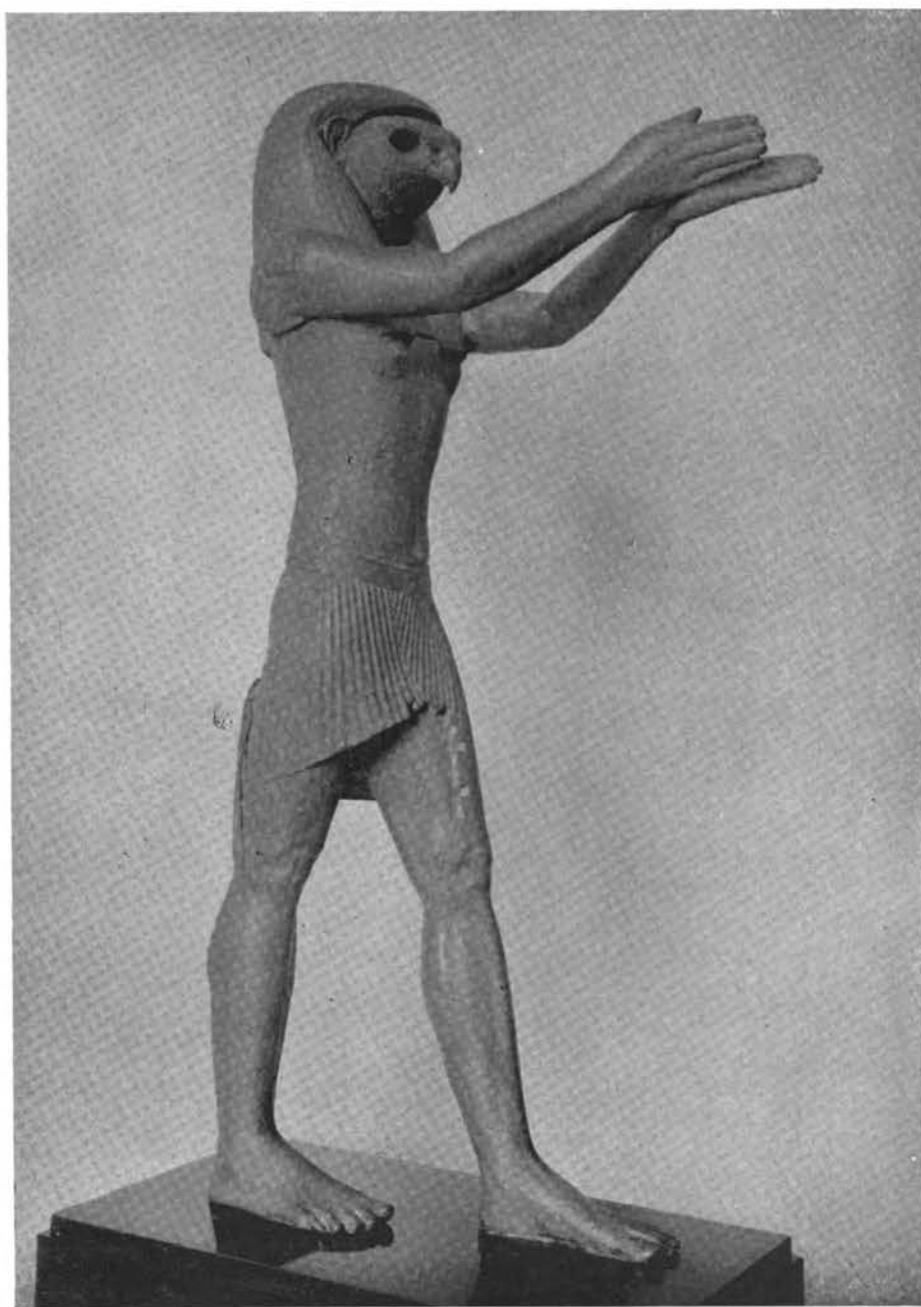
The possibility at least of a civilization of a hundred thousand years' duration should offer little difficulty even to the most critical, now that we have found a well-formed skull and skeleton near London differing very little from the modern type of Englishman, and estimated to be at least 170,000 years old. Long ago H. P. Blavatsky said in *The Secret Doctrine* and elsewhere that some form of Egyptian civilization had existed for an immensely longer period than the archaeologists imagine, and Katherine Tingley has reasserted this most emphatically, saying that Egyptian civilization will be proved to be even older than the (historic) Indian.

Archaeologists have always felt a great and peculiar difficulty in comprehending the sudden appearance of the high culture of the first Dynastic periods. It is impossible to believe that Egypt's greatness arose full-fledged, without long preparation, and yet where are the evidences of development? M. Jean Capart, the Belgian authority referred to above, has devoted great attention to this problem, and his conclusions are of interest to the student of Theosophy. He considers it exceedingly probable that gradual invasions or colonizations of a highly cultured race broke into the simpler Egyptian civilization from the South or South-east. These people, coming from the "Land of the Gods," Punt, which is commonly supposed to be Somaliland, he thinks came originally from some Asiatic country, bringing with them their arts and sciences and religion. As they blended with the Libyan inhabitants of Egypt, who possessed their own distinctive civilization, they established their already formed culture, and the combination produced what we call the Dynastic or classic Egyptian civilization. This would explain the origin of the classic Egyptian forms on reasonable grounds, and furthermore would make it clear why the Egyptians had so many things in common with the Hindûs in matters of religion, such as the respect paid to the Cow as a symbol of Divine Power.

H. P. Blavatsky, in *Isis Unveiled*, quotes the following from the ancient Hindû historian, Kullûka-Bhatta:



HALL OF COLUMNS, KARNAK, EGYPT



Lomaland Photo. and Engraving Dept.

SYMBOLIC STATUE OF HORUS, SON OF OSIRIS AND ISIS
IN THE ACT OF PURIFYING A KING
MUSÉE NATIONAL DU LOUVRE, PARIS

Under the reign of Viśvâ-mitra, first king of the Dynasty of Soma-Vanga, in consequence of a battle which lasted five days, Manu-Vina, heir of the ancient kings, being abandoned by the Brâhmans, emigrated with all his companions, passing through Ārya, and the countries of Barria, till he came to the shores of Masra. (Vol. I, p. 627)

She adds:

Ārya is Eran (Persia); Barria is Arabia, and Masra was the name of Cairo, which to this day is called *Masr*, Musr, and Misro. (*Ibid.*)

Mitsraim was the Hebrew name for the land of Cham, Egypt.

Dr. E. A. W. Budge, the learned Keeper of the Egyptian and Assyrian antiquities in the British Museum, says he believes that a series of carvings on the walls of the Temple of Edfû,

represent the invaders in prehistoric times, who made their way into Egypt, from a country in the East, by way of the Red Sea. . . . In later times the indigenous priesthoods merged the legendary history of the deified king of the "Blacksmiths" in that of Horus, the god of heaven in the earliest times, and in that of Râ which belonged to a later period.

The mythical story of Horus conquering Nubia and Egypt, with which Dr. Budge thinks the true story of incursion was blended, contains the significant assertions that the warriors of Horus, the "Blacksmiths," were armed with weapons of metal, and chains, and were expert builders.

According to the Theosophical records the *Great Pyramid* was built long before the fifth millennium B. C. There are many mysteries connected with that most stupendous work of man which have not yet been suspected by the Egyptologists, not the least of which is the problem of its date and its builder; but, so far as they go, the stories of Horus' invasion and M. Capart's luminous suggestions as to the origin of the Dynastic Egyptian civilization, are not inconsistent with the account of Kullûka-Bhatta; and in the light of the new discoveries of one or more prehistoric civilizations in the Nile Valley, it looks as if the teachings of Theosophy were being vindicated in a way that was not dreamed of by archaeologists in the days when H. P. Blavatsky opened a small window into the mysterious past of glorious Egypt.

THE SCOPE OF ART: by R. W. Machell



A WRITER in a London weekly (*Black and White*) makes one or two points in reference to art that are worthy of notice. He says that it is nonsense to talk of art elevating the people, because it is itself the index of their condition. This is just one of those simple fallacies that contain a sufficient amount of the truth to make them misleading. Art is not an index of the condition of the people, but only of a very small part of the people; it would be more true to say that the popular appreciation of art is such an index; but it is not true to say or to imply that the condition of the people governs its range or scope. We are constantly met by the experience of art that is unappreciated by the people in whose midst it appears.

It is necessary to understand the complex nature of man and the vast range of human evolution to be able to see how one man may appear in a nation and display a degree of progress far in advance of his fellows, who also are all in varying stages of their long evolution. The progressed soul incarnates perhaps in a body just like those of the rest of the race, because it cannot get a better; and so it is not at once recognized as an older soul, and for want of right education the man himself may be unable to account for the difference between himself and his fellows of which he is conscious; and so, being unaware of his own inherent divinity and of his relation to his fellows, he may not recognize his responsibility to them as a natural leader, fitted by greater experience to show a light on the path of human progress, and required by Karma or by his kinship to his fellows, to use his experience, or his talents, or his genius, for their guidance rather than for his own glory.

Then passing to the subject of the recent sale of the famous Rembrandt to an American he very wisely points out that this is a private matter, and not in any way a national or an artistic point of interest. As said, the picture (not an English painting) was not in any sense a national possession, nor was it of any importance in the art-life of the nation that it should be added to the already large collection of the master's works now owned by the National Gallery. What the writer maintains is vital to a nation, is to encourage and to appreciate the art of its own day and of its own artists.

Now here we meet the deplorable parochialism that does duty for patriotism, and which is so utterly out of place in connexion with art;

for art is not national but universal, and, further, it is not modern or ancient, but again universal; so that an attempt to limit the sympathies of art-lovers to the products of their own age or of their own nation is bound to fail, and can only be tolerated as an antidote to an excessive worship of what is old or of what is foreign, these being matters of perhaps no consequence at all.

It is of course well that people should do the duty that lies nearest to hand first, and so if it be a duty to encourage, to endow, or to patronize art, that duty should begin at home. But this again is a very narrow way of looking at the matter. It is not at all essential that art should be national; on the contrary, art is universal and cannot be bound by any such limits. No barriers stand in the way of one who would admire a foreign painting; one may speak no language but one's own and yet find as much beauty, joy, and inspiration in foreign works of art as in those produced by men of one's own nationality. A visitor to a collection of works of art has to be told by a catalog, or he would not know, what country produced any particular work; so it is with music, and largely with architecture; indeed that which is of ART is universal: the national characteristics are limitations imposed by circumstances upon the free expression of the soul.

The soul of man is not eternally bound within the limits of one nation, but must, in the course of constant reincarnations upon earth, experience the limitations of many varying nationalities. It is bound to the great human family; and it may be, for a certain period, identified with a special group. Nations are evanescent, though family groups may survive, and though an artist may be intimately bound by many ties with the destinies of some one group or family or race, in its reincarnations and in its varying national appearances, yet the artistic part of his nature is just that higher part that rises beyond such limits and appeals to all humanity, and it is the higher part of human nature that responds to the appeal of art and disregards all other limitations, such as questions of time or place or nationality, rising to what is more broadly human or more divine in the nature of man. For "Brotherhood is a fact in nature," and the soul responds unconsciously to the call of the Soul in all nature and in all humanity in such degree as it is able to throw off for a time the temporary bonds of local conditions. So it is a matter rather of satisfaction to see works of art circulating around the world and awaking the deeper sympathies that tend to unite humanity.

MUSIC AND LIFE: by William A. Dunn



HERE is not a problem which perplexes human life that may not be loosened and solved by the aid of music. Based as it is upon the vibratory movements of Nature, and subject to rigid mathematical law and geometrical ratio, music represents an incorruptible and direct medium between the higher and lower natures of man. Its dynamical and spiritual power proceeds from the *blend* of its related vibrating numbers; which blend is that living force (*within* outward harmony) that electrifies the heart and mind and lifts the whole nature to the plane of soul. It is that living field of energy in which all numbers, all forces, all substances, are lost in the unity of least-common-multiple of all possible vibrations. It is the Veil of Isis.

No motion can take place without causing sound. This must be equally true of atomic and planetary movements, and all that lies between. All sounds that appear to the senses as different must obviously vibrate in some universal medium which permits movement and unifies their seeming diversity. It is the actual presence of such a medium in man which enables him to perceive that which music is the expression of. Notes and chords are merely alphabetical symbols. These are classified and combined to express ideas as truly as words are combined to convey the thought that lies beyond them.

It has been said that "The Universe is built by number." This is obvious truth when all natural forces and elements are conceived of as modes of vibration (as they actually are) blending and interblending in the universal etheric medium, according to the immutable law of harmonious ratios. Why should the etheric world be thought of as an abstraction or a far-off possibility? It is in reality a nearer thing in life than its comparatively trifling contents. All our thoughts and feelings move in it as their medium, and the process of self-conquest is nothing more than to live in this our universal home, and harmonize dissociated thoughts and feelings into musical symphonies.

This is not rhapsody, but sober common sense, as true for the field-laborer as for the philosopher. As we all live in and breathe the same physical atmosphere, so do we all think and feel in the same mental ether. This fact explains why "Brotherhood is a fact in nature." To accept this principle of Brotherhood as the point from which life is viewed is equivalent to mounting to the hill-top of life from which the surrounding scenery can be seen. Down in the valley a single wall can shut out the whole prospect.

A text-book on chemistry may be consulted with profit as illustrating this fact. A few general principles or laws classify millions of separate facts into harmonious knowledge. The science of chemistry is also the science of true music. Schopenhauer speaks of music

as immediate and direct an objectivation or copy of the *Will* of the world as the world itself is, as the ideas are of which the universe of things is the phenomenon. Music is not the copy of the ideas, but a representation of the cosmical Will co-ordinate with the ideas themselves.

The literal truth of this statement is known by all who have had contact with that which creates, and breathes life into, a musical masterpiece. The audible notes and phrases are merely classified symbols which express something beyond them, just as the parts of a dynamo are adjusted as medium for the expression of the universal electrical power.

Music, in itself, is the universal life of Nature as she is in vibration. Every movement, from that of planet down to minute atom, emits tone. It is absurd to imagine that our octave of audible receptivity limits the universal fact. It can only do so *for us*. The refining and extension of receptive range of hearing must undoubtedly reveal the music which ever surrounds our self-imposed deafness. All discoveries and advances in knowledge are simply this: the unfolding of organs of receptivity in which some universal fact may reflect itself. All knowledge and power exist eternally. Man is the only variant (because of his power of choice) and he cripples himself in imagining that the revelation of limited organs of receptivity are equivalent to the universal fact.

Let us picture a great music hall in which an orchestra is performing. No matter what sounds proceed from the many instruments, their united tones vibrate through every particle of air in the building simultaneously. Sound waves may be many, but, every atom of air is participant in all these at one and the same instant. The atom therefore is the synthetic point of universal unity.

Man is an atom in that grand temple of music — the solar system. Through him passes every movement or sound propagated by planet or sun — and all the lesser movements to which they give rise. We actually participate in the total vibration of solar life, but are blind to this because the brain consciousness is attached to a few external sound waves and sets up a conscious focus amid these. A musician will tell us how easily the mind may select a single orchestral instru-

ment and follow its melody to the exclusion of the adjacent parts. How truly this illustrates our separate personal lives! It is impossible to lose anything by detachment from the personal grooves to which so much importance is attached. We can only fall into That which gives the utmost blessing. That silence and solitariness which usually follow the storm of true effort, is the womb of fuller life. The old life has passed, the new not yet born, and we are apt to despond. But courage and patience will surely lead to living joy, for the new life dawns when the inner self is ready to receive it. Right thought, right feeling, and unending patience, will without doubt make all things clear, and from the heart will arise the total music of life, vibrating in tune with all that is.

THE ASTRAL BODY: by H. A. W. Coryn, M.D., M. R. C. S.



It is safe to say that science will never accept the astral body — by that name: at any rate not until philosophy accepts the prototypal *Ideas* of Plato.

Yet the evidence, if not for them, then for something discharging the same function and therefore after all for them — is irresistible.

One thinks first of the growth of living animal tissues in glass jars, demonstrated at the Rockefeller Institute. Removed from the body to which they belong and placed in nutritive fluids which they can absorb, they attain a size that would constitute them fatal diseases if they were *in situ* at home. They would in fact be malignant growths of highly organized types.

Why *don't* they grow to that size? Because "the nervous system" restrains them within the limit of usefulness. How does "the nervous system" know that limit? Has it a picture in its "mind," a plan according to which it works, according to which it variously restricts or encourages?

When some of the molluscs are cut in two each half grows the part it has lost, the head an after-part, the after-part a head. Two animals result, each exactly like the original. As the severed cells are called upon to perform and do perform new and unexpected work, what and where is the architectural plan by which they do it?

The cells of a leaf have finished their growth. Now comes their *work*, the fixing of carbon from the air, transpiration, and so on. But cut off, say, a begonia leaf and place it on damp soil properly protected. It proceeds at once upon a wholly new program, sending down roots, sending up stalk, fresh leaves, and finally flower. It is obviously working according to a plan. When a germ cell or seed does that the problem can be *concealed* by talking about its chemical constitution and so forth. We are told that the seed behaves as it does because it is constituted by nature to do so, molecularly arranged for just that function. But the cells of the leaf were *not* arranged for that but for quite other functions. How come they to be able to stop their proper line of work and follow this one, generating not only leaves like themselves but all other parts of the plant including seeds?

We are of course pressing the problem of heredity, the persistence of racial and family type. But heredity is only a word that expresses the observed facts without a gleam of explanation.

The consciousness of the mollusc, as an individual, and that of the leaf on a lower plane, can be only sensational. *They* do not intelligently arrange and design what they are doing. But to ascribe it to molecular mechanism only, is no better than to say God did it. Either is such a form of mere words as unwise parents throw at a too questioning child to stop, without satisfying, its mind. No idea corresponds. The gap in conception remains exactly what it was.

When a chimney is blown down, the builder notes the gap and builds another. His mind contains a picture of what ought to be there.

An architect does not deliver the whole plan of his building to each of the workmen. Each follows his ordinary work, being merely told where to begin and when to stop. When all of them have done their part the building is complete.

Why may we not suppose that the cutting-in-two of a mollusc constitutes some such appeal to some intelligence somewhere in nature as the missing chimney constitutes to the builder? The force flowing in the cells of the injured animal is thereupon directed to the work unexpectedly required. Science now speaks freely of *human* "subconsciousness," meaning sub-*mental* consciousness in man. And it knows that that sub-mental consciousness can, when properly called upon (and also habitually on its own account), do reparative work upon the body whose method is not comprehensible to the man him-

self. It is, within its limits, intelligent; it knows what it has to do and what it is wanted to do; and it commands the necessary forces — which are beyond the *man's* reach, owner of them as he may be or think he is.

This subconsciousness is embodied with the man, but is not the man and is not an ego. May it not be regarded as a part of nature-consciousness, focused in an organic body and with the intelligence necessary to do its work?

And it does not follow that the lower down the scale of mental intelligence is an organism, the lower down a parallel scale is *this* intelligence. What we call, when in our own bodies, the subconscious, may be just as fully present and just as intelligently at work, in the bodies of plants and animals.

If we say that the plan of repair and the plans of hereditary type are in the conscious intelligence of this diffused nature-mind, we are at any rate reasonably proceeding from the known and not glossing the unknown with mere words. The astral body of any plant or animal is its plan of structure in this nature-mind. It is subjective substance, just as is a picture in our own mind. And it contains the vital energy necessary for the guidance of the protoplasmic matter that will clothe it, an energy that guides but is not one of the physical forces. As an analogy from higher up the planes of being, conscience *guides* mental thoughts and desires but is not among their number nor of their nature. It is the *divine-astral* form or plan, of what the thinking man should be. On both planes the form and the guiding energy setting from it become the negative and positive aspects of one thing.

THE BIRTH OF DAY

by A. F. W. (Manchester, N. H.)

FROM the darkness, O Eternal One,
From the pale light of diamond stars,
From the quietude of dreamless night,
Into the grayness and the formless mist,
Comes the first whisper, the first murmur
Of Life awakening.
Merges then the dim outline and the shadow,
Floating nothings, pregnant with the promise
Of the coming birth of Morning.
Gradually, slowly, silently,
The shapes resolve themselves
And grow less misty and more huge;
The grayness becomes less gray;
And, as it so becomes, the horizon
Erstwhile faint and indistinct,
Slowly as a line appears, not sharp,
But blended with both earth and sky.
A sleepy twitter from the birds, the first call
Of mate to mate; the faint, soft rustle
Of the leaves, the vapor rising from the earth —
All betoken the oncoming.
The ghostly outlines of the forms
Are clearer now; and the vivid streamers
Of the eastern sky change to the white light
Of the advancing Morn.
Now approach the fuller tones of nature:
Insistent the notes of the tiny feathered ones,
And from the nests and branches come
The piping calls to morning quest.
Now the silver white takes on the faint
Tinging of the purple glow.
The purple to a blue transforms itself;
The gnomes of dawn are hard at work
Transmuting the base metal into finer gold.
As distant fire, urging on the horses of wild Fear
Mounts higher and more high,
So Apollo urges on his horses, and the golden gleam
Of his chariot heralds itself
To follow after.
The horizon blazes with the power of Light —
More red and fiery grows the hue;
A point appears, a rim, an arc
Of coppery luster; then
Glowing with the radiance of the parent Life
The Sun! — And Day is born.

H. P. BLAVATSKY AND THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

In 1887 William Q. Judge wrote of the Theosophical Society and H. P. Blavatsky as follows:



THE Society has had, like all sentient beings, its periods of growth, and now we believe *it has become an entity* capable of feeling and having intelligence. Its body is composed of molecules, each one of which is a member of the Society; its mental power is derived from many quarters, and it has a sensibility that is felt and shared by each one of us. For these reasons we think it is a wise thing for a person to join this body, and a wiser yet to work heart and soul for it.

And we would have no one misunderstand how we look upon H. P. Blavatsky. She is the greatest woman in this world in our opinion, and greater than any man moving among men. Disputes and slanders about what she has said and done move us not, for we know by personal experience her real virtues and powers. Since 1875 she has stood as the champion and helper of every Theosophist; each member of the Society has to thank her for the store of knowledge and spiritual help that has lifted so many of us from doubt to certainty of where and how Truth might be found; lovers of truth and seekers after spiritual knowledge will know her worth only when she has passed from earth; had she had more help and less captious criticism from those who called themselves co-laborers, our Society would today be better and more able to inform its separate units while it resisted its foes. During all these years, upon her devoted head has concentrated the weighty Karma accumulated in every direction by the unthinking body of Theosophists; and whether they will believe it or not, the Society had died long ago, were it not for her.

The following are extracts from an article also by William Q. Judge, written after H. P. Blavatsky's death:

THAT which men call death is but a change of location for the Ego — the immortal self — a mere transformation, a forsaking for a time of the mortal frame, a short period of rest before one reassumes another human frame in the world of mortals. The Lord of this body is nameless; dwelling in numerous tenements of clay, it appears to come and go; but neither death nor time can claim it, for it is deathless, unchangeable, and pure, beyond Time itself, and not to be measured. So our old friend and fellow-worker has merely passed for a short time out of sight, but has not given up the work begun so many



HELENA PETROVNA BLAVATSKY
FOUNDERESS OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY



THE LEADERS OF THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT

H. P. BLAVATSKY

KATHERINE TINGLEY

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE

ages ago — the uplifting of humanity, the destruction of the shackles that enslave the human mind. . . .

That she always knew what would be done by the world in the way of slander and abuse I also know, for in 1875 she told me that she was then embarking on a work that would draw upon her unmerited slander, implacable malice, uninterrupted misunderstanding, constant work, and no worldly reward. Yet in the face of this her lion heart carried her on. Nor was she unaware of the future of the Society. In 1876 she told me in detail the course of the Society's growth for future years, of its infancy, of its struggles, of its rise into the "luminous zone" of the public mind; and these prophecies are being all fulfilled.

Her aim was to elevate the race. Her method was to deal with the mind of the century as she found it, by trying to lead it on step by step; to seek out and educate a few who, appreciating the majesty of the Secret Science and devoted to "the great orphan Humanity," could carry on her work with zeal and wisdom; to found a Society whose efforts — however small itself might be — would inject into the thought of the day the ideas, the doctrines, the nomenclature of the Wisdom-Religion, so that when the next century shall have seen its seventy-fifth year the new messenger coming again into the world would find the Society still at work, the ideas sown broadcast, the nomenclature ready to give expression and body to the immutable Truth, and thus to make easy the task which for her since 1875 was so difficult and so encompassed with obstacles.

THE PATH---SOME WORDS OF WILLIAM Q. JUDGE



IN 1886, William Q. Judge, the pupil and colleague and afterwards the successor of H. P. Blavatsky, founded and edited *The Path*, the first American Theosophical magazine. After his death, this magazine was continued by his successor, Katherine Tingley, and was by her finally merged into and combined with a weekly magazine, published under the title of the *Century Path*. This has again given place to **THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH**, thus distinctly calling attention to the teachings it promulgates and sets forth, while preserving the name "The Path" of the first American Theosophical Magazine.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH in its first issue pays honor to both these great-hearted Teachers, H. P. Blavatsky and William Q. Judge. All humanity owes them a debt of gratitude for pointing out once more the path of true progress and happiness. Through their self-sacrifice, even of their lives, "the pathway is once more seen to that realm where the Gods abide."

In the first issue of *The Path*, William Q. Judge wrote:

The solution of the problem, "What and Where is the Path to Happiness?" has been discovered by those of old time. They thought it was in the pursuit of Râja Yoga, which is the highest science and the highest religion—a union of both. . . .

The study of what is now called "practical occultism" has some interest for us, and will receive the attention it may merit, but it is not *the* object of this journal. . . .

True occultism is clearly set forth in the *Bhagavad Gîtâ*, where sufficient stress is laid upon practical occultism, but after all, Krishna says, the kingly science and the kingly mystery is devotion to and study of the light which comes from within. The very first step in true mysticism and true occultism is to try to apprehend the meaning of Universal Brotherhood, without which the very highest progress in the practice of magic turns to ashes in the mouth.

We appeal, therefore, to all who wish to raise themselves and their fellow creatures—man and beast—out of the thoughtless jog trot of selfish everyday life. It is not thought that Utopia can be established in a day; but through the spreading of the idea of Universal Brotherhood, the truth in all things may be discovered. Certainly, if we all say that it is useless, that such high-strung sentimental notions cannot obtain currency, nothing will ever be done. A beginning must be made, and it has been by the Theosophical Society. Although philanthropic institutions and schemes are constantly being brought forward by good and noble men and women, vice, selfishness, brutality, and the resulting misery, seem to grow no less. Prisons, asylums for the outcast and the magdalen, can be filled much faster than it is possible to erect them. All this points unerringly to the existence of a vital error somewhere. It shows that merely healing

the outside by hanging a murderer or providing asylums and prisons will never reduce the number of criminals nor the hordes of children born and growing up in hotbeds of vice. What is wanted is true knowledge of the spiritual condition of man, his aim and destiny. This is offered in Theosophical literature, and those who must begin the reform are those who are so fortunate as to be placed in the world where they can see and think out the problems all are endeavoring to solve, even if they know that the great day may not come until after their death. Such a study leads us to accept the utterance of Prajâpati to his sons: "Be restrained, be liberal, be merciful"; it is the death to selfishness.

In an article "A Year on the Path," Mr. Judge wrote, at the close of the first year of the magazine:

The question is always naturally asked, "What is the Path?" or "What is the Philosophy?" which is the same thing, for of course the following of any path whatever will depend upon the particular philosophy or doctrines believed in. The path we had in view is held by us to be the same one which in all ages has been sought by Heathen, Jew, and Christian alike. By some called the path to Heaven, by others the path to Jesus, the path to Nirvâna, and by Theosophists the path to Truth. Jesus has defined it as a narrow, difficult and straight path. By the ancient Brâhmans it has been called, "the small old path leading far away on which those sages walk who reach salvation"; and Buddha taught it was a noble four-fold path by which alone the miseries of existence can be truly surmounted. . . .

The immortal spark has manifested itself in many different classes of men, giving rise to all the varied religions, many of which have forever disappeared from view. Not any one of them could have been the whole Truth, but each must have presented one of the facets of the great gem, and thus through the whole surely run ideas shared by all. These common ideas point to truth. They grow out of man's inner nature and are not the result of revealed books. But some one people or another must have paid more attention to the deep things of life than another. The "Christian" nations have dazzled themselves with the baneful glitter of material progress. They are not the peoples who will furnish the nearest clues to the Path. A few short years and they will have abandoned the systems now held so dear, because their mad rush to the perfection of their civilization will give them control over now undreamed of forces. Then will come the moment when they must choose which of two kinds of fruit they will take. In the meantime it is well to try and show a relation between their present system and the old, or at least to pick out what grains of truth are in the mass.

. . . A new age is not far away. The huge unwieldy flower of the 19th century civilization has almost fully bloomed, and preparation must be made for the wonderful new flower which is to rise from the old. We have not pinned our faith on Vedas nor Christian scriptures, nor desired any others to do so. All our devotion to Aryan literature and philosophy arises from a belief that the millions of minds who have trodden weary steps before ours, left a path which may be followed with profit, yet with discrimination. *For we implicitly believe that in this curve of the cycle, the final authority is the man himself.*

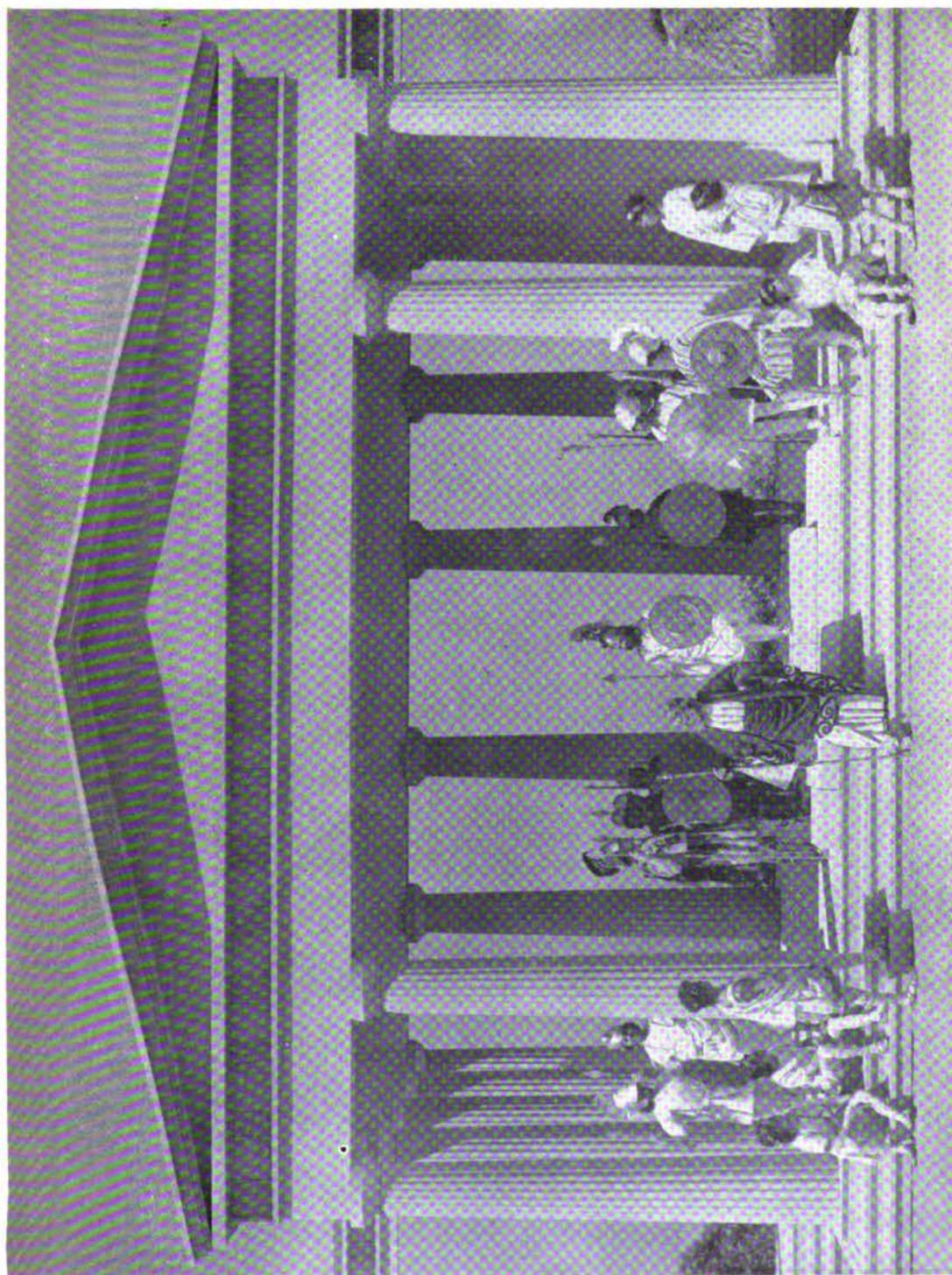
In former times the disclosed Vedas, and later, the teachings of the great Buddha, were the right authority, in whose authoritative teachings and enjoined practices were found the necessary steps to raise man to an upright position. But the grand clock of the Universe points to another hour, and now Man must seize the key in his hands and himself — as a whole — open the gate. Hitherto he has depended upon the great souls whose hands have stayed impending doom. Let us then together enter upon another year, fearing nothing, assured of strength in the Union of Brotherhood. For how can we fear death, or life, or any horror or evil, at any place or time, when we well know that even death itself is a part of the dream which we are weaving before our eyes.

Our belief may be summed up in the motto of the Theosophical Society, "There is no Religion higher than Truth," and our practice consists in a disregard of any authority in matters of religion and philosophy except such propositions as from their innate quality we feel to be true.

SAVING FOREST WASTE: Note by a Student

IN the Yearbook of the Department of Agriculture just issued, it is pointed out that conservation of the timber supply involves the co-operation of the public, the lumbermen, and the wood-consuming industries, as well as of the National Government. Forest conservation is not possible at the low prices of former days, and in general prices must advance before much can be done. Then the public must be prepared to accept new woods; the farmer must give up using cedar, white-oak, and chestnut posts; railroads must cease using white-oak ties; builders must accept other lengths and widths. Meantime the Government co-operating with Wisconsin University, has established a thoroughly equipped wood-testing laboratory at Madison, where many problems are being investigated, from the standpoints of forest conservation and commercial requirements.

In the valuable magazine *American Conservation*, for May 1911, it is stated that Argentina has a hundred million acres of wooded land, mostly quebracho and yerba tree, both in increasing demand. In Brazil there is about a thousand million acres of wooded land. There ruthless destruction cannot go on, as most concessions now require proper conservation of the rubber and other trees. Bolivia has quebracho, rubber, coca, cinchona, and other trees useful in the arts. The timber tracts of Colombia are practically unexploited. The slopes of Ecuador are richly wooded. The forests of Peru occupy about three hundred million acres, and its government has taken steps to ensure conservation, and contemplates experiment stations.



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SCENES FROM "THE AROMA OF ATHENS"

CENTRAL FIGURE IN FRONT PHIDIAS, BEHIND HIM PERICLES



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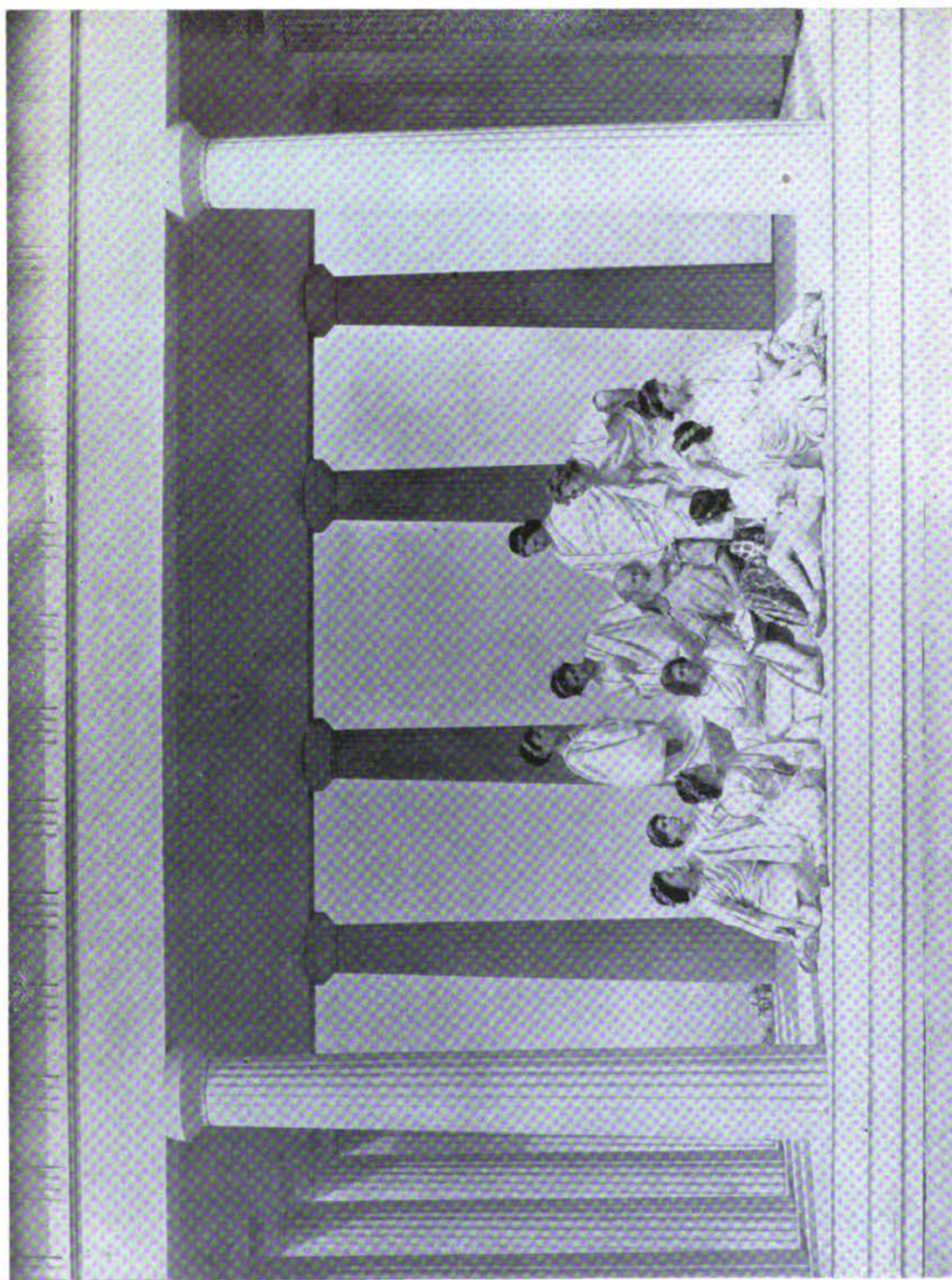
CENTRAL FIGURE PERICLES, ON THE LEFT PHIDIAS, ON THE RIGHT DIOCHARES



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ATHENIAN SOLDIERS

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SOCRATES AND HIS DISCIPLES

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"AROMA OF ATHENS" STRIKES NEW NOTE IN THE DRAMA. Katherine Tingley to Open Greek Theater to the Public: Unrivalled Natural Scenery: Marvelous Acoustics. Notes by a Dramatic Critic



NEW-OLD note in drama has been struck here on the Pacific Coast, which, we feel quite safe in prophesying, will be recorded in many histories. The English-speaking world has been fretting after some new inspiration. We are tired of imitating the Elizabethans; for the time being, that spring would seem to have run dry. What belongs to our own day peculiarly tends to be mere boisterous horse-play or flippant shallowness; vulgar both, and not in any way to be called art. What we have that is good, the work of a few writers, is not so startling in quantity or quality, nor so profoundly original, as to cause us to hope for a new great art period in our own or our children's day. And yet there has been the demand. The public has turned to strange well-springs and found the waters bitter, cloying, soon to run dry; the critics have filled their press columns, both here and in England, with clamorings, prognostications, hasty or timorous judgments, a sense of a great need and expectations. Decidedly the time is ripe for a new birth in the drama.

MEETS NEEDS OF THE TIME

Now the question arises, what needs must this new birth and order meet? Great art meets the needs of its time, sternly turning away from its mere wants; for that reason it is often rejected for awhile by a public clamorous after lower levels of things. Such a clamor we find in our own day after sensationalism — give us action, more action, say the managers; but is this a real need? The world is agog with action as it is; such a riot of action as one might imagine the Gadarene swine indulged in on their seaward last tumultuous journey. The motif is threadbare; we have torn it to tatters and it is time to turn to new modes. Personalism, too, is rampant and bears fruit in an ugly and jangled civilization. What is needed, then, is an art that shall be calm, dignified, beautiful, impersonal; a pointer to and promise of better ways of living.

One turns back to the great art of the Greeks with a sense of relief after all our modern, breathless, tom-tom beating. There we find beauty, calm movement, dignity, national, and not merely personal motifs; above all, an insistence on the higher and eternal verities. We need the Aroma of Athens on our modern stage; because it is precisely that that we need in our modern life.

PLAY DELIGHTED AUDIENCE

A few weeks ago Katherine Tingley presented a new play, *The Aroma of Athens*, at her Isis theater in San Diego, which struck all who saw it with profound surprise and delight. There was first the ideal poetic beauty of the setting, a thing unrealizable unless seen. The foremost of the London managers — men like Tree — have made a specialty of beautiful setting, astonishing the theatrical world with the splendor of their work in this line — and with its good taste. They have had enormous resources to draw upon, and have spared no expense

in time, money, or thought. It may safely be said that none of them has produced anything more beautiful than this *Aroma of Athens*; it may safely be said that none of them has produced anything so beautiful. One rubbed one's eyes in astonishment, wondering how such things could be, and concluded that Madame Tingley at Point Loma had greater resources to draw upon than are to be found in London, Paris, Berlin, or New York. It is a wonderful thing, prophetic of the time when the culture-metropolis of the world will be right here among us on the Pacific Coast. Madame Tingley long ago said that San Diego would be the Athens of America, and today this is far nearer than we dream. If one would learn what those greater resources of hers are, one must examine her teachings, one must look into that marvelous scheme of education of hers, the Râja Yoga system, which enabled, for example, those little children on the stage to be as graceful, as un-self-conscious as any figures on a Grecian vase. Have you seen children, young children, on the stage, do well, wonderfully well; and then, when the applause rolled in, do better still, remaining sublimely unconscious of the applause? We applauded these children and looked to see, as a matter of course, the aroma of Athens vanish in a series of smirks. But no; clapped we never so loudly, it made no difference to them. They played their Greek games; they were merry and classical; they were Grecian, unstilted, poetic, faery. One's mind went back to Keats' ode:

"What little town by river or sea-shore,
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
Is emptied of its folk, this pious morn?"

And the answer was: Athens, Periclean Athens in all her superb flawless beauty and splendor; yes, those were real Athenians; of whom we have read in Keats and Swinburne; that we have seen sculptured in the Elgin marbles. Here they were, in the flesh and blood; here was the heyday of historic beauty, shedding its supreme aroma on us; with these tones Plato and Aeschylus would have spoken; in this manner Phidias and Pericles would have moved. It was a revelation, a marvelous artistic realization—indeed, it is a shame to use such cant hackneyed phrases for a thing so beautiful, so august—and yet so completely natural and unstrained.

GREATER THINGS PROMISED

So much for its performance in a modern theater, but greater things are promised. If all this is true of a play which was first thought of ten days before it was presented—and that is the fact—what is not to be hoped from the new presentation of it on April 17, a presentation of which, we are told, the former ones were but little more than sketches, and which is to be given in a real Greek open-air theater?

The Greek theater at Point Loma, the first in America, was built by Madame Tingley in 1901. It has the true Greek setting, looking out over the sea. A wild cañon runs down from it seaward, full of miniature hills and precipices, among which, now visible and now unseen, winds the path by which the players enter or leave the stage. There will be torchlight processions under the moon new-

risen, moving along that path and over the broad stageplace; Greek chanting will be heard; real Greek music, and music with that ineffable something in it lacking in all, or nearly all, modern music, which suggests the hidden life of nature, the weird majesty of Delphi, of Nemesis, of the pipes of universal Pan; the very aroma of Sophoclean drama, plus an echo of that older and even more entrancing Greece,

"Of deities or mortals, or of both,
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady,"

When —

"Liquid Peneus was flowing
And all dark Tempe lay
In Pelion's shadow, outgrowing
The light of the dying day,
Speeded by Pan's sweet pipings."

KINGDOM OF PAN UNCONFINED

One has long suspected that, with luck, one might well come upon a faun in the wild places of that cañon, at least in April, when the rains are newly over and the hillside a riot of bloom and delight. For indeed the kingdom of Pan is not confined; he has provinces here in California, and you may come upon the dales of Arcady in any of the four quarters of the world.

Were Pan or some legate of his to be piping far down the cañon, you would not fail to catch every note of it from every part of the auditorium in the theater; what is whispered on the stage is clearly heard on the topmost tier of seats. The place is a Wonder of the West if only for its marvelous acoustic properties. It has never been opened to the public before for a performance. And it should be remembered that Madame Tingley leaves nothing to chance; she stands out grandly independent in her art; leaves no detail to be excused by the generosity of the audience; permits nothing whatever of which you could say: "This is excellent — for amateurs; this is splendid — considering what a short time it has taken to get up." It may be quite safely affirmed that this presentation on April 17 will have a prominent place in all future histories of the drama.— San Diego *Union*, Friday morning, April 7, 1911.

SOME NOTES ON "THE AROMA OF ATHENS"

As given in the Greek Theater, Point Loma, on Saturday Morning, April 22, 1911; With the Prolog to the Play:
by Kenneth Morris



HERE never was a play so difficult to appraise or criticize justly and intelligently as this one. One had read many press notices from expert dramatic critics, all of them enthusiastic; but when one came to see the performance, it struck one that the best of them were inadequate, wholly beside the point. And yet one sees the excuse for saying just as much as language can be stretched to express. If one did not put on the enthusiasm without stint or measure, one would convey a suggestion that the presentation was unworthy of enthusiasm; the truth being that enthusiasm is somehow unworthy of the presentation.

Since seeing it, one has been searching mind and memory for some means of accounting for its extraordinary effect. We have seen it put down to the beauty of the spectacle, harmony of colors, perfect natural setting, and so forth. It is true that one failed to find any jarring note in the acting; that the cañon, running down to the Pacific, seen through the pillars of the Greek temple there, is a piece of landscape thrilling in its beauty, for the like of which you must go to lands where nature is at her most beautiful, and where there are the relics of mighty builders of old, that give a focal point to the natural beauty, and an inspiration to all artists. It is true also that there was a perfect art in the color scheme of the dresses — an absolute justness, balance and harmony of colors in themselves exquisite; that one could imagine no improvement in the grouping; that the enunciation, movements, and gesticulations, were in all cases just, clear, simple, natural, and graceful. But I am convinced that one might see and hear all that, and come away conscious that there was more to be said. None of these things, either considered separately or *en masse*, are enough to account for the enthralling effect of the play.

Generally speaking, again, it is true that "the play's the thing." In this case I think it is not true. There is, in the ordinary sense, hardly any action or *dramatic* thrill. We underline dramatic, because thrill of some deeper and hitherto unexperienced kind there was; action too, there was — the action of a people on the World's stage; in that sense it was all one deep thrill, and the action of real life. But

the dialog was mainly philosophic discussion, deep thought, art criticism from the Greek standpoint — just, sound, basic, noble; but not fiery or dramatic, as we commonly understand the terms; and there was none of that brilliant play of wit which in some modern plays compensates for the lack of a plot.

Here indeed, you may say that plot there was none. The Athenians are holding their Flower Festival, to which the Satrap Pharnabazus is welcomed as a guest. He is desirous to learn the secret of Athenian brilliance, and one by one his hosts give utterance, in response, to the principles of Athenian art, philosophy, etc. While they are speaking, the herald of Sparta is announced; here there is, indeed, a central incident of most stirring dramatic effect in the declaration of the Peloponnesian War. Socrates prophesies the downfall of Greece, and the rise of a new Athens in the west of the world in after-ages; after which follows an effect which, for mystic beauty and thrill does certainly stand out, so that you do know exactly why you are moved by it — a procession of scarlet-draped women with torches, that comes winding up the cañon, through the temple, and across the arena through clouds and volumes of colored mist, a wonderful bit of Katherine Tingley's art work, an incident impressive to the last degree, which were it done just so on any stage in the world, and by any actors, would create a sensation. But indeed, it is safe to say that such an effect has never been produced before, on any stage in the world.

But be it noted that the enthrallment of *The Aroma of Athens* began long before this; and that even this was rather a visual glory than a dramatic *coup* according to the received canons.

Of spectacular value, too, was the archaic dancing of the children; and let it be said that there was something about these children which is never to be seen on the stages of the world, nor with any other children than those of the Râja Yoga College at Point Loma. And yet, when one has said that they were perfectly classic, and at the same time perfectly merry and natural — one realizes that one has still barely begun to account for what happened.

One little woman who professed to have some knowledge of art, yet was quite unfamiliar with the period which the play presented, almost tearfully deplored the fact that the actors did not seem to pay any attention to the audience during the production. The fact that they did *not* do so was one of the charms of the whole presentation.

They were not playing a part but giving a most realistic presentation of life, and were, as they should have been, as if there were no audience. To those who saw the motif of the play, it would have been a blur if the players had shown any consciousness of the audience, or had in any way "played to the gallery" or for personal attention.

Item by item, one might mention everything that was seen or heard, and one would remain certain that however perfect and beautiful each might be in itself, and even however perfect might be the harmony of them as an ensemble, they yet were not enough to explain the total value: and that even if you were able to explain the total value artistically, from the standpoint of art as we understand the term, there would yet be a kind of value, an invoking of one's inner nature without words, which for lack of a better term one must call a *spiritual* value — not only moral, or mental — which would remain unexplained. In short, that there was here shown an element, a kind of value, which is wholly unfamiliar to the critics of the present day.

When we speak of the drama as an educational element, we conceive of its possible effects along artistic lines, or as setting forth moral principles, or high intellectual ideas. This play did all that, it is true; but it did all that, plus x ; and what that x represents is not known in our present civilization — or at least, so one suspects. It produced a silence of the senses and of all personal voices within, an uplift and a reverent feeling: yes, a sense that one had been given a revelation of what the great mystics of the world have meant by the word *spiritual*. Deeper places in one's being were touched, than any that respond to the work of the greatest actors of the present or of recent times.

So that any enthusiasm, any praise, seems something like an insult. To speak of the Genius of the one that produced the play — Katherine Tingley — that too seems a kind of insult. We have not attached to the term genius, a breadth of meaning great enough to include the qualities necessary for the production of a result so unlike anything that has gone before.

We have seen it compared with the work of the premier actors of the age, and that to the advantage of the Point Loma production. The remark is not good criticism. The difference is not one of degree, but one of kind. No actor manager, probably, would have handled this play; none could produce, with any play of the greatest dramatists, results that so baffle description, so affect one's conceptions in those

parts of one's being that lie behind and deeper than formal mentality or imagination, or artistic appreciation. Perhaps Katherine Tingley could explain how it is done. I think no one else could.

It is delightful to hear that Mrs. Tingley is making plans for larger facilities for seating the people, as even with its present great size, the Greek Theater at Point Loma cannot meet the demands. It is whispered also that she has several more Greek and other plays in preparation, which in course of time will be presented in the Greek Theater, and possibly at her Isis Theater in San Diego as well.

THE PROLOG

You are in Athens now, and you shall see
 The splendor of that age of long renown
 When Perikles was prince in Pallas' town
 Amidst a people mighty-souled and free
 Whose eminence and bright supremacy
 Made Zeus grow jealous, and wan Clotho frown,
 So that the nations rose to bring her down,
 To bring high Athens down, till she should be
 A name, a memory only; yet a name
 That burns — a beacon on the heights of time,
 Lighting the ages' darkness, making sublime
 The fame of Hellas with its smokeless flame.
 And you shall see and hear now, all those men
 That shone round Perikles: Thucydides,
 Ariston, Crito, Phidias, Sokrates,
 And many high-souled women, famous then,
 Teachers and seers and sages whose far ken
 Pierced deep the hidden realms of being.

These

Are gathered midst the Academian bowers
 To keep their Anthesterian Feast of Flowers
 Held every year in Athens. To their feast
 Comes one sent by that Great King in the East
 Whose sire was countered in the perilous hours
 Of Salamis and Marathon. But now
 To seal a pact with Athens, with high vow
 Linking the Athenian and the Persian powers
 Against the martial Spartan — Xerxes' son,
 Enthroned Artaxerxes, sendeth one
 Whom you shall see here in great pomp attend,
 An honored guest, well-welcomed — Athens' friend,
 The Persian Pharnabazus. In his hands
 Is given the sway of those Bithynian meads

“THE AROMA OF ATHENS”

Where roam innumerable herds of steeds
 Much sought by war-kings in a thousand lands.
 Mighty with Median strength he comes — with gold
 Of Ind and Araby, and those nations old
 Which the strong Persian tamed, bedecked; and gems
 That erst adorned great princes' diadems
 Of fallen dynasties — pearls of Oman, dyes
 Wrought in Turanian vats to out-do the blooms
 Of Yemen spicy-breezed, and webs from looms
 The deft Cashmirian or Cathayan plies —
 A strong and courteous lord.

Right well he knows

By what stern virtues Persia broke her foes,
 Bringing the jeweled throne of Croesus down,
 And Phrygia's wealth, and Egypt's twofold crown;
 What Magian training molds the Persian youth
 To scorn of luxury, worship of truth,
 Honor and gratitude; but in Athene's town
 Findeth a bloom of soul and wit, in sooth,
 He knows no secret for; and must inquire
 By what strange kindling of what inward fire
 Athenian, by what quest of deathless dream,
 Athens is made so wondrously to gleam
 Above the rest of the world.

Him answering there,

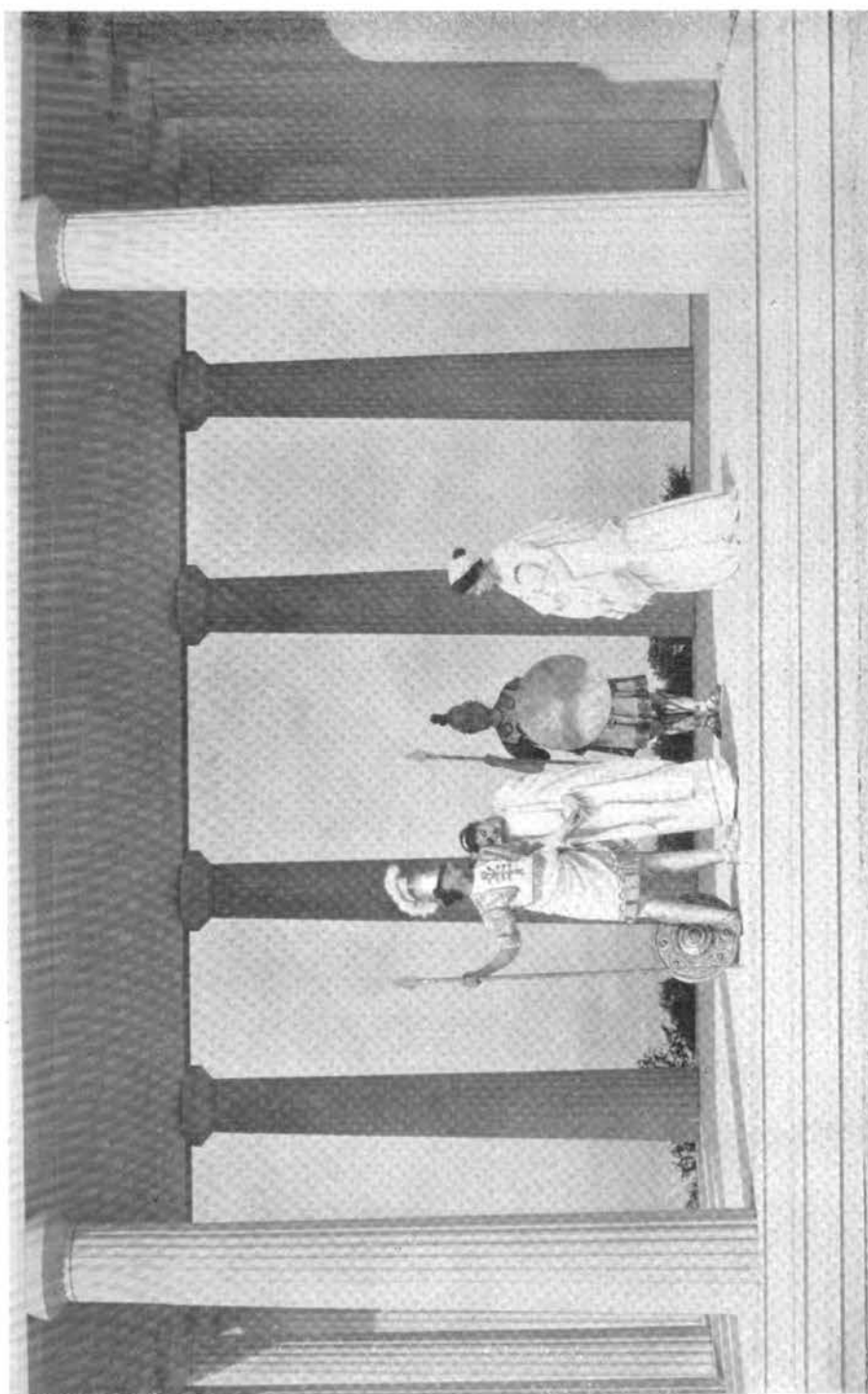
The Athenian citizens, the violet-crowned,
 Speak one by one deep wisdom, and propound
 Those balanced views that made their land so fair.
 But even while they speak, lo, in the air
 Gathers a cloud, a menace — trumpets sound —
 The Spartan herald comes.

Stern words are these

He utters; sternly answereth Perikles —
 There shall be war: Athens stoops not to a peace
 Ignoble, though the untamed Lakonian bands
 Be loosed against her, and a hundred lands
 Enleague with Lakedaimon; yea, though all Greece
 Compass her splendor round with threatened doom —
 War shall it be.

Therewith a gathering gloom

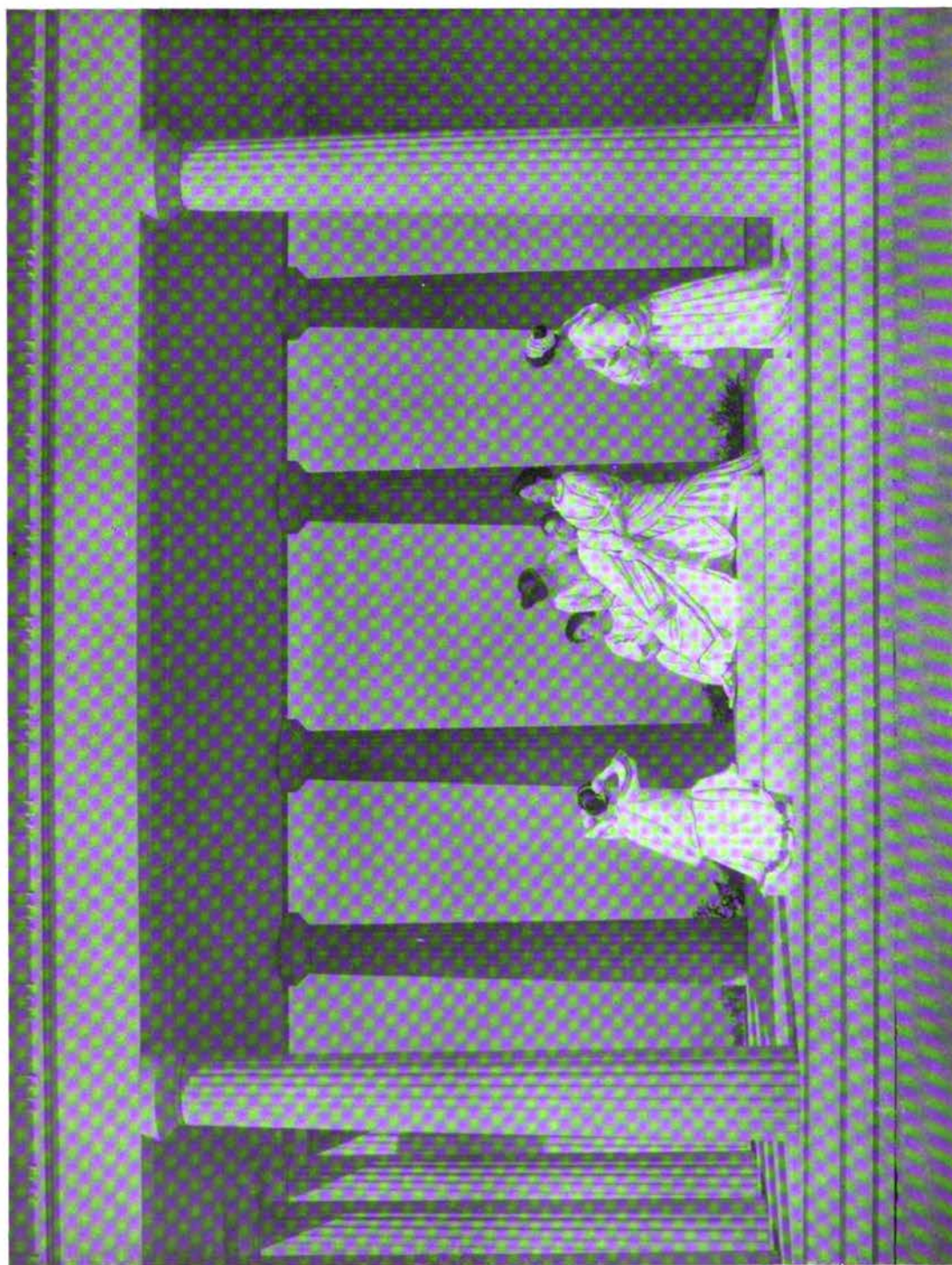
Enfolds their vision, and their chief of seers
 Makes known the menace of the darkening years —
 Greece shall fall; ruined fanes shall mark her tomb,
 The tomb of all her glory waned from the land;
 Her broken, marble-pillared fanes shall stand,
 And move the unborn to marvelings and to tears



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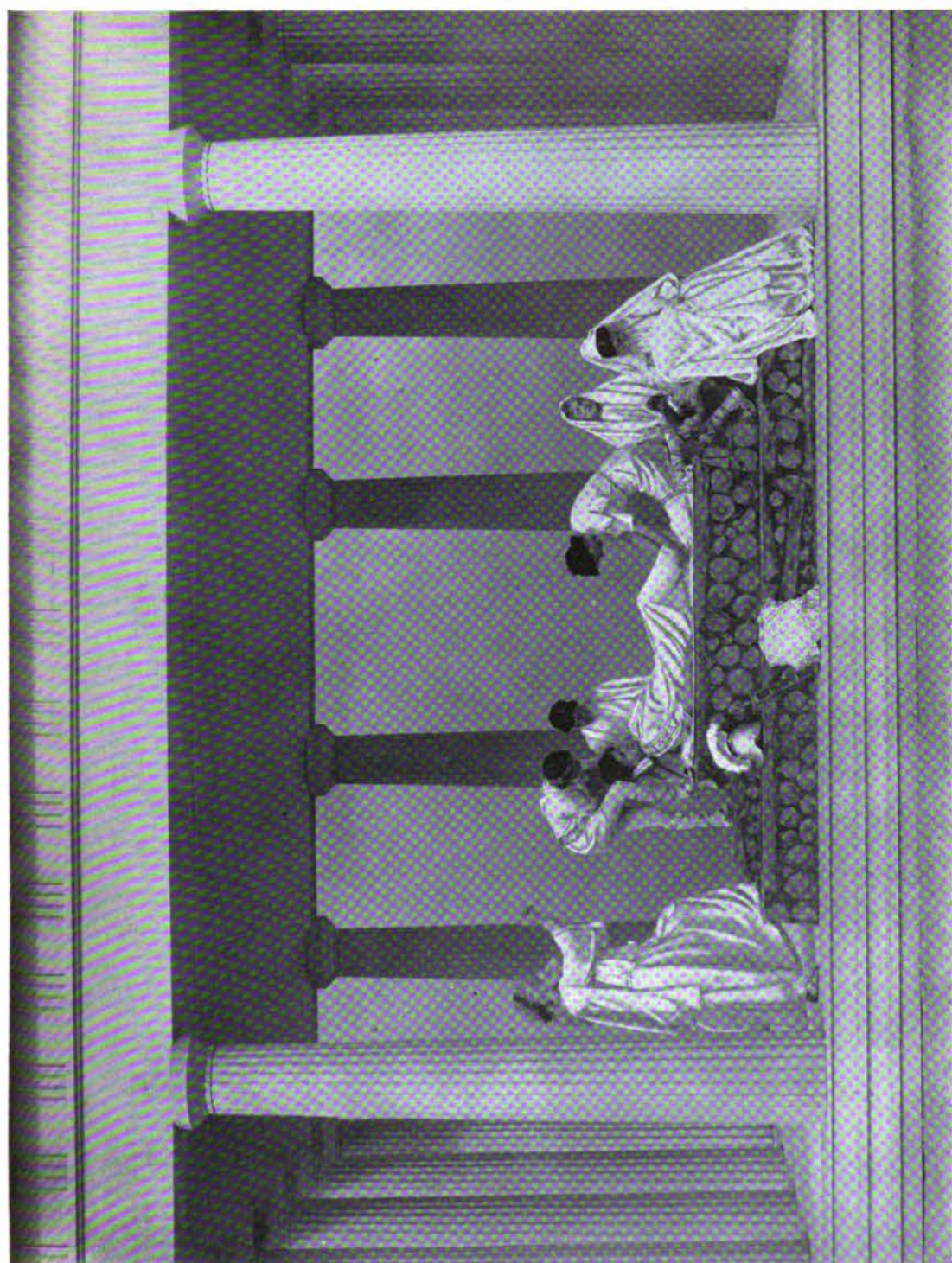
TABLEAUX FROM THE ILLAD AS GIVEN DURING THE PRESENTATION OF
"THE ARMOA OF ATHENS," APRIL 17, 1911
PARTING OF HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE



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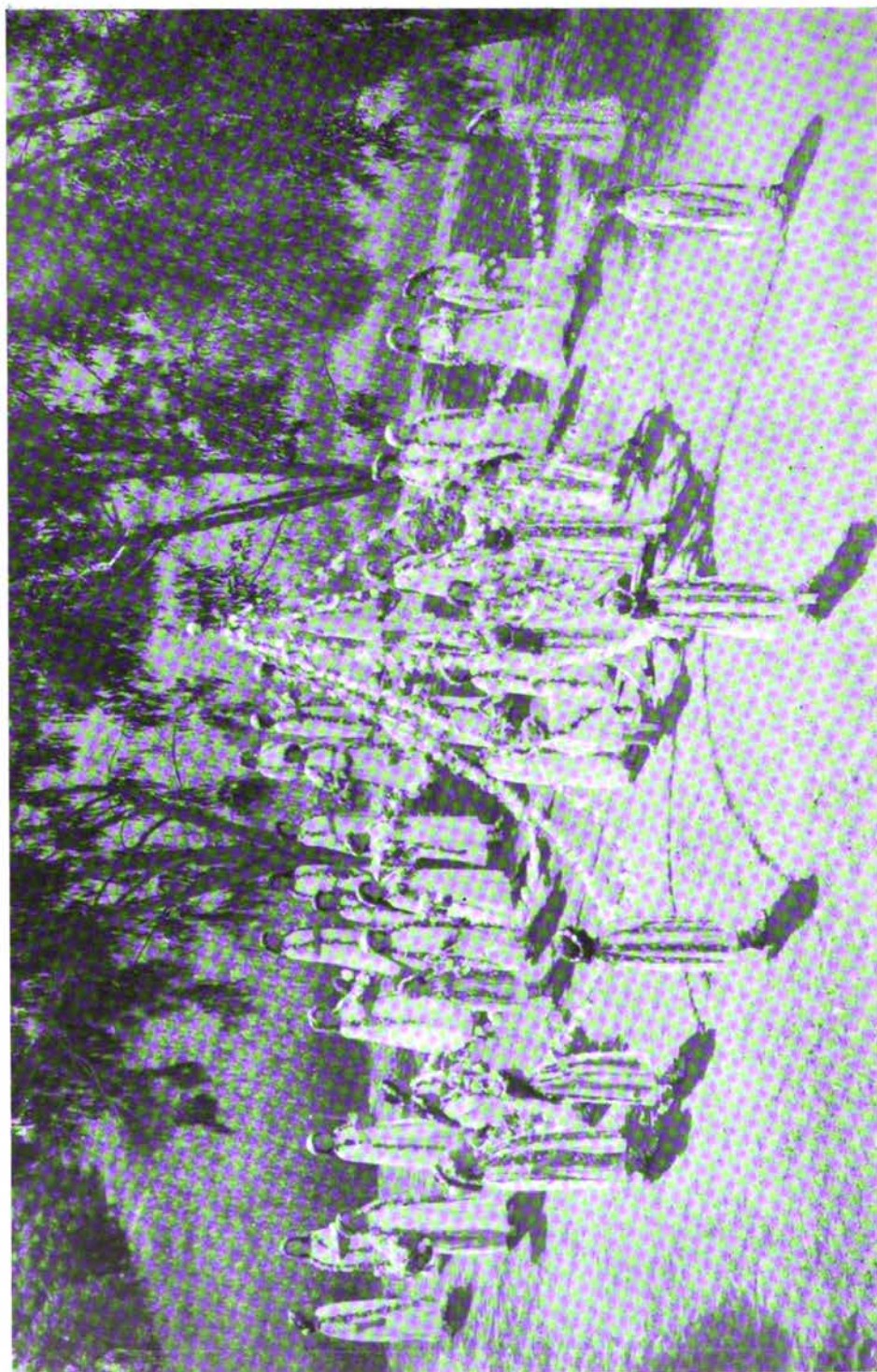
ANDROMACHE FAINTING ON THE WALLS OF TROY



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THE FUNERAL PYRE OF HECTOR



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PUPILS OF THE RÂJA YOGA COLLEGE, POINT LOMA, IN ATHENIAN FLOWER FESTIVAL

For so much beauty waned in such decay.
 Yet see, his vision brightens! Wane away
 You barren ages! Speed, you desolate years!
 Give place, sad night-time, to the dawn of day!
 Hellas shall fall indeed; Athens shall wane,
 Yet shall be born again! Greece born again,
 Athens reborn in unknown lands, shall rise!
 High on a hill beside the western seas,
 That hath more wealth than Hybla for the bees,
 That hath more blueness than the Aegean skies,
 Athens shall rise again, most fair, most wise,
 To shine upon the world!

— Thus Sokrates

Foretelling our own glorious Lomaland;
 And what shall go forth from this western strand
 In these last days, to herald peace, and blend
 Nation with nation, hostile land with land,
 Firm friends forever.

So the play hath end.

HAWTHORNE'S PSYCHOLOGY: contributed by C. T.

HAWTHORNE'S *Blithedale Romance* is a study of the psychology underlying the human relations that arise from the subtle inner feelings within the deepest and most diaphanous regions of the human heart.

With an incomparable delicacy and precision of touch, revealing the hidden framework of the underlying design, he clothes with apt speech these specter glimpses into the realm of human motive.

Pity 'tis that his glimpses into these depths should be clouded by the temperamental gloom of his own nature — always seeking justification of its own pessimism, always weaving despondent tragedies that the light of Theosophy would have transformed into inner victories in the midst of outward defeat. Yet he seems only to have penetrated to certain depths of gloom and doubt, and then to hesitate to take that one step deeper where forever dwells the light that dispels all shadows.

Like a modern Virgil he leads us to the brink of the deepest chasms, and then abandons us to our own intuitions. Possibly he saw farther into the depths than he could record in human speech — and so wrote on from romance to romance in search of the expression that forever eluded his pen.

LIFE AND TEACHINGS OF PYTHAGORAS:

by F. S. Darrow, Ph. D., A. M.

I. LIFE

Pythagoras, the pure philosopher deeply versed in the profounder phenomena of nature, the noble inheritor of the ancient lore, whose great aim was to free the soul from the fetters of sense and force it to realize its powers, must live eternally in human memory.—*H. P. Blavatsky*



THIS world-famous Greek teacher of "the Heart Doctrine" was born about 580 B. C. on the island of Samos and died about 500 B. C. Before his birth it was prophesied to his father that a son was about to be born to him who would be a great benefactor of mankind. Some even went so far as to declare that Pythagoras was a human incarnation of Hyperborean Apollo.

It is related that when a mere youth he left his native city to begin a series of travels to the wise men of all countries, from the Hindûs and Arabs in the East, to the Druids of Gaul in the West. We are told that he spent twelve years in Babylon, conversing freely with the Magi, by whom he was instructed in all their Mysteries and taught the most perfect form of worship. He spent twenty-two years in Egypt as an intimate of the most learned hierophants, under whose tutelage he mastered the three styles of Egyptian writing, the common, the hieroglyphic, and the sacerdotal. He brought with him a personal letter of introduction to Amasis, the reigning Pharaoh, who forthwith wrote to the hierophants and requested them to initiate Pythagoras into their mysteries. Pythagoras first went to the priests of Heliopolis, but they, true to the inveterate Egyptian suspicion of foreigners, although hesitating to disobey Amasis openly, tacitly refused to initiate Pythagoras and advised him to go to the sacred school at Memphis, ostensibly because it was of greater antiquity than that of Heliopolis. At Memphis also he met with the same finesse, and was next sent to the school at Thebes, where finally under the most severe tests—tests which nearly cost him his life—he was fully initiated into the Egyptian Mysteries and thereafter had free access to the treasures of the hierophants.

After leaving Egypt Pythagoras returned to Greece by way of Crete, where he descended the Idaean cave in company with Epimenides, the great Cretan prophet and seer, who in return for the removal of the plague at Athens in 596 B. C. accepted from the grateful

people only a branch of the sacred olive of Athena, and refused the large sums of money which were offered, because he declared that spiritual gifts can not be bought and sold. From Epimenides and Themistoklea, the Delphic Pythia, Pythagoras received further instruction. In the course of his travels he became an initiate not only in the mysteries of India, Babylonia, Egypt, Greece, and Gaul, but also in those of Tyre and Syria.

Pythagoras studied the various branches of knowledge, especially mathematics, astronomy, music, gymnastics, and medicine, and contributed very greatly to the development of these sciences among the Greeks, for he was a man both of singular capabilities and of great acquirements. His personal appearance was noteworthy. He was very handsome and dignified; regularly dressed in white, and wore a long, flowing beard. He never gave way to grief, joy, or anger, but was accustomed to sing hymns of Homer, Hesiod, and Thales, to preserve the serenity of his mind, and he was very eminent for his power of attracting friends. The religious element was predominant in his character, and his entire life was ruled by humanitarian and philanthropic motives. He was opposed to animal sacrifice, and on one occasion purchased a large draught of fish, which had just been caught in a net, and set them free as an object-lesson in kindness.

Pythagoras was a practical occultist, and is said to have understood the "language" of animals so as to be able to converse with them and tame even the most ferocious. It is said of him that upon one occasion he was seen and heard publicly speaking at far distant places both in Italy and in Sicily, on the same day, a physical impossibility. It is also stated that he healed the sick, had the power of driving away evil spirits, foresaw the future, recognized character at a glance, and had direct communication with the gods.

Finally at the age of nearly fifty, Pythagoras went to southern Italy or Magna Graecia, after an unsuccessful attempt to establish a society in his native city, and in 529 B. C. founded the Pythagorean Brotherhood and the School of the Mysteries at Crotona. He gained extensive influence immediately and attracted great numbers of all classes, including many of the nobles and the wealthy, so that the society grew with wonderful strides and soon similar schools were established at many other cities of Magna Graecia: at Sybaris, Metapontum, Tarentum, and elsewhere. Each of these consisted of three hundred members accepted under inviolable pledges of secrecy and

bound to Pythagoras and to each other by the most sacred of obligations.

The statement as to the death of Pythagoras, which occurred when he was about eighty, vary. One account says that he was banished from Crotona and fled to Metapontum where he died after a self-imposed fast of forty days. Another says that he was murdered by his enemies when the temple of the school at Crotona was burned to the ground, either by the nefarious Kylon who because of his unworthiness had been refused admittance to the Brotherhood and his wicked associate Ninon, or by the frenzied townspeople. At the same time similar persecutions in the other cities where the branch schools had been established resulted in the (supposed) murder of all but a few of the younger and stronger members, who succeeded in escaping to Egypt. Thereafter individual Pythagoreans, unorganized in Schools, which were everywhere successfully suppressed, continued to keep the light burning for centuries. The doubtful point is, whether the temple and the various assembly halls of the Pythagoreans were burned at the end of the Leader's life, or about a hundred years after his banishment and death by starvation. Telauges, his "son," is said to have succeeded his father as the Head of the shattered society, but little is known of him. It is significant that the Pythagorean Brotherhood and School of the Mysteries at Crotona flourished during the last twenty-five years of the sixth century B.C., the accepted date of its overthrow being about 500 B. C.

II. THE SCHOOL

It was a Pythagorean maxim that "everything ought not to be told to everybody." Therefore membership in the society was secret, silent, and guarded by the most solemn forms of obligatory pledges and initiations. Members were classified as Akousmatikoi or Listeners, Probationary Members, who did not live at the School, and Mathematikoi or Students, Accepted Members, who lived with their families at the central School of the Mysteries or at one of its branches. Probably the Mathematikoi were further divided into two classes: the Pythagoristae or exoteric members, and the Pythagoreans or esoteric members.

Practically any candidate of an upright and honest life was admitted at request as a Listener, but only the fit and the worthy were accepted as Students. Listeners, wishing to become Students, were forced to pass through a period of probation lasting from two to five

years, during which their powers of maintaining silence were especially tested as well as their general temper, disposition, and mental capacity. A good working knowledge of arithmetic, geometry, astronomy, and music, (the four branches of Pythagorean mathematics), was required preliminary to admission to the School. Only the most approved members were admitted to the Esoteric Section. Women were admitted (an innovation from the Greek standpoint). Among these Theano was the most distinguished. She had general supervision of the women.

The members were devotedly attached to their Leader and to one another. They were enabled to recognize other members even when unacquainted by means of their secret symbols, and it is recorded: "If Pythagoras ever heard that any one used symbols similar to his, he at once made him a companion and a friend." Unquestioning loyalty was given to the counsels of Pythagoras by his disciples, for whom the *ipse dixit* of the master settled all controversy, and the rank and admission of candidates depended solely upon the intuitive discernment of Pythagoras, who made all appointments.

The Students wore a special dress and had vows. They were trained to endure fatigue, sleep little, dress very simply, never to return reproaches for reproaches, and to bear contradiction and ridicule with serenity. The School of the Mysteries was a school of life, not a monastery. Pythagoras did not aim to have his disciples withdraw from active life, but taught them how to maintain a calm bearing and an elevated character under all circumstances. The intention was to train them to exhibit in their personal and social capacities a reflection of the order and harmony of the universe. The membership was international.

As it was a Pythagorean maxim that "friends should possess all things in common," new members upon entering the School handed over their personal possessions to the proper official who turned them into the common treasury. A student was at liberty to depart from the School at pleasure and at his departure he was given double his original contribution, but over his former seat was erected a tomb, funeral rites were performed, and he was ever afterwards referred to by the loyal members as deceased.

Purity of life was required and temperance of all kinds was strictly enjoined. All members ate at a common refectory in groups of ten, as at the Spartan *syssitia*. The diet was subject to a most careful

regulation and consisted largely of bread, honey, and water. Animal foods and wine were forbidden. It is stated also that beans were tabooed because of their indigestibility and tendency to produce agitated dreams.

Much importance was attached to music, and to the physical exercise of the disciples. Each day began with a meditation upon how it could be best spent and ended with a careful retrospect. The students arose before the sun, and after breakfast studied for several hours, with an interval of leisure, which was usually spent in solitary walks and silent contemplation. The hour before dinner was devoted to athletic exercises. In the course of the day there were mutual exhortations not to sunder the God in each and all but to preserve the union with the Deity and with one another. The students were accustomed to visit Pythagoras at night, and went to sleep with music.

In a subsequent article some of the main tenets of the Pythagorean Brotherhood will be outlined.

THE AMERICAN WOMAN IN POETRY:

by Grace Knoche



CURRENT literature, from the freshly printed book to the literary columns of the daily press, affords certain unique opportunities for reviewing woman's work in the light of past achievement and future promise. Take, for instance, the single factor of woman in poetry — where past centuries number their woman poets by the twos and threes, as the last generation has done by little more than the threes and fours, the present finds them springing up thicker than clover in a fallow field and in many cases with a sweetness and fragrance in their songs as of clover blossoms themselves.

To the thinking mind this has a certain significance as relating to the inner unseen tides of that spiritual awakening now so seeming near for all mankind. For what holds poesy at its heart holds music there, and harmony and rhythm and something of that divine potency that lies in number; and with Theosophy at our doors we do not need Plato to tell us that

rhythm and harmony find their way into the secret places of the soul, on which they mightily fasten, bearing grace in their movements and making the soul graceful in him who is rightly educated.

The following are a handful of poems by women — most of them, significantly enough, by wholly or comparatively unknown writers — from among the last month's journals and papers, by no means a representative list, but just a few that found their way in the natural course to the study desk. Some compel attention because of the wholesomeness of sentiment and a certain honest openness in their delivery, others because of their musical lilt and flow, still others because of both. There are a few that may live, some that of a certainty will not and that yet have a value now. But that may be said of a hastily gathered handful of anything in its era.

They are typical of a surprisingly large class, while none of those whose poems are herewith quoted, with the exception of Edith M. Thomas, have so far written very much.

The first, by Angela Morgan in the *Cosmopolitan*, is a real Theosophical challenge, a veritable battle-cry, with something of the trenchant force and fire that flashes and thunders from out the lines of the old *Beowulf*:

Reined by an unseen tyrant's hand,
Spurred by an unseen tyrant's will,
Aquiver at the fierce command
That goads you up the danger hill,
You cry: "O Fate, O Life, be kind!
Grant but an hour of respite — give
One moment to my suffering mind;
I cannot keep the pace and live."
But Fate drives on and will not heed
The lips that beg, the feet that bleed.
Drives, while you faint upon the road,
Drives, with a menace for a goad;
With fiery reins of circumstance
Urging his terrible advance
The while you cry in your despair,
"The pain is more than I can bear."

Fear not the goad, fear not the pace,
Plead not to fall from out the race —
It is your own Self driving you,
Your Self that you have never known,
Seeing your little self alone,
Your Self, high-seated charioteer,
Master of cowardice and fear,

Your Self that sees the shining length
Of all the fearful road ahead;
Knows that the terrors that you dread
Are pigmies to your splendid strength;
Strength you have never even guessed,
Strength that has never needed rest.
Your Self that holds the mastering rein,
Seeing beyond the sweat and pain
And anguish of your driven soul
The patient beauty of the goal.

Fighting upon the terror field
Where man and Fate come breast to breast,
Pressed by a thousand foes to yield,
Tortured and wounded without rest,
You cried, "Be merciful, O Life!
The strongest spirit soon must break
Before this all-unequal strife,
This endless fight for failure's sake."
But Fate, unheeding, lifted high
His sword and thrust you through to die.
And then there came one strong and great,
Who towered high o'er Chance and Fate,
Who bound your wound and eased your pain
And bade you rise and fight again.
And from some source you did not guess
Gushed a great tide of happiness —
A courage mightier than the sun —
You rose and fought, and fighting, won.

It was your own Self saving you,
Your Self no man has ever known,
Looking on flesh and blood alone;
The Self that lives as close to God
As roots that feed beneath the sod.
That one who stands behind the screen,
Looks through the window of your eyes —
A being out of Paradise.
The Self no human eye hath seen,
The living one who never tires,
Fed by the deep eternal fires.
Your flaming star, with two-edged sword,
Made in the likeness of the Lord.
Angel and guardian at the gate,
Master of Death and King of Fate.

Perhaps more musical and exquisite in its technic is the following (by Edith M. Thomas in the *Century*), yet one looks in vain for the note of positive assurance that sings and rings out of the poem just quoted. Now one expects in poetry something more than rhymed philosophy, of course, and sheer beauty of rhythm has more than once endowed paucity of thought with an almost immortality. But the content is important, none the less. In the preceding poem one feels a mighty conviction forcing its way through every limitation to the goal of expression. The work of the older and better known poetess is more clearly poetic — to those who know the path and know the way its Sphinx-like questionings evoke their own answer in the deeps of consciousness. To the many, however, the first poem must reveal more.

THE UNKNOWING

I know not where I am:
Beneath my feet a whirling sphere,
And overhead (and yet below)
A crystal rampart cutting sheer —
The traveling sun its oriflam.

What do I know?

I know not what I do:
I wrought at that, I wrought at this,
The shuttle still perforce I throw;
But if aright or if amiss
The web reveals not, held to view.

What do I know?

I know not what I think:
My thoughts? — As in a shaft of light
The dust-motes wander to and fro,
And shimmer in their flight;
Then, either way, in darkness sink.

What do I know?

I know not who am I:
If now I enter on the Scheme,
Or revenant from long ago;
If but some World-Soul's moment-dream,
Or, timeless, in Itself I lie.

What do I know?

Here is a sweet touch from the *Kansas City Star*. The very name of the writer of it is so in keeping with tender dutifulness and so suggestive of clean-swept hearths and ministries to tiny, clinging

hands, that one wonders if it be not a pseudonym. A miniature "psalm of daily duty" is it:

At morn I yearned a song to sing
That would inspire and teach
In words so true all men would hear
In them their own soul's speech.

But Duty stopped my pen and showed
The day's dull round of care —
The service to another's need —
A burden I should share.

At night the Day sung to the past
Her record clear and strong,
And richer, sweeter than I dreamed
I heard complete my song.

— *Emily Householder*

And from the same paper another ringing note on the sacredness of the day's duty — but this is no psalm, rather a trumpet call, gorgeous, full, and technically so splendid that it suggests the ancients:

TODAY

Voice, with what emulous fire thou singest free hearts of old fashion,
English scorers of Spain sweeping the blue sea-way,
Sing me the daring of life for life, the magnanimous passion
Of man for man in the mean populous streets of Today.

Hand, with what color and power thou couldst show, in the ring hot-sanded,
Brown Bestiarius holding the lean, tawn tiger at bay,
Paint me the wrestle of Toil with the wild-beast Want, bare-handed;
Shadow me forth a soul steadily facing Today.— *Helen Gray Cone*

Will you have music? Then read these, so different in content, so unlike in the touch, for one is threaded through with compassion and tenderness while the other is just a little note of joy in life, which might rise out of self as well as unself in certain not yet conscious natures.

CANDLEMAS

O hearken, all ye little weeds
That lie beneath the snow,
(So low, dear hearts, in poverty so low!)
The sun hath risen for royal deeds,
A valiant wind the vanguard leads;
Now quicken ye, lest unborn seeds
Before ye rise and blow.

O furry living things, adream
 On winter's drowsy breast,
 (How rest ye there, how softly, safely rest!)
 Arise and follow where a gleam
 Of wizard gold unbinds the stream,
 And all the woodland windings seem
 With sweet expectance blest.

My birds, come back! the hollow sky
 Is weary for your note.
 (Sweet-throat, come back! O liquid, mellow throat!)
 Ere May's soft minions hereward fly,
 Shame on ye, laggards, to deny
 The brooding breast, the sun-bright eye,
 The tawny, shining coat! — *Alice Brown*

THE WAVES OF BREFFNY

The grand road from the mountain goes shining to the sea,
 And there is traffic on it and many a horse and cart;
 But the little roads of Cloonagh are dearer far to me
 And the little roads of Cloonagh go rambling through my heart.
 A great storm from the ocean goes shouting o'er the hill,
 And there is glory in it, and terror on the wind;
 But the haunted air of twilight is very strange and still,
 And the little winds of twilight are dearer to my mind.

The great waves of the Atlantic sweep storming on their way,
 Shining green and silver with the hidden herring shoal;
 But the little waves of Breffny have drenched my heart in spray,
 And the little waves of Breffny go sweeping through my soul.

— *Eva Gore-Booth*

The two following poems attack the same theme, a fruitful and varied one to lovers of Lomaland where the winter rains are the year's beneficence. But note the full rich lines of the work of the unknown writer, albeit the sonnet is of course the more difficult poetic form.

THE FOUNTAINS OF THE RAIN

The merchant clouds that cruise the sultry sky,
 As soon as they have spent their freight of rain,
 Plot how the cooling thrift they may regain:
 All night along the river-marsh they lie,
 And at their ghostly looms swift shuttles ply,
 To weave them nets wherewith the streams to drain;
 And often in the sea they cast a seine,

And draw it, dripping, past some headland high.
 Many a slender naiad, with a sigh,
 Is in their arms uptaken from the plain;
 The trembling myrmidons of dew remain
 No longer than the flash of morning's eye,
 Then back unto their misty fountains fly:
 This is the source and journey of the rain.

— *Edith Matilda Thomas*

RAIN

The patient rain at early summer dawn;
 The long, lone autumn drip; the damp, sweet hush
 Of springtime, when the glinting drops seem gone
 Into the first notes of the hidden thrush;
 The solemn, dreary beat
 Of winter rain and sleet;
 The mad, glad, passionate calling of the showers
 To the unblossomed hours;
 The driving, restless midnight sweep of rain;
 The fitful sobbing, and the smile again,
 Of spring's childhood; the fierce unpitying pour
 Of low-hung leaden clouds; the evermore
 Prophetic beauty of the sunset storm,
 Transfigured into color and to form
 Across the sky. O wondrous changing rain!
 Changeful and full of temper as man's life;
 Impetuous, fierce, unpitying, kind again,
 Prophetic, beauteous, soothing, full of strife:
 Through all thy changing passions hear not we
 Th' eternal note of the Unchanging Sea?

— *Laura Spencer Portor*

Nothing is worse than bad poetry, unless it be bad art of every kind, of which the world today is having a surfeit. That we find a greater abundance of wretched verse, however, than of wretched painting and sculpture, and that there are still those who think that the poet's equipment need consist of little more than an unbalanced emotionalism, we may attribute perhaps to the fact that the pen and ink are readier to hand with the majority than palette and brush or calipers and modeling tool. Conceit and ignorance, working together, have made "to write poetry" almost a reproach.

The remedy would seem to be to diffuse a few simple truths, such as that true poetry has nothing to do with emotionalism, nor senti-

mentality, nor bad spelling, nor with metres that "interfere," like a clumsy horse's feet; and that where one in ten thousand who care for poetry may try to write it and succeed, the rest will fail and will neglect their proper duties besides. It is so in art, in literature generally, in music, in all things — the safe path is to drop the gleam and fire and fragrance of the soul-touch into one's life *in the shape of a more courageous performance of the daily task, whatever it may be*, and be content with that, which is the greatest thing in the world, anyway. If the Muse should decide to pick us out, willy nilly, she has ways of letting us know. Poesy has its technic, as has all art, and sentimental ignorance can never hope to pose as inspiration among those who know.

The real point to be emphasized is that this is part of a certain outreaching on idealistic lines of which the wholly remarkable work of the young women of the present generation in music, composition, painting, and sculpture, constitutes other parts. And this outreaching towards an art expression along various lines is so general, and is so differentiated in essence from the results of ordinary scholastic work or the general movement for the higher education of woman, that it cannot justly be ignored.

Few young women will, in the ordinary course, win a separate fame along the solitary path of pure art. Most of them, and most of those who come within the radius of the influence of their aspirations and their art work, will become wives, home-makers, mothers. Many more will become teachers, or are that now, wielding potent influence. It is these who will strike the keynote for the quality of atmosphere that is to shape, as it will surround, the generations yet unborn; and, because of that, the feeling and aspiration that many of the poems seen in our current journals disclose, is important and significant at this transitional time.

ANCIENT ASTRONOMY: by Fred J. Dick, M. Inst. C. E.



N perhaps no department of thought has appreciation of the achievements of antiquity been more inadequate than in that of astronomy. This is all the more remarkable when we remember that many facts have been published and are accessible, amply sufficient to convince any unbiased student as to the hoary antiquity of the science; and also as to the fact that in the remotest times it was a science whose exactitude surpassed that of modernity because based upon immense periods of observation and a profound knowledge of the harmonious laws underlying celestial motions; in comparison with which knowledge our generalizations and mathematical triumphs pale into insignificance.

Such statements are hardly likely to meet ready acceptance from those who have not yet realized the immense antiquity of the human race, the cyclic rises and falls of nations and races coeval with vanished continents, and the fact that there were times when humanity had divine instructors in the arts and sciences. Yet without some recognition of these basic ideas it is hardly possible to comprehend even faintly the significance of some statements made in the *Sûrya-Siddhânta* — one of the oldest treatises on astronomy extant. There are many others — perhaps thousands — but they are not accessible at the present time, probably because they would be still less understood.

Another thing hardly likely to be appreciated in some quarters is the fact that on account of the intimate connexion between the facts of astronomy and cyclic laws affecting human destiny, this science for long ages was one of the sacred sciences, and its deeper mysteries were carefully guarded — as they are still, for that matter.

This last consideration throws an interesting light on the performance of Hipparchos (whom our text-books dub “the father of astronomy”), for he was not only silent as to the sources of his facts, but his data have been shown to be inconsistent with his methods, and are only explainable when calculated out on the principles enunciated in the *Sûrya-Siddhânta*. In short, he has been thus shown to have had access to Eastern sources of information, while at the same time some things were withheld.

This is but an instance of a policy which had been pursued for a very considerable period anterior to the time of Hipparchos. Just so much was given as would afford a stimulus for investigation; for

humanity entered upon novel and strenuous conditions some five thousand years ago, and has had to win for itself a new path in science, as in other departments of activity.

Key-notes are sounded, and instruction given, at cyclic periods; yet man must win his own path to knowledge, and guarded sources of information could not help him, until he prove himself morally as well as intellectually fitted to advance.

This brings us naturally to a survey of modern achievement in astronomy, and the conclusion is almost irresistible that it has reached a point where further light must come, if only the enthusiastic followers of this kingly science would raise their eyes from the mechanical skeleton they have built so laboriously, and realize that the universe is living and conscious — in the interstellar spaces, as well as in the little fiery-looking balls that float therein. We should remember that it is part of human destiny to enter into the wider consciousness which alone holds the master-clues.

The above conclusion is supported by the statement of Simon Newcomb that the unsolved problems of astronomy seem to increase with every year, instead of diminishing.

It is a curious reflection, in these days of "exact" science, that real exactitude can only be obtained, as in pure mathematics, by proceeding from universals to particulars, never from particulars to universals. Yet the latter method has perforce to be adopted when no other way is in sight. That it fails, is shown by the simple fact that few of the "elements" or "constants" in modern astronomy are exactly known. No tables have yet been constructed, based upon purely mathematical formulae, which represent the actual motions, say of the superior planets. Those in the *Nautical Almanac* are simply derived from such hypothetical formulae, with corrections found necessary by experience extended over what is an almost ludicrously insufficient term of years. We should like to see the astronomical formula in use which would show that the obliquity of the ecliptic, 23,000 years ago, was slightly more than 27° . No longer ago than August 1905 an eclipse of the sun began twenty seconds before the predicted time.

Fortunately our astronomers do not live in ancient China, or they might have been beheaded for this want of accuracy!

On the other hand, the achievements in the domain of theory during the last two centuries or less have been so remarkable that

it is to be hoped the methods and facts given in the *Sûrya-Siddhânta* may yet receive some attention from competent mathematicians, once they perceive their importance. The apparent discrepancies with modern facts, it may be pretty safely asserted, will be found to yield valuable results upon careful analysis.

Investigators will find that, contrary to the assumptions of some critics of Eastern chronology, a "year" does not mean a day, nor a month — although it is sometimes called "a day of the gods" in Eastern writings.

One of the first things to arrest attention in the *Sûrya-Siddhânta* is that in a "great age" of 4320 thousand years there are exactly forty revolutions of the Earth's apsides, one revolution of which occupies 108 thousand years. (Young's *General Astronomy*, § 199.) The line of apsides is the major axis of the Earth's orbit. Here we glimpse a basic connexion between the great cycles of time and the apsidal revolutions.

Let us quote a few aphorisms from Book I of this ancient work.

27. By their [the planets'] movement the revolution is accounted complete at the end of the asterism Revati.

29. In an age the revolutions of the Sun . . . are 4,320,000.

30. Of the Moon 57,753,336.

31. . . . of Jupiter 364,220.

32. . . . of Saturn 146,568.

33. Of the Moon's apsis 488,203. Of its node, in the contrary direction 232,238.

34. Of asterisms 1,582,237,828.

36. . . . From rising to rising of the Sun are reckoned terrestrial civil days.

37. Of these there are in an age 1,577,917,828. Of lunar days 1,603,000,080.

From these figures we find the mean value of the sidereal year during a cycle of 4320 thousand years to be 0.002403 of a day longer than at present, which of course means that there are slow changes in the length of the orbital major axis.

There is a point worthy of attention regarding the asterism Revatî, to which these revolutions are referred, and which is thus seen to mark the origin of the Hindû movable zodiac. The precise star has either disappeared, or has not, so far, been publicly indicated. But the place of the origin was carefully calculated in 1883, and found to have a longitude of about 20.5 degrees. Again, from the numerous facts connected with the important epoch of 3102 B. C., which marked the beginning of the current cycle of 432,000 years (See *Traité de*

l'Astronomie Indienne et Orientale, by M. Bailly, M. Acad. Franç., 1787), its place was about five degrees westward of the other. This shows it to have a positive movement of 4" per year, giving one complete revolution in 324,000 years.

This proper motion, if that of an actual star, is of the same order of magnitude as that of many stars. It would perhaps be interesting to glance at the relation between stellar movements and the greater cycles dealt with in ancient astronomy, for all analogy would indicate revolution in orbits to be a general law; and moreover, probabilities would indicate that our system is not too remote from the center of the stellar system. Assuming the average cross speed to be twenty miles per second, stars at 7 light-years distance would make one revolution while the Earth's apsides made four. Those at 70 light-years, one in a "great age." Those at the estimated distance of the farthest visible stars, 5000 light-years, would perform a revolution in just one manvantara of 308 million years.

Doubtless all such revolutions are superposed on other lesser revolutions down to those known, as in cases of double stars, etc. And it may be suggested that there are not improbably a number of axes of revolution, or rather principal planes of revolution, having some harmonious mutual inclination.

In order properly to relate the above mean value of the sidereal year to its present value, we should have to know our place in this cycle of 4320 thousand years; and the same observation applies to the other figures. We may return to this point at another time, as the necessary data are given in the same work. The effect of stellar proper motions, already referred to, would have to be considered.

The figures for the Moon make the mean value of the sidereal month 1.103 seconds longer than its present estimated value.

Those for Jupiter make its mean sidereal period about a quarter of a day shorter than the present one of 4332.58 days; while those for Saturn come out 6.55 days more than the present period of 10,759.22 days.

The methods of calculation and tables connected with the *Sûrya-Siddhânta* were rigorously applied by M. Bailly to an observed interval extending from the epoch in 3102 B. C. to a certain moment on May 21, 1282 of our era, at Benares — a period of 4383 years and 94 days; and the mean place of the Moon thus found was less than a minute of arc different from that calculated for the same interval by

the modern tables of Cassini. An astronomy which could achieve a result like this by methods and tables at least five thousand years old, points to the enormous duration of some prior high civilization.

The precessional movement of 54", peculiar to the *Sûrya-Siddhânta*, being referred to "Revatî" with its 4" direct motion, gives 50", like ours.

It is as well perhaps to recall what Iamblichus states:

The Assyrians have not only preserved the memorials of seven and twenty myriads [270,000] of years as Hipparchos says they have, but likewise of the whole apocatastases [planetary sidereal periods] and periods of the seven rulers of the world. (Proklos on Plato's *Timaios*, Bk. 1.)

H. P. Blavatsky, commenting on this, says it is about 850,000 years since the submersion of the last large island (part of the Continent), the Ruta of the Fourth Race, or the Atlantean; while Daitya, a small island inhabited by a mixed race, was destroyed about 270,000 years ago, during the glacial period or thereabouts. But the Seven Rulers, or the seven great Dynasties of the *divine* kings belong to the traditions of every great people of antiquity. (*The Secret Doctrine*, I, 651.)

She also informs us that

The chronology and computations of the Brâhman Initiates* are based upon the Zodiacal records of India, and the works of . . . Asuramaya. The Atlantean zodiacal records cannot err, as they were compiled under the guidance of those who first taught astronomy, among other things, to mankind. (*The Secret Doctrine*, II, 49.)

THE PATH: by Gertrude Van Pelt, M. D.

Thou wilt shew me the path of life. — *Psalms*, xvi. 11



NOTHING so stirs the heart with gratitude as the thought of the Great Souls who have opened the Path, who keep it open, and who guide the steps of the hungry searching multitude to its entrance. They have carved the way through the rock of matter. They have waded through the mires of delusion. They have cleared away the confusing and entangling underbrush of doubt. They have hewn down the mighty obstructions. With dauntless courage each one has destroyed the dragon which guarded the treasure from himself, thus inspiring all who follow. They have erected signposts all along the journey, and

* But these are not the modern Brâhmans, as is clearly explained in H. P. Blavatsky's own writings.—F. J. D.

with their hearts' blood have written thereon the messages which every pilgrim may read, and so avoid one step amiss. Not only this, but having achieved the goal, they have retraced their steps again and again, to direct the uncertain feet of the children of earth, to combat ignorance, vice, and injustice; to encourage, uplift, and teach. Though unseen in many times and places, it is they who keep the lights burning.

Terrible as are the difficulties, the discouragements, the disasters, which the human children encounter, it is the Great Souls who prevent them from being impossible; who ward off the clouds of despair lest they settle over the globe like a pall of darkness paralysing all effort. Without these Elder Brothers all would be lost in the labyrinth of matter, never finding the thread which could lead them out. But to be without them is inconceivable, unthinkable; for all must sometime find the Path and tread it. No means have been omitted to make it plain. All nature exists but to point the way. All experiences, all events, difficulties, disappointments, all good, as well as so-called bad fortune: all tend to the same issue. It has been described in every language of heart or head, that all, even the beasts of the fields, in some vague way, may hear and gradually understand.

One of those who has gone before and returned to show the path to others, said: "I am the Way." Another, with a different sidelight on the same truth, said: "Each man is to himself absolutely the way." For each one in traveling it, does so by passing through the mazes of his own personality, first as one blindfolded, then as one slowly awakening to its meaning, and finally as one consciously subduing and transmuting it. And when he has reached the goal, he *becomes* the way. His whole being is an expression, an exposition of the way — the mystic Path, which lies within and yet without; which is so far, and yet so near. *Light on the Path* expresses it as follows:

Seek out the way. . . . Seek it not by any one road. To each temperament there is one road which seems the most desirable. But the way is not found by devotion alone, by religious contemplation alone, by ardent progress, by self-sacrificing labor, by studious observation of life. None alone can take the disciple more than one step onward. All steps are necessary to make up the ladder. The vices of men become steps in the ladder, one by one, *as they are surmounted*. The virtues of men are steps indeed, necessary — not by any means to be dispensed with. Yet, though they create a fair atmosphere, and a happy future, they are useless if they stand alone. The whole nature of man must be used wisely by the one who desires to enter the way.

SAN DIEGO: by Kenneth Morris



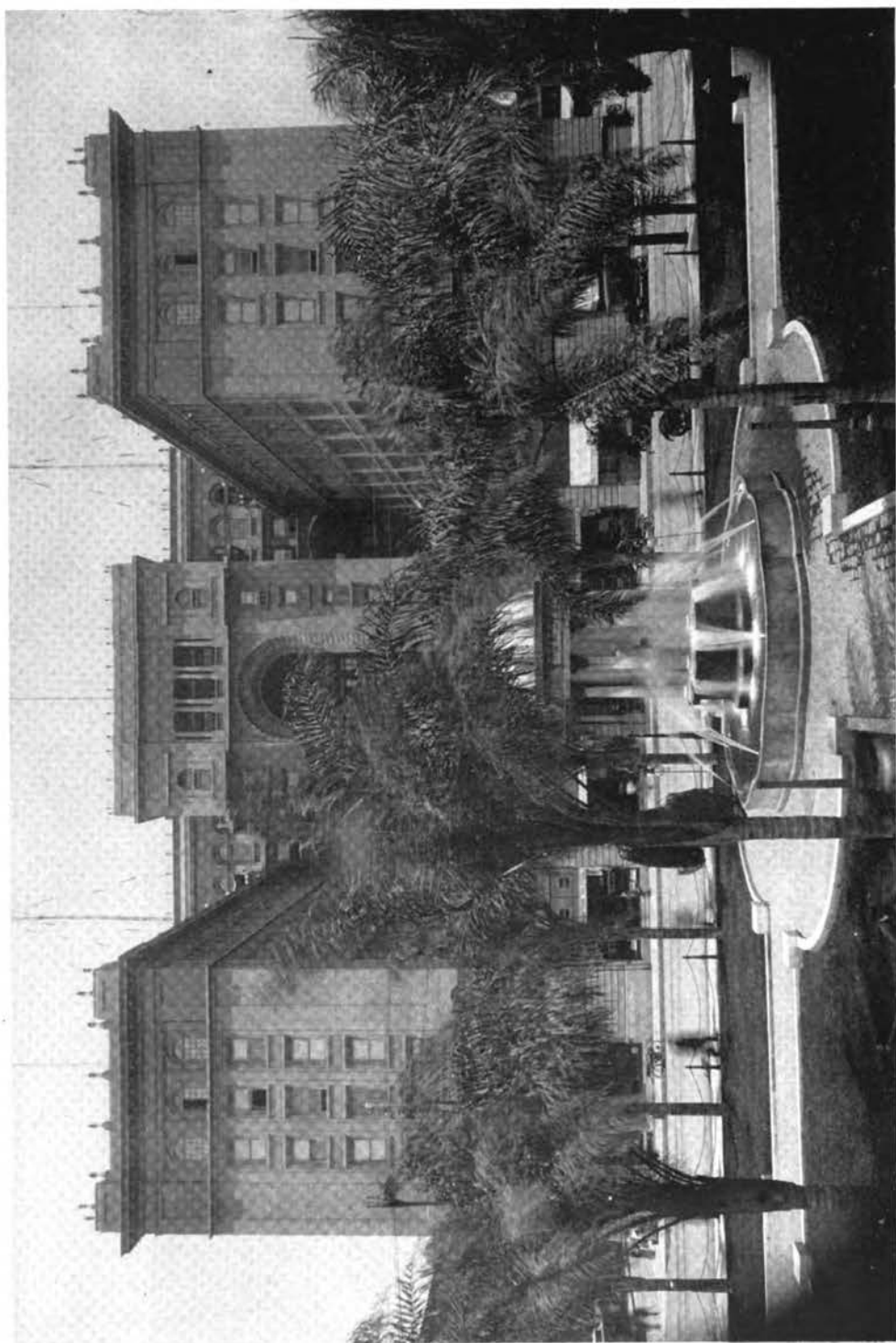
HAT San Diego has the greatest of futures before it, who shall deny? Katherine Tingley, Leader of The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, foresaw its destiny, saw its possibilities, fifteen years ago, and began forthwith to lay the foundations of peculiar greatness for it. There are thousands of cities in the United States, doubtless in Canada too, centers in all the new worlds established from Europe, that have before them a huge metropolitanism, and are to grow populous beyond the Old World capitals. Why not? The wind of increase bloweth where it listeth, and we can only safely prophesy change and reversion, change and reversion. Where the deserts are now, dwelt of old the builders of sky-scrappers; aeroplanes soared over lands the oceans cover; and Dreadnoughts floated and made war, perhaps, where now are Alps and Andes. Here is a land in its beginnings; many millenia lie before it in which to grow. We need the grand vision when we look out on the ages to be; only so can we sow the right seeds for their harvesting. We cannot tell what nations or cities are destined for high material greatness; probably there is room for every one to hope. But for San Diego a peculiar and more excellent fate is reserved, whose falling she may hasten by her clear-sightedness, or retard by her perversity; still, it lies before her. She is to be the City of Righteousness, the metropolis of the world's culture, the Mecca of distant generations of poets, artists, philosophers, and musicians. It is not mainly her own citizens who make this claim. They, with all their high ambitions, with all their golden dreams, are hardly alive to the great possibilities of the town.

In an age pre-eminently of material progress, it is natural to lay most stress on the material advantages of site, climate, etc. So there is no end to the writing on the Bay — the one bay between San Francisco and somewhere far away in Mexico — with all it offers for commerce and for strategy; or on the unwearying efforts of the sun; on the glorious hinterland, so rich and beautiful; or the new railway that is to open it up, and link San Diego with the east; on partial awakenings at Washington to the great strategic importance of this town, and the certainty that these partial awakenings must become whole-hearted and thorough some time, and bear fruit a thousand-fold. Time, time, time — there is time for all these things. Innumerable palaces will be seen, surrounding this blue jewel of a bay; looking down on it from amidst exquisite parks and gardens on the



Lomaland Photo. and Engraving Dept.

VIEW OF SAN DIEGO WITH A GLIMPSE OF THE BAY
CORONADO IN THE DISTANCE



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THE U. S. GRANT HOTEL, FROM THE PLAZA, SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

heights; there will be drives as famed as any in Switzerland or Italy. Nature herself has provided for this; and the tide of empire is rolling westward.

Time and again San Diego has been named with two cities of the Old World; and there is something instructive in either comparison. She is "the Naples of California," and again, "the Athens of the Pacific Coast." Cuyamaca has been likened to Vesuvius, and our bay to the Bay of Naples. Indeed, no doubt there is a physical resemblance. The conditions that made Naples are largely historic; but then they are largely climatic, and matters of situation, also. As for history, the history of San Diego lies before her. All historic conditions — Camorra, lazzaroni, plague, pestilence, national inefficiency, vice, and famine, or the blessings which are the reverse of all these — are the fruitage of one cannot say what tiny seeds sown, one cannot say when or how often. You take a child, and give it no training or bad training in its first years: it was the offspring of highly cultured parents, perhaps; but what disasters may not lie before it? On the other hand, you take a child, who has had no advantages, and give it a Râja Yoga training such as Katherine Tingley is giving to so many at Point Loma and elsewhere — such, in truth, as only Katherine Tingley knows how to give — and you need set no particular limits to the hopes you hold for that child's future. There is a great parallelism with this in the early years of a city or community.

Up and down the world there are a thousand cities, as was said, with huge material destinies lying before them, which by their very situation they will not be able to escape. But in how many cases have they not been without far foresight in their youth, to guard them against the perils of that most perilous time? "They sow their wild oats," we say; a phrase that is meant to cover a multitude of iniquities. One can no more cheat the Law with such an excusive expression, than one can write an I O U for one's debts, and comfortably thank God that one need think no more of *them*. He who has sown his wild oats may have gained a certain wisdom and experience out of the sufferings resultant from them; but he will never be the man he might have been. He will have lowered the whole of his possibilities, and can pay thereafter only so much per cent of his debt to the world and humanity.

Climate and situation might have prepared for San Diego only such a fate as that of Naples; and there are other elements of possible

danger as well, which it would require no ordinary wisdom and foresight to guard against. Indeed, have there not been revelations here and there in our cities, which should make us judge charitably the home of the Camorra? But now there are many thousands up and down the world who believe in San Diego; who cannot think she will fail or fall into gross error; who already look on her as a Mecca for their hopes; who know that she will shed light around the world. Reference is made, of course, to the great membership of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, which has its ramifications among all the peoples of the globe. For them, San Diego rose above the horizon when Katherine Tingley declared her intention, some fifteen years ago, to found the City of Learning, the World's Theosophical Headquarters, on the heights of Point Loma, within the city limits of San Diego. They had reason even then to know that what Katherine Tingley says she will do, is done; and they have had a million times more reason for that certainty given them since.

When this famous humanitarian came to San Diego, grass was growing in some of the streets there, where there should have been boulevards bustling with life. The old first "boom" had long since spent itself, helped to its grave by ready inimical hands; and there seemed no special reason for its resurrection. It was then that she made her promises. This little city of the quiet streets should come to be, not the Naples, but the Athens of the west. It should have population; it should have riches and commerce and splendor; it should flourish abundantly when its enemies had long since faded out and been forgotten; and all this was the very least and most insignificant part of its destiny. There should be a new and timelongs age of Perikles here; new Phidian studios; new Groves of Akademe. Time — we must not be niggardly with that, perhaps; these things should not be in a day; but assuredly *they should be*.

It will be asked, on what grounds Katherine Tingley based these promises of hers. The answer is: on her own intentions with regard to the place; and on her knowledge of the laws that govern the growth of civic and national life. Is there no knowing the future? The farmer sows his seed under the impression that there is. He has cultivated the soil; plowed and fertilized it; now he can put the seed in with a certain confidence. Only it is not everybody that understands the preparing for these greater national or civic harvests.

It is safe to say that from that time the second great San Diego

boom dates. The Theosophical Center was started on Point Loma, and from the first has been attracting life to the city across the bay. This is not the place to give statistics as to the number of thousands of dollars that have been spent in San Diego each year; nor as to the amount of labor that has been employed. From the start it was enough to give the city that new impetus of life which was needed — a fact proven by the rise in the population from 17,000 to 50,000 in ten years.

Then came the founding of the Râja Yoga system of education, with its first and chiefest exemplification in the College on Point Loma. Do all our citizens realize what this has meant for the city? On merely material lines, for example? Not only from the eastern States, but from Europe and Asia as well, hundreds have made the pilgrimage to San Diego to investigate the Râja Yoga College and system on the Point. They have gone away and filled their own lands with the rumor of the fame of this wonderful new thing that has its Headquarters — at *San Diego*. The press of England, of Japan, of Germany, of Holland, of Sweden, have been made abundantly aware of the fame of this Theosophical Center — at *San Diego*. A Greek play is given in the open-air theater on Point Loma, *San Diego* — and we read critiques of it in the morning papers of Bavaria. We pick up a Tokyo magazine of current date, and find in it a picture of a group of children who are receiving their education at Point Loma, *San Diego*. Katherine Tingley landed in Liverpool in the summer of 1907; and the next morning's London papers teemed with accounts of her — pages of accounts of her — and of her colossal and beneficent undertaking at Point Loma, *San Diego*. And so on, and so on, and so on. With the best facilities in the world and a genius for advertising, and with the expenditure of millions, San Diego could hardly have advertised herself in the way that Mrs. Tingley, through her Theosophical work, has caused her to be advertised; and it has cost San Diego nothing.

But all this has been merely, or mainly, for the material advantage of the city. A man (or a place) may acquire a false fame, that he cannot or will not live up to; and he will be paid with contempt later, more oppressive than the obscurity he had at first. Mrs. Tingley has done more than this. She has laid down the lines, and labored without ceasing, for the real advance and benefit of the city. Is it nothing that San Diego should have in its core a Center such as this Theo-

sophical one at Point Loma — a center where the higher life is being lived, where money is not the motive, where the greatest effort of the age is being made to uplift humanity? The greatest effort? Yes; because the one that knows best what must be done to attain success, and on what foundations in the nature of man this success must be based.

Consider her fame throughout the world; her fame as an orator, that will crowd the biggest halls in any city in Europe, and bring hundreds to the doors who cannot gain admission. There *may* be some other living Americans of whom as much can be said; but there are not many. How many visitors are attracted to San Diego yearly by Katherine Tingley's famous work at Point Loma, and because this world-renowned orator will certainly be speaking at the Isis Theater twice or three times, or perhaps more often, in each season? And what will be the result of these many speeches of hers, that so many thousands have heard?

The result may not be so visible yet that "he who runs may read"; neither is the result of the great fertilizing you gave your field — until the grain has sprouted, and the brown earth is covered with greenness. But the result *is* that seeds of coming greatness, in a real sense — seeds of a higher, cleaner, saner life — have been sown in the life and thought of the city. In time you shall see the harvest. It will be a clean city, such as Calvin, for example, strove to make of his Geneva; a city without stain or blemish, without saloon or redlight. Beyond that, it will be a city perhaps of many theaters, in which the highest, the most classical and beautiful of the world's dramas will be shown — and in which there will never be anything shown approaching the commonplace, the vulgar, the stupid. It will be a City Beautiful, a place of marvelous architecture, exquisite gardening. It will be a city whose press will be clean, elevating, unsensational, instructive; a press that will not lie nor slander nor *touch personal themes*; that will give the news, and not rake hell and the gutters, fact and fancy, for all kinds of nauseousness and nonsense; a press that will be a model to the press of the world. From all the world the best people will be sending their children to be educated here.

There is no limit to the high possibilities of San Diego — the high possibilities that Katherine Tingley has helped to make possible. How long, O San Diego, before these things shall be? It is for you to answer; it is for you to answer.

The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society

Established for the Benefit of the People of the Earth and all Creatures

OBJECTS

THIS BROTHERHOOD is part of a great and universal movement which has been active in all ages.

This Organization declares that Brotherhood is a fact in Nature. Its principal purpose is to teach Brotherhood, demonstrate that it is a fact in Nature, and make it a living power in the life of humanity.

Its subsidiary purpose is to study ancient and modern religions, science, philosophy and art; to investigate the laws of Nature and the divine powers in man.



H. P. BLAVATSKY, FOUNDESS
AND TEACHER

The present Theosophical Movement was inaugurated by Helena Petrovna Blavatsky in New York in 1875. The original name was "The Theosophical Society." Associated with her were William Q. Judge and others. Madame Blavatsky for a time preferred not to hold any outer official position except that of Corresponding Secretary. But later, in 1888, she dissolved a Center in France and cancelled its by-laws, which action was afterwards formally ratified by the Executive Council of the Society. Referring to this she wrote in her English magazine as follows:

This settles the question of the actual right of the Corresponding Secretary—one of the founders—to interfere in such exceptional cases when the welfare and reputation of the Theosophical Society are at stake. In no other, except such a case, would the undersigned have consented or taken upon herself the right of interfering.

Later she assumed the Presidency of the British Section of the Theosophical Society. Further, in response to the statement published by a then prominent member in India that Madame Blavatsky is "loyal to the Theosoph-

ical Society and to Adyar," Madame Blavatsky wrote:

It is pure nonsense to say that "H. P. B. . . . is loyal to the Theosophical Society and to Adyar" (!?). *H. P. B. is loyal to death to the Theosophical CAUSE and those Great Teachers whose philosophy can alone bind the whole of Humanity into one Brotherhood. . . .* The degree of her sympathies with the Theosophical Society and Adyar depends upon the degree of the loyalty of that Society to the CAUSE. Let it break away from the original lines and show disloyalty in its policy to the cause and the original program of the Society, and H. P. B., calling the T. S. disloyal, will shake it off like dust from her feet.

All true students know that Madame Blavatsky held the highest authority, the only real authority which comes of wisdom and power, the authority of Teacher and Leader, the real head, heart, and inspiration of the whole Theosophical Movement. It was through her that the teachings of Theosophy were given to the world, and without her the Theosophical Movement could not have been.

BRANCH SOCIETIES IN EUROPE AND INDIA

In 1878 Madame Blavatsky left the United States, first visiting Great Britain and then India, in both of which countries she founded branch societies. The parent body in New York became later the Aryan Theosophical Society and HAS ALWAYS HAD ITS HEADQUARTERS IN AMERICA; and of this, William Q. Judge was President until his death in 1896.

To one who accepts the teachings of Theosophy it is plain to see that although Theosophy is of no nationality or country but for all, yet it has a peculiar relationship with America. Not only was the United States the birth-place of the Theosophical Society, and the home of the Parent Body up to the present time, but H. P. Blavatsky, the Foundress of the Society, although a

Russian by birth, became an American citizen; William Q. Judge, of Irish parentage and birth, also became an American citizen; and Katherine Tingley is American born. America therefore not only has played a unique part in the history of the present Theosophical Movement, but it is plain to see that its destiny is closely interwoven with that of Theosophy; and by America is meant not only the United States or even the North American continent, but also the South American continent, and, as repeatedly declared by Madame Blavatsky, it is in this great Western Hemisphere as a whole, North and South, that the next great Race of humanity is to be born.

ENEMIES OF PROGRESS

While the main object of the Society from the first was to establish a nucleus of Universal Brotherhood, there were some, we regret to state, who joined the Society from far different motives. Many were wholly sincere in their interest and efforts to benefit the human race, but as in other societies, so in this, there were a few who entered its ranks seeking an opportunity to gratify their ambition and love of power. Still others, in their carping egotism thought that they knew more than their Teacher, H. P. Blavatsky, and were jealous of that Teacher, and later of the one whom she left as her successor and Teacher in her place.

Thus it was that there were attacks from the very first against the teachings of Theosophy, but more than all against the one who brought again these teachings to the world — Madame H. P. Blavatsky — and on handing the guidance of the Theosophical Movement on to her successors they too have been subject to similar attacks from the forces of evil, whose very existence is threatened by the spread of the teachings of Theosophy, which are the teachings of truth.

Madame Blavatsky's mission was in part to tear down the materialism of the age on one hand, and dogmatic domination on the other, and this made for her many bitter enemies. It was not long before enmity and unbrotherliness met her on every side, and these culminated in a plan to overthrow the influence of Theosophy and discredit her before the world. It was in India, in 1884, that this plan unfolded. Two ingrates, (French people, man and wife) who had been befriended by Madame Blavatsky when they were starving and ragged, and who later attempted to blackmail some of the members of the Society, and confessed themselves to be bribe-takers, liars, and forgers, associated themselves with the Christian College of Madras, India, and sought to destroy Madame Blavatsky and her work. It was afterwards discovered — admitted by the missionaries themselves, and published in the *Madras Mail* — that these missionaries had agreed to pay a large sum of money to the above-referred-to people for letters of Madame Blavatsky. These letters, as was afterwards proven, were gross forgeries.

At the same time the Psychical Research Society sent out as its agent a young man who had just left college, to investigate and make a report. This young man, wholly inexperienced, had all his traveling expenses paid on his long trip of sight-seeing, and no doubt felt that he must make some report to warrant the large outlay for his expenses, and in order to earn his salary. The whole source of this young man's information, on which he based his report, was the testimony of the two people above referred to, who later confessed their fraud. Furthermore, the young man published as his own a drawing made by William Q. Judge of something that the young man had no possibility of seeing, as it did not exist in that state when the young man ar-

rived in India. Nevertheless, the Psychological Research Society accepted the young man's unsupported testimony, without asking for any answer from Madame Blavatsky, nor did they ask her friends, but made their report solely on the testimony of two perjured ingrates, and of a young man, who appropriated the work of another as his own.

MADAME BLAVATSKY FOUNDS THE
ESOTERIC SCHOOL
HER LIFE-LONG TRUST IN
WILLIAM Q. JUDGE

In 1888, H. P. Blavatsky, then in London, on the suggestion and at the request of her Colleague, William Q. Judge, founded the Esoteric School of Theosophy, a body for students, of which H. P. Blavatsky wrote that it was "the heart of the Theosophical Movement," and of which she appointed William Q. Judge as her sole representative in America. Further, writing officially to the Convention of the American Societies held in Chicago, 1888, she wrote as follows:

To William Q. Judge, General Secretary of the American Section of the Theosophical Society:

My dearest Brother and Co-Founder of the Theosophical Society:

In addressing to you this letter, which I request you to read to the Convention summoned for April 22nd, I must first present my hearty congratulations and most cordial good wishes to the Society and yourself—the heart and soul of that body in America. We were several to call it to life in 1875. Since then you have remained alone to preserve that life through good and evil report. It is to you chiefly, if not entirely, that the Theosophical Society owes its existence in 1888. Let me thank you for it, for the first, and perhaps for the last time publicly, and from the bottom of my heart, which beats only for the cause you represent so well and serve so faithfully. I ask you also to remember that on this important occasion, my voice is but the feeble echo of other more sacred voices, and the transmitter of the approval of Those whose presence is alive in more than one true Theosophical heart, and lives, as I know, pre-eminently in yours.

This regard that Madame Blavatsky had for her Colleague William Q. Judge continued undiminished until her death in 1891, when he became her successor.

THE TRUE AND THE COUNTERFEIT

In giving even such a brief sketch as the present necessarily is of the objects and history of the Theosophical Society, it is nevertheless due to all honest and fair-minded people that an explanation should be given why there are small bodies of people here and there which are labeled Theosophical but which are in no way endorsed or recognized by the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society. These small bodies have sprung up from year to year in different parts of the world, and though in the aggregate their efforts and influence have been weak, they have nevertheless been more or less successful in misleading honest minds from the truth. It becomes a duty therefore to call attention to these matters and to give warning lest others be misled. In other words a distinction must be drawn between the true and the counterfeit.

Madame Blavatsky, in 1889, writing in her Theosophical magazine published in London, said that the purpose of the magazine was not only to promulgate Theosophy, but also and as a consequence of such promulgation, "to bring to light the hidden things of darkness." She further says:

As to the "weak-minded Theosophists"—if any—they can take care of themselves in the way they please. IF THE "FALSE PROPHETS OF THEOSOPHY" ARE TO BE LEFT UNTOUCHED, THE TRUE PROPHETS WILL BE VERY SOON—AS THEY HAVE ALREADY BEEN—CONFUSED WITH THE FALSE. IT IS HIGH TIME TO WINNOW OUR CORN AND CAST AWAY THE CHAFF. The Theosophical Society is becoming enormous in its numbers, and if the *false* prophets, the pretenders, or even the weak-minded dupes, are left alone, then the Society threatens to become very soon a fanatical body split into three hundred sects—like Protestantism—each hating the other, and all bent on destroying the truth by monstrous exaggerations and idiotic schemes and shams.

We do not believe in allowing the presence of *sham* elements in Theosophy, because of the fear, forsooth, that if even "a false element in the faith" is *ridiculed*, the latter is "apt to shake the confidence" in the whole.

... What *true* Christians shall see their co-religionists making fools of themselves, or disgracing their faith, and still abstain from rebuking them publicly as privately, for fear lest this *false* element should throw out of Christianity the rest of the believers.

THE WISE MAN COURTS TRUTH; THE FOOL, FLATTERY.

However it may be, let rather our ranks be made thinner, than the Theosophical Society go on being made a spectacle to the world through the exaggerations of some fanatics, and the attempt of various *charlatans* to profit by a ready-made program. These, by disfiguring and adapting Occultism to their own filthy and immoral ends, bring disgrace upon the whole movement. —*Lucifer*, Vol. iv, pp. 2 & 3

THE DUTY OF A THEOSOPHIST

In regard to the above it should be remembered that Madame Blavatsky wrote this in 1889 and had in view certain people who were advocating immoral teachings and practices in the sacred name of Theosophy, and it shows clearly what she would have done and what would be a Theosophical duty should ever a similar occasion arise. Thanks to the safe-guarding of the Theosophical Movement by the Constitution of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, such cannot ever arise in the Society itself, but just as there is no legal means of preventing anyone from calling himself a Christian however much his life may depart from the teachings and ideals of the Teacher whose name he so dishonors, so there is no means of preventing unworthy people from using the sacred name of Theosophy and giving out teachings or advocating practices which are absolutely contrary to the teachings of Theosophy as given first by our Teacher, H. P. Blavatsky, and later by her successors, William Q. Judge and Katherine Tingley.

It is a matter of great regret that we have to refer to these things, but although unpleasant it is nevertheless a duty. It is for the above-named reasons and to forestall misconception on the part of the public that we make mention here of those enemies to true Theosophy who sprang up not only outside but within the ranks of the Society. H. P. Blavatsky had her enemies and those who sought to discredit her not only before the public but before her own students; and so too William Q. Judge had his, and Katherine Tingley has hers also. In fact, was there ever a Teacher who came to do good and help humanity who was not maligned and persecuted?

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE ELECTED PRESIDENT FOR LIFE

In 1893 there openly began what had been going on beneath the surface for some time, a bitter attack ostensibly against William Q. Judge, but in reality also against H. P. Blavatsky. This bitter attack threatened to disrupt the whole Society and to thwart the main purpose of its existence, which was to further the cause of Universal Brotherhood. Finally the American members decided to take action, and at the annual convention of the Society held in Boston in 1895, by a vote of 191 delegates to 10, re-asserted the principles of Theosophy as laid down by H. P. Blavatsky, and elected William Q. Judge president for life. Similar action was almost immediately taken by members in Europe, Australia, and other countries, in each case William Q. Judge being elected president for life. In this action the great majority of the active members throughout the world concurred, and thus the Society was relieved of those who had joined it for other purposes than the furtherance of Universal Brotherhood, the carrying out of the Society's other objects, and the spiritual freedom and upliftment of Humanity.

A few of these in order to curry favor with the public and attract a following, continued among themselves to use the name of Theosophy, but it should be understood that they *are not connected with the Theosophical Movement*.

KATHERINE TINGLEY SUCCEEDS
WILLIAM Q. JUDGE

One year later, in March 1896, William Q. Judge died, leaving as his successor Katherine Tingley, who for several years had been associated with him in the work of the Society. This Teacher not only began immediately to put into actual practice the ideals of Theosophy as had been the hope and aim of both H. P. Blavatsky and William Q. Judge, and for which they had laid the foundations, thus honoring and illustrating the work of her illustrious predecessors, but she also struck a new keynote, introducing new and broader plans for uplifting humanity. For each of the Teachers, while continuing the work and building upon the foundations of his predecessor, adds a new link, and has his own distinctive work to do, and teachings to give, belonging to his own time and position.

No sooner had Katherine Tingley begun her work as successor, than further attacks, some most insidious, from the same source as those made against H. P. Blavatsky and William Q. Judge, as well as from other sources, were inaugurated against her. Most prominent among those thus attacking Katherine Tingley were some referred to by Madame Blavatsky in the article above-quoted (pp. 79-80), who by their own actions had removed themselves from the ranks of the Society. There were also a few others who still remained in the Society who had not joined hands with the disintegrators at the time the latter were repudiated in 1895. These now thought it to their personal advantage to oppose the Leader and sought to gain control of the Society and use

it for political purposes. These ambitious agitators, seeking to exploit the Society for their own ends, used every means to overthrow Katherine Tingley, realizing that she was the greatest obstacle to the accomplishment of their desires, for if she could be removed they expected to gain control. They worked day and night, stooping almost to any means to carry out their projects. Yet it seemed that by these very acts, i. e., the more they attacked, the more were honest and earnest members attracted to the ranks of the Society under Katherine Tingley's leadership.

KATHERINE TINGLEY GIVES SOCIETY
NEW CONSTITUTION
SOCIETY MERGES INTO BROADER FIELD
OF WORK

To eliminate these menacing features and to safeguard the work of the Theosophical Movement for all time, Katherine Tingley presented to a number of the oldest members gathered at her home in New York on the night of January 13th, 1898, a new Constitution which she had formulated for the more permanent and broader work of the Theosophical Movement, opening up a wider field of endeavor than had heretofore been possible to students of Theosophy. One month later, at the Convention of the Society, held in Chicago, February 18th, 1898, this Constitution was accepted by an almost unanimous vote, and the Theosophical Society merged itself into the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society. In this new step forward, she had the heartiest co-operation and support of the vast majority of the members throughout the world. Only a few were unable to accept the wider opportunity now afforded them and removed themselves from the ranks, seeking other fields in which to exploit their ambitious plans. The members were truly greatly relieved that the Constitution of the Society made it virtually impossible for

agitators to remain members. The Society in order to fulfil its great mission must necessarily be unsectarian and non-political, and any attempts to use it for political purposes would be subversive of its high aims and have always been discouraged by our Leaders. As the years went on, it appeared that there were still a few not yet prepared to co-operate fully in the broader interests of the Society, and these finally dropped out.

THEOSOPHY IN PRACTICE

It is of interest here to quote our Teacher's own words regarding this time. In an article published in the *Metropolitan Magazine*, New York, October, 1909, she says:

Later, I found myself the successor of William Q. Judge, and I began my heart work, the inspiration of which is partly due to him.

In all my writings and associations with the members of the Theosophical Society, I emphasized the necessity of putting Theosophy into daily practice, and in such a way that it would continuously demonstrate that it was the redeeming power of man. More familiarity with the organization and its workers brought home to me the fact that there was a certain number of students who had in the early days begun the wrong way to study Theosophy, and that it was becoming in their lives a death-like sleep. I noticed that those who followed this line of action were always alarmed at my humanitarian tendencies. WHENEVER I REMINDED THEM THAT THEY WERE BUILDING A COLOSSAL EGOTISM INSTEAD OF A POWER TO DO GOOD, THEY SUBTLY OPPOSED ME. AS I INSISTED ON THE PRACTICAL LIFE OF THEOSOPHY, THEY OPPOSED STILL MORE. They later exerted personal influence which affected certain members throughout the world. It was this condition which then menaced the Theosophical Movement, and which forced me to the point of taking such action as would fully protect the pure teachings of Theosophy and make possible a broader path for unselfish students to follow. Thus the faithful members of the Theosophical Movement would be able to exemplify the charge which Helena Petrovna Blavatsky gave to her pupils, as follows:

"Real Theosophy is altruism, and we cannot repeat it too often. It is brotherly love,

mutual help, unswerving devotion to truth. If once men do but realize that in these alone can true happiness be found, and never in wealth, possession or any selfish gratification, then the dark cloud will roll away, and a new humanity will be born upon the earth. Then the Golden Age will be there indeed."

Here we find William Q. Judge accentuating the same spirit, the practical Theosophical life:

"The power to know does not come from book-study alone, nor from mere philosophy, but mostly from the actual practice of altruism in deed, word, and thought; for that practice purifies the covers of the soul and permits the divine light to shine down into the brain-mind."

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS

On February 18, 1898, at the Convention of the Theosophical Society in America, held at Chicago, Ill., the Society resolved, through its delegates from all parts of the world, to enter a larger arena, to widen its scope and to further protect the teachings of Theosophy. Amid most intense enthusiasm the Theosophical Society was expanded into the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, and I found myself recognized as its leader and official head. The Theosophical Society in Europe also resolved to merge itself into the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, and the example was quickly followed by Theosophical Societies in other parts of the world. The expansion of the original Theosophical Society, which Madame Blavatsky founded and which William Q. Judge so ably sustained, now called the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, gave birth to a new life, and the membership trebled the first year, and ever since that time a rapid increase has followed.

KATHERINE TINGLEY'S PRACTICAL HUMANITARIAN WORK UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT GIVES ASSISTANCE

In 1898 Katherine Tingley established the International Brotherhood League, the department of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society for practical humanitarian work, and under its auspices rendered aid to thousands of soldiers at Montauk after the close of the Spanish-American War. Later she took a relief expedition into Cuba, the United States Government affording

her free transportation for physicians, nurses, and supplies. Thus began her work in Cuba, which has resulted in the establishment of Râja Yoga Colleges at Santiago de Cuba, Santa Clara, and Pinar del Río, and now in preparation at San Juan on the site of the famous battlefield which Katherine Tingley has recently purchased.

In these Colleges, besides the world-famous Râja Yoga College at Point Loma, a great educational work is being carried on in which are being taught the highest ideals of patriotism and national life in addition to the development of character and the upbuilding of pure-minded and self-reliant manhood and womanhood to the end that each pupil may be prepared to take an honorable self-reliant position in the world's work. Other school sites acquired by Mrs. Katherine Tingley are in the New Forest, England, and also on the Island of Visingsö, Sweden.

INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS AT POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

In 1900 the Headquarters of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society were moved from New York to Point Loma, California, which is now the International Center of the Theosophical Movement. This Organization is unsectarian and non-political; none of its officers or workers receives any salary or financial recompense.

In her article in *The Metropolitan Magazine* above referred to, Katherine Tingley further says:

The knowledge that Point Loma was to be the World-center of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, which has for its supreme object the elevation of the race, created great enthusiasm among its members throughout the world. The further fact that the government of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society rests entirely with the leader and official head, who holds her office for life and who has the privilege of appointing her successor, gave me the power to carry out some of the plans I had long cherished. Among these was the

erecting of the great Homestead Building. This I carefully designed that it might not stand apart from the beautiful nature about it, but in a sense harmonize with the sky, the distant mountains, the broad blue Pacific, and the glorious light of the sun.

So it has been from the first, so that the practical work of Theosophy began at Point Loma under the most favorable circumstances. No one dominated by selfish aims and ambitions was invited to take part in this pioneer work. Although there were scores of workers from various parts of the world uniting their efforts with mine for the upbuilding of this world-center, yet there was no disharmony. Each took the duty allotted him and worked trustingly and cheerfully. Many of the world's ways these workers gladly left behind them. They seemed re-born with an enthusiasm that knew no defeat. The work was done for the love of it, and this is the secret of a large part of the success that has come to the Theosophical Movement.

Not long after the establishment of the International Theosophical Headquarters at Point Loma, it was plain to see that the Society was advancing along all lines by leaps and bounds. Letters of inquiry were pouring in from different countries, which led to my establishing the Theosophical Propaganda Bureau. This is one of the greatest factors we have in disseminating our teachings. The International Brotherhood League then opened its offices and has ever been active in its special humanitarian work, being the directing power which has sustained the several Râja Yoga schools and academies, now in Pinar del Río, Santa Clara, and Santiago de Cuba, from the beginning. The Aryan Theosophical Press has yearly enlarged its facilities in answer to the demands made upon it through the publication of Theosophical literature, which includes *THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH* and several other publications. There is the Isis Conservatory of Music and Drama, the Department of Arts and Crafts, the Industrial Department, including Forestry, Agriculture, Roadbuilding, Photo-engraving, Chemical laboratory, Landscape-gardening, and many other crafts.

DO NOT FAIL TO PROFIT BY THE FOLLOWING

CONSTANTLY THE QUESTION IS ASKED, WHAT IS THEOSOPHY, WHAT DOES IT REALLY TEACH? EACH YEAR THE LIFE AND WORK OF H. P. BLAVATSKY AND THE HIGH IDEALS AND PURE MORALITY

OF HER TEACHINGS ARE MORE CLEARLY VINDICATED. EACH YEAR THE POSITION TAKEN BY WILLIAM Q. JUDGE AND KATHERINE TINGLEY IN REGARD TO THEIR PREDECESSOR, H. P. BLAVATSKY, IS BETTER UNDERSTOOD, AND THEIR OWN LIVES AND WORK ARE SEEN TO BE ACTUATED BY THE SAME HIGH IDEALS FOR THE UPLIFTING OF THE HUMAN RACE. EACH YEAR MORE AND MORE PEOPLE ARE COMING TO REALIZE THAT NOT ALL THAT GOES UNDER THE NAME OF THEOSOPHY IS RIGHTLY SO CALLED, BUT THAT THERE IS A COUNTERFEIT THEOSOPHY AS WELL AS THE TRUE, AND THAT THERE IS NEED OF DISCRIMINATION, LEST MANY BE MISLED.

“ THEOSOPHIST IS WHO THEOSOPHY
DOES ”

From the earliest days of the present Theosophical Movement has it been necessary to make this distinction, but there is one unfailing test expressed in the words of H. P. Blavatsky: “Theosophist is who Theosophy does.” In the past many have been attracted to the ranks of the Society through motives other than those which lead, not only to the *study* of Theosophy, the Wisdom-Religion, but to the making of it a factor of purification of their daily lives; some seeking admission from motives of ambition or other self-interest, some for mere entertainment or for the acquirement of so-called “occult” powers — thinking they could gain the knowledge without the practice of Theosophy, the first step of which is altruism; and some from mere curiosity, hoping to find in Theosophy a new fad. The presence of such pseudo-Theosophists in the ranks has at times necessitated drastic action, and on one or two occasions reorganization of the whole Society in order that it might be held to its original high ideals and the lines on which it was founded. And though the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society is not for saints,

the demand is made upon all who are in its ranks that there shall be a constant effort to live up to its high ideals of purity and altruistic endeavor, that there shall be practice and not mere theory, and that both by word and deed the lives of the members shall be an example to all men and especially to the young.

In certain cases as before referred to, those who have been removed from the ranks of the Society have with their associates formed small centers of their own, using the name Theosophy and to some extent the writings of Madame Blavatsky. This has caused confusion in the minds of some who look at things merely superficially, accepting the professions of people without regard to their motives or lives; and hence it is necessary from time to time to clear the air, as it were, and, sweeping away the veneer of mere profession, show the facts as they really are.

Counterfeits exist in many departments of life and thought, and especially in matters relating to religion and the deeper teachings of life. Hence, in order that people who are honestly seeking the truth may not be misled, we deem it important to state that the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society is not responsible for, nor is it affiliated with, nor does it endorse, any other society which, while calling itself Theosophical, is not connected with the International Theosophical Headquarters at Point Loma, California. Having a knowledge of Theosophy, the ancient Wisdom-Religion, we deem it as a sacred trust and responsibility to maintain its pure teachings, free from the vagaries, additions, or misrepresentations of ambitious self-styled Theosophists and would-be teachers. The test of a Theosophist is not in profession, but in action, and in a noble and virtuous life. The motto of the Society is “There is no religion higher than Truth.” This was adopted

by Madame Blavatsky, but it is to be deeply regretted that there are no legal means to prevent the use of this motto in connexion with counterfeit Theosophy, by people professing to be Theosophists, but who would not be recognized as such by Madame Blavatsky.

It is a regrettable fact that many people use the name of Theosophy and of our Organization for self-interest, as also that of H. P. Blavatsky, the Foundress, and even the Society's motto, to attract attention to themselves and to gain public support. This they do in private and public speech and in publications. Without being in any way connected with the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, in many cases they permit it to be inferred that they are, thus misleading the public, and honest inquirers are hence led away from the original truths of Theosophy.

The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society welcomes to membership all who truly love their fellow men and desire the eradication of the evils caused by the barriers of race, creed, caste, or color, which have so long impeded human progress; to all sincere lovers of truth and to all who aspire to higher and better things than the mere pleasures and interests of a worldly life, and are prepared to do all in their power to make Brotherhood a living energy in the life of humanity, its various departments offer unlimited opportunities.

The whole work of the Organization is under the direction of the Leader and Official Head, Katherine Tingley, as outlined in the Constitution.

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1. To help men and women to realize the nobility of their calling and their true position in life.

2. To educate children of all nations on the broadest lines of Universal Brotherhood and to prepare destitute and homeless children to become workers for humanity.

3. To ameliorate the condition of unfortunate women, and assist them to a higher life.

4. To assist those who are or have been in prisons to establish themselves in honorable positions in life.

5. To abolish capital punishment.

6. To bring about a better understanding between so-called savage and civilized races, by promoting a closer and more sympathetic relationship between them.

7. To relieve human suffering resulting from flood, famine, war, and other calamities; and, generally, to extend aid, help, and comfort to suffering humanity throughout the world.

JOSEPH H. FUSSELL

Secretary

Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society.

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The Theosophical Path

An International Magazine
Unsectarian and nonpolitical

Monthly

Illustrated



Devoted to the Brotherhood of Humanity, the promulgation of Theosophy, the study of ancient & modern Ethics, Philosophy, Science and Art, and to the uplifting and purification of Home and National Life

Edited by Katherine Tingley
International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California, U.S.A.

Man ought to be ever striving to help the divine evolution of IDEAS, by becoming to the best of his ability a CO-WORKER WITH NATURE in the cyclic task. The ever unknowable and incognizable KÂRANA alone, the CAUSELESS Cause of all causes, should have its shrine and altar on the holy and ever untrodden ground of our heart — invisible, intangible, unmentioned, save through "the still small voice" of our spiritual consciousness. Those who worship before it, ought to do so in the silence and the sanctified solitude of their Souls; making their spirit the sole mediator between them and the UNIVERSAL SPIRIT, their good actions the only priests, and their sinful intentions the only visible and objective sacrificial victims to the PRESENCE. — H. P. BLAVATSKY, in *The Secret Doctrine*, vol. 1, page 280*

*"When thou prayest, thou shalt not be as the hypocrites are . . . but enter into THINE INNER CHAMBER AND HAVING SHUT THY DOOR, PRAY TO THY FATHER WHICH IS IN SECRET." (*Matt. vi.*) Our Father is WITHIN US "in Secret," our seventh principle, in the "inner chamber" of our Soul perception. "The Kingdom of Heaven" and of God "IS WITHIN US" says Jesus, not OUTSIDE.

Why are Christians so absolutely blind to the self-evident meaning of the words of wisdom they delight in mechanically repeating?

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

MONTHLY ILLUSTRATED

EDITED BY KATHERINE TINGLEY

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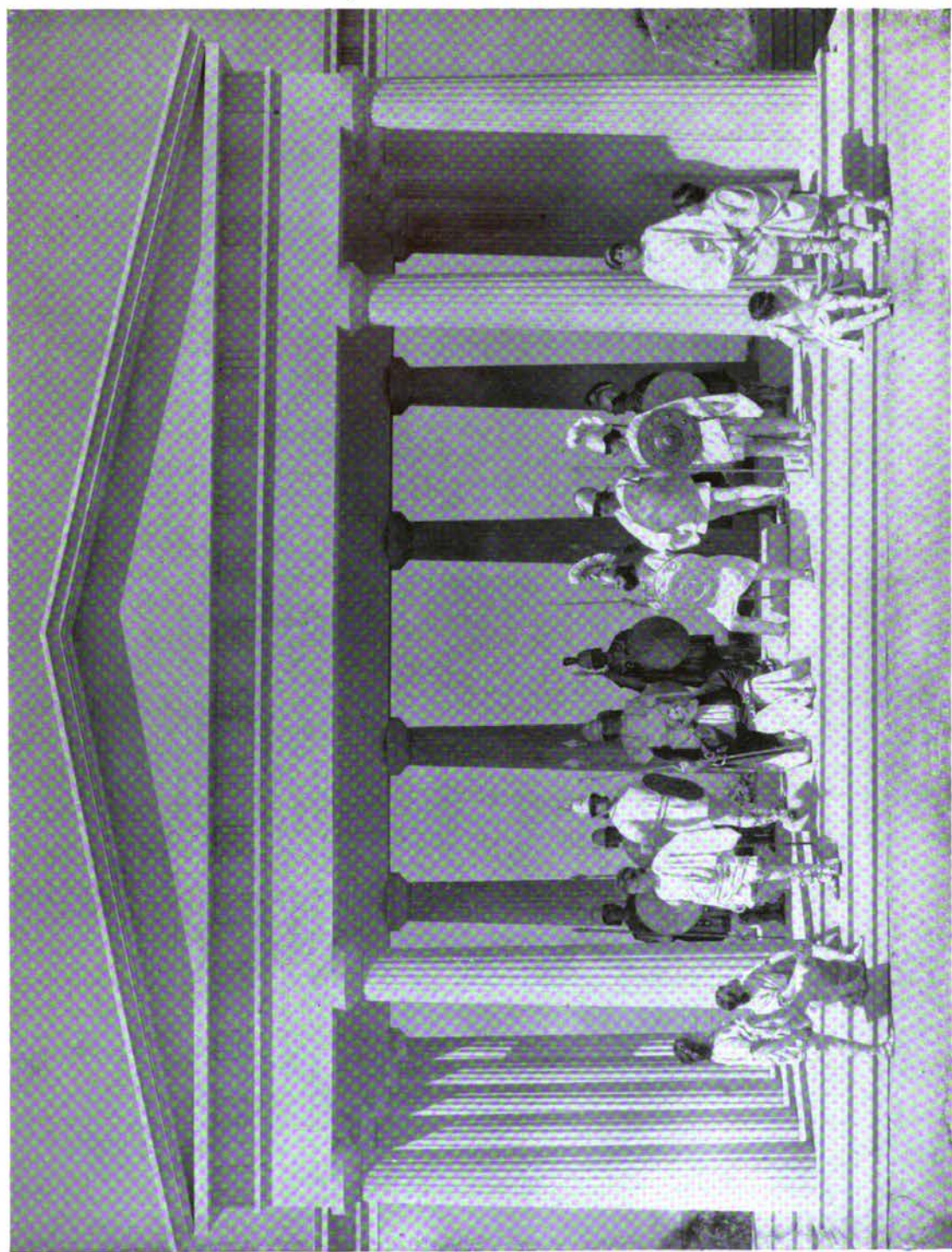
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BY KATHERINE TINGLEY AND STUDENTS AT THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS
CENTRAL FIGURES ARE: PHEIDIAS SEATED, PERIKLES STANDING

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

VOL. I

AUGUST, 1911

NO. 2

I produced the golden key of Pre-existence only at a dead lift, when no other method could satisfy me touching the ways of God, that by this hypothesis I might keep my heart from sinking. — *Henry More*

THEOSOPHY AND MODERN SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERIES: by Charles J. Ryan



THE attitude of the leaders of science and philosophy concerning the significance and probable causes of natural phenomena has greatly changed since 1888 when H. P. Blavatsky wrote her *magnum opus*, *The Secret Doctrine*. The comfortable feeling that the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge is ripe for our picking, or at least very nearly so, has largely disappeared with the widening of our perceptions gained through the surprising discoveries in physics, chemistry, psychology, etc., of the intervening period. Happily for the world, the truly leading minds of the present day in science and philosophy are escaping from the crass materialism into which they seemed to be sinking not so long ago; the "camp followers" are also catching up.

Paradoxically, and yet naturally, the more we have learned of Nature's methods, the less dogmatic we have become. The present, although a time of great fertility in the production of theories, is one of comparative modesty in the putting forth of assertions that such a thing cannot be, or that such another is against established laws and therefore not to be investigated. We are seeing something similar in the affairs of nations — new experiments in statecraft are being tried in apparently unlikely places.

The wisdom of the ancients is being more justly estimated; the cheap sneers against their scientific attainments are less often heard. The newest Chemistry regards the much-derided Alchemy more sympathetically; the latest Psychology finds that Mesmer was not the

complete fraud alleged by the materialism of the nineteenth century. A well-founded suspicion is arising that our own civilization is not on the rightest basis, and that it has neglected many of the sterling virtues of the past in favor of luxury and ease. The claims of the older religions of the world are more fully acknowledged as worthy of respect; the Theosophical idea is dawning upon the people of Christendom that they are not all foolishness.

In her presentation of the teachings of Theosophy, the ancient Wisdom-Religion, H. P. Blavatsky had to devote a large amount of time to a dissection of the dogmatic claims of the materialistic science of the nineteenth century. It was only natural, of course, that the leaders of scientific research, and a large number of the rank and file, just emancipated from the fetters of dogmatic theology, should have proclaimed their new theories of life in very positive terms, and should have attributed greater finality to them than now seems possible. In the latter quarter of the nineteenth century the reaction towards the negation of the spiritual was going too far, so it became part of H. P. Blavatsky's duty to show in what the materialistic hypotheses were as deficient as the superstitious dogmas they were trying to supplant, while admitting, of course, that as iconoclastic weapons of destruction they served a necessary purpose. And who can deny the far-reaching effect of her work. Almost every magazine article or book on advanced lines offers palpable traces of the ideas she had to bring to the attention of the Western world; not only the principles, but often the very expressions originated in the Theosophical literature, are becoming widely spread. The thinking world is rapidly — more rapidly than the earlier students of Theosophy dared to hope — reaching the place where some at least of the teachings of Theosophy will be accepted among the unprejudiced everywhere, as the only logical thing; when this is done we may reasonably expect further clues to the understanding of natural law, from the source whence H. P. Blavatsky drew her inspiration. At the present time it is the practical demonstration of the basic principles of Theosophy in conduct, such as is found in the lives of the Theosophical students under Katherine Tingley, that is the greatest need of humanity. There is plenty of theory; let us see it work out in the changed lives of the multitude.

It may prove interesting and not unprofitable to glance at a few of the recent developments on scientific and philosophic lines which are now moving in the Theosophical direction.

The enormous antiquity of man, which was until lately frowned upon severely, is now a perfectly safe subject to teach: man's residence on earth is no longer considered to be a matter of thousands of years but of hundreds of thousands. The "Englishman's" skeleton of the Thames valley of which we have lately heard so much is conservatively reckoned to be 170,000 years old, and the "Gibraltar woman" is believed to have flourished half a million years ago or more! Neither of these antique personages represents the "missing link" in the least. The English skull is well-developed and of modern type; the woman's is not quite so good. Well, from 4004 B. C. — until lately the supposed date of man's creation according to Western belief founded on false interpretation of the Hebrew scriptures — to the five or six hundred thousand years now accepted, is a big jump. It is bigger in proportion than that from the half million to the eighteen millions of years that man has been embodied, according to the Theosophical records, which yet has to be made. We shall probably not have to wait long to see a further extension of time demanded and granted.

It is noteworthy, and particularly interesting to students of Theosophy, that an increasing number of biologists are inclining to the belief that the human mind did not develop through an immensely protracted series of years, but that it came almost to its present perfection very quickly; that there was, in fact, *a sort of incarnation of mind* into the highest and most suitable animal form available. The famous Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, the "co-discoverer of Darwinism," uses many convincing arguments in favor of the high intelligence of "primitive" man. He says that

Our intellectual and moral nature has not advanced in any perceptible degree.

A writer in *Records of the Past*, says:

A further evidence of the high intelligence of primeval man is found in the manner in which he maintained himself against the swarms of monstrous and ferocious beasts by which he was surrounded. Not only did he hold his own against them, but even, so we are told, exterminated many of them. We must remember also that man achieved this astounding victory over these mighty animals by means of stone weapons, which were of the rudest possible character. His triumph therefore, was solely due to his wonderful intelligence.

The civilized inhabitants of modern India have not been able to exterminate the devastating tigers and snakes, etc., whose toll of human lives is still very heavy.

According to Theosophy, "primitive" man in Europe was as the successor of a highly civilized man who lived ages before on the sunken continent of Atlantis, passing through a cycle of degradation as a consequence of his abuse of his opportunities in previous incarnations. Though the cubic capacity of the skulls of the earliest primitive races, so-called, is about the same as that of modern races, the possession of a large brain does not imply that they had a high civilization. This can be seen clearly in the case of the Eskimo, who have even more capacious skulls than some highly civilized races. A low condition of life amid a people who possess good brain development means either the presence of undeveloped Egos of limited experience, or of those who are suffering disabilities in consequence of past wrong-doing. In either case they are necessarily using the physical vehicles provided by heredity. H. P. Blavatsky says the evil Karma (the influence set in motion by past actions) generated by the sins of the Atlanteans heavily handicapped those Egos when they reappeared on the newly-forming European and Asiatic (in part) continents, and prevented them for long ages from rising out of the primitive conditions in which they found themselves.

It is a fact that man's mind is an incarnation from something very different from the material plane; it comes into humanity from its own plane. The Theosophical teachings show how each of the complex "principles" or constituents which compose the human personality, the vehicle of the Immortal Ego, is derived from its own plane or source, i. e., the physical body from the material, molecular world; the body-center of passions and desires from the plane or world of Desire, Kâma-Loka; and so forth. This is fully explained in the Theosophical literature, especially, of course, in the writings of the Theosophical Leaders. It is a most important clue, leading to many practical consequences, owing to the better understanding it gives of the causes of many of our human sufferings, of the rationale of the death-process, of the spread of epidemics, both physical and mental, and so forth. Theosophy does not fall into the materialistic error of imagining that mind is the product of some jugglery of blind forces playing with the molecules of inert matter — that the less can be the origin of the greater. When our psychologists have learned how the mind comes from its own plane, evolving in its own way, and incarnating in material forms to help them on in *their* evolution, they will find a new sphere of research, and the text-books will have to be rewritten.

While the idea, now being dimly suspected by some anthropologists, that man's mind is not the result of a *very long and slow* development from the beast, is correct according to the records of Theosophy, we must remember that the incarnation of the "Manas" or Thinker, which made incomplete man into the perfect septenary he is today, took place long before the temporary decline of the "primitive" man after the disappearance of Atlantis. One eminent scientist at least, Professor F. Soddy, F. R. S., lecturer on physical chemistry and radio-activity at Glasgow University, has lately suggested that in his opinion some great civilization may have existed (long before the "primitive" Stone Ages) which ruined itself and descended into barbarism by the abuse of the power to disintegrate matter and so to release forces of terrible potency whose existence the discovery of the properties of radium has faintly revealed to us, but which we have, fortunately, not the slightest idea how to unloose. Theosophy tells us that something of the kind did happen; but the mind of man was even then long ages posterior to the time when the "Sons of Mind" settled into the forms which only then, properly, could be called mankind.

For many years the existence of hundreds of giant portrait-statues on the wild volcanic Easter Island, two thousand miles from the coast of South America, has been known, and their origin and meaning is still one of the greatest of the world's enigmas. What was the mysterious race that carved them? How is it that such works, which obviously required the presence of a large and intelligent population, should be found on such a small island, so far from the continental lands? Archaeologists in general seem to avoid the problem; certainly no adequate theory has been advanced by the recognized authorities to meet the case. H. P. Blavatsky gave us the key to the mystery when she briefly described parts of the pre-Atlantean continent of Lemuria: Easter Island is an Atlantean vestige of that really primitive land whose truly primeval inhabitants were of larger proportions than ourselves. Well, lately we have seen three or four articles in different American and other magazines discussing the problem and trying to explain it upon the very lines of the Theosophical teachings, no other being considered reasonable.

During the past ten years the trend toward the Theosophical interpretations of some of the most pressing astronomical problems has

been very marked. The re-opening of questions hither considered closed or else insoluble, has been an interesting feature of recent times. For instance, the belief that gravitation alone explained the movements of the stars has been seriously shaken lately, and, if we may venture to prophesy, it looks as if physics will have to return to the ancient and Theosophical acceptance of dual forces, attraction and repulsion — perhaps magnetic — to explain the new problem of astronomy, having found that gravitation is only a half-understood truth, as Theosophy teaches. In his inaugural address, Professor Bergstrand, newly appointed to the chair of astronomy at the university of Upsala, Sweden, made a special point of the fact that some utterly unknown force or forces besides gravitation must be operating to explain some of the newest discoveries in stellar physics. He was alluding particularly to the binding together of certain groups of stars in connected drifts across the depths of space. Several of such drifting collections of stars moving together across the vast depths of kosmos at equal speed are now known. There would not be anything so extraordinary in this, and nothing that might call for the postulate of some unknown law, but for the fact that in some cases members of the same star-group are found *at far distant parts of the heavens* separated from each other by many other stars drifting in various directions between them — our sun for one. What is the mysterious binding tie, and how may it be reconciled with the known action of gravitation? One of the fundamental principles in nature, according to Theosophy, is the Duality of manifested forces: in *The Secret Doctrine* H. P. Blavatsky treats of this very fully, plainly declaring that the *other half* of gravitation will have to be reckoned with before long by physical science in the West. In the East there is practical knowledge of it, among a chosen few.

The newest speculations about the processes of solar and planetary development from nebulae are bound to lead to the discovery of the truth of the Theosophical teaching that there is an archetypal world, a world of causes, lying concealed behind all manifested material forms. Once this is admitted by scientists, once a sane metaphysical basis for the universe is found logically necessary, there will be a great change in the way of looking at phenomena, including the problem of human life, and we know that what the most advanced thinkers proclaim will be followed before long by the great mass; see, for instance,

the strong effect the Darwinian theory of Natural Selection, incomplete and materialistic as it is, has already made in every department of modern thought. Of course the acceptance of a merely metaphysical foundation for the facts recorded by our ordinary senses does not mean the acceptance of the reality of a *spiritual* world; that is a far deeper problem, and has to be approached through the experience of the intuition, trained and untrained, but a long step will be made when it is thoroughly realized that the material plane is not the plane of ultimate causes.

According to one of the nebular hypotheses of today the collision of two suns, (dark and "dead" or otherwise) crashing into each other at tremendous speed, results in a vast nebula, in which, owing to the enormous heat produced, the atoms would be reduced to the state of "corpuscles," the root of matter on our plane, all alike, and without any of the characteristics of the elements, even in the most rudimentary form; there would be no metallic vapors, no gases, not even helium or coronium, nothing but the primitive corpuscular basis of matter. Then, as the nebula formed by the collision condensed and perhaps cooled, it would begin to rebuild its substance into the well-known elements, combinations would take place, and the evolution of a new solar system would be started. But now arises the important question: What causes the perfectly homogeneous or uniform "corpuscular" substance, the mass of *sub-atoms* of unknown nature, to perform the astonishing feat of transforming itself into the marvelous complexity we find even in the simplest star? The problem is similar to that of the egg. In a new-laid egg the great mass of its constituent materials is structureless, but in a short time of incubation the eggshell is completely filled with a most complicated living organism. Is it not clear that behind both nebula and egg there must be an archetype or model form, invisible to ordinary eyesight, which is being used as the pattern into which the simple materials are being woven? and that there are Builders, who know the plan and work it out in a conscious harmony that we call the correlation of "natural laws"? "Blind forces," "necessity," "unconscious laws," are meaningless terms which only disguise ignorance, or *stave off* the anti-materialistic and dreaded so-called "teleological" view that there must be "a Divinity that shapes our ends."

Theosophy offers as a fact, demonstrable from the very presence

within of the higher, divine nature, that men in time will attain the stature of Creative powers, Builders of future world-systems, just as the Higher Beings who are the guides and directors of the present evolution were once men and lower than men in past aeons. Evolution of men will not stop with the perfecting of the mental and moral nature; once the godlike nature of the Higher Self is admitted, it follows that there can not be a limit assigned beyond which man may not go.

There may be some truth in the collision-theory of the origin of certain nebulae; it seems to explain the sudden appearance of "temporary stars," at least; but, by its very nature, it cannot explain the origin of the universe of suns as a whole. Again, after each collision the speed of the new body formed from the material of the two colliding spheres would be less than their combined speed, because much or all of their motion would be arrested and transformed into the energy which would be needed to scatter their substance in all directions. If two equal bodies, moving at equal speed, met in a line joining their centers, the resulting nebula would have no motion at all. It has been pointed out that if the collision theory alone is relied upon to explain the structure of the universe it must fail, because during the infinity of past time a condition of absolute stagnation would have been attained, the universe would have "run down," nothing being left but one gigantic dead and dark globe!

In this idea of "running down" there is a paradox, which is apparent enough, and we need not trouble to follow it further. We have to seek a reasonable hypothesis — a theory such as Theosophy presents of a universe which can wind itself up again after it has finished its cyclic career — a theory which does not overlook the fact that the material cosmos is the manifestation of intelligent Mind. The impressive system which was worked out in the Orient (and before that elsewhere) ages ago, of the transformation of energies from visible to invisible planes under Cyclic or Periodic Law, the universality of alternations of manifestation and rest, clears up the primary difficulties of the case. It is to H. P. Blavatsky, the great Theosophist, that we are indebted for making this reasonable hypothesis clear. Fortunately, the time-spirit of science in this century is less atheistic than that of the nineteenth, and the broad principle of Theosophy, that there are great spiritual Beings, the glorious efflorescence of past ages of development, guiding and controlling the formation and maintenance of the worlds, is becoming the subject of serious consideration among

some of the most advanced thinkers, for the atheistic hypothesis that matter "runs itself" is almost at its last gasp.

In another subject, the nature of Light, many new and interesting speculations are being advanced as the result of the discoveries of the extraordinary properties of radium and the x -rays. To students of Theosophy these are significant, for H. P. Blavatsky, in *The Secret Doctrine*, goes deeply into the question whether light is an actual substance of some kind, or a mere undulation of an ethereal medium. She points out some of the difficulties of both theories, giving special attention to Sir W. Grove's celebrated lecture in 1842 wherein he considered he proved that light and heat must be affections of matter itself, and not the effects of an imponderable fluid — a finer state of matter — penetrating it. Sir Isaac Newton held to the Pythagorean theory that light was made of almost infinitely minute corpuscles, but the phenomenon of diffraction is supposed to have upset this. H. P. Blavatsky does not reject the wave theory as part of the explanation, but she contends that the ultimate causes of light, heat, and electricity must be sought in a form of matter existing in supersensuous states, states, though, "as fully objective to the spiritual eye of man as a horse or a tree to the ordinary mortal"; and, above all, that these forces and others are "propelled and guided by Intelligences." She devotes many chapters of the third part of the first volume of *The Secret Doctrine* to this subject, throwing an entirely new light upon it in its deeper bearings, and showing the enormous importance of a proper understanding of it if we are ever to learn our true relationship with the external universe. She says:

To know what light is, and whether it is an actual substance or a mere undulation of the "ethereal medium," Science has first to learn what are in reality Matter, Atom, Ether, Force. Now, the truth is, that *it knows nothing of any of these*, and admits it. (*The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. I p. 482)

Since she wrote *The Secret Doctrine*, though hardly twenty-three years have elapsed, several discoveries in physics and chemistry have been made which have greatly modified the scientific view as to the nature of the atom, of the electric current, and of matter in general; all these modifications are leading straight in the direction of her teachings. It is even claimed that

Matter can vanish without return. . . . Force and matter are two different forms of one and the same thing. . . . By the dissociation of matter, the stable

form of energy termed matter is simply changed into those unstable forms known by the name of light, heat, etc. (*Evolution of Matter*, by Gustave Le Bon)

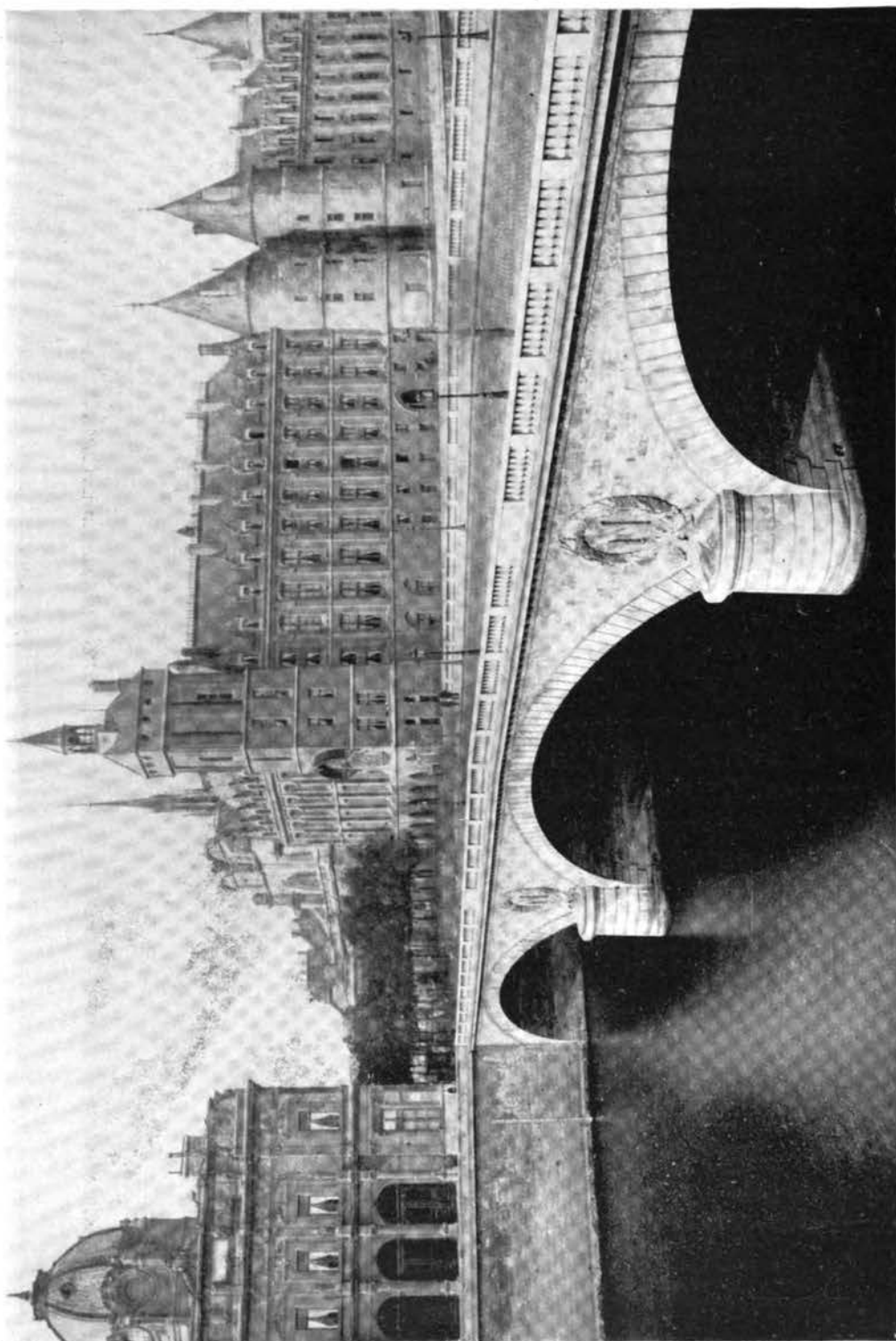
This leads to the startling suggestion that what is force on this plane may be substantial on another, and we are now seeing, as a result of the study of the x -rays, and the α , β , γ rays of radium, all of which can pass through ordinary matter with ease, a revival of the ancient and supposedly extinct theory held by Newton, and others before him, that light is a body composed of corpuscles — whatever they may be. Professor Bragg, of the Leeds University (England), has been investigating the problem with great care, with the result that he has come to the conclusion, as he announced to the members of the Royal Institution, London, the other day, that the “gamma” rays of radium and the x -rays are corpuscular, and not merely pulsations in the ether. He thinks they are probably electrons, corpuscles of negative electricity

which have assumed a cloak of darkness in the form of sufficient positive electricity to neutralize them.

It seems also that as ultra-violet light, which exists in ordinary sunlight, possesses many of the properties of the above rays, Professor Bragg may not be far wrong in his further suggestion that it also may be corpuscular in its nature. He asked, very pertinently, that if this light be corpuscular, why may not all other forms of light be so? When we recollect that the “corpuscles” themselves are a purely metaphysical concept, it is plain that science is moving rapidly towards a very different and far more reasonable and Theosophical idea of the universe than the materialistic one. *Vivat!*

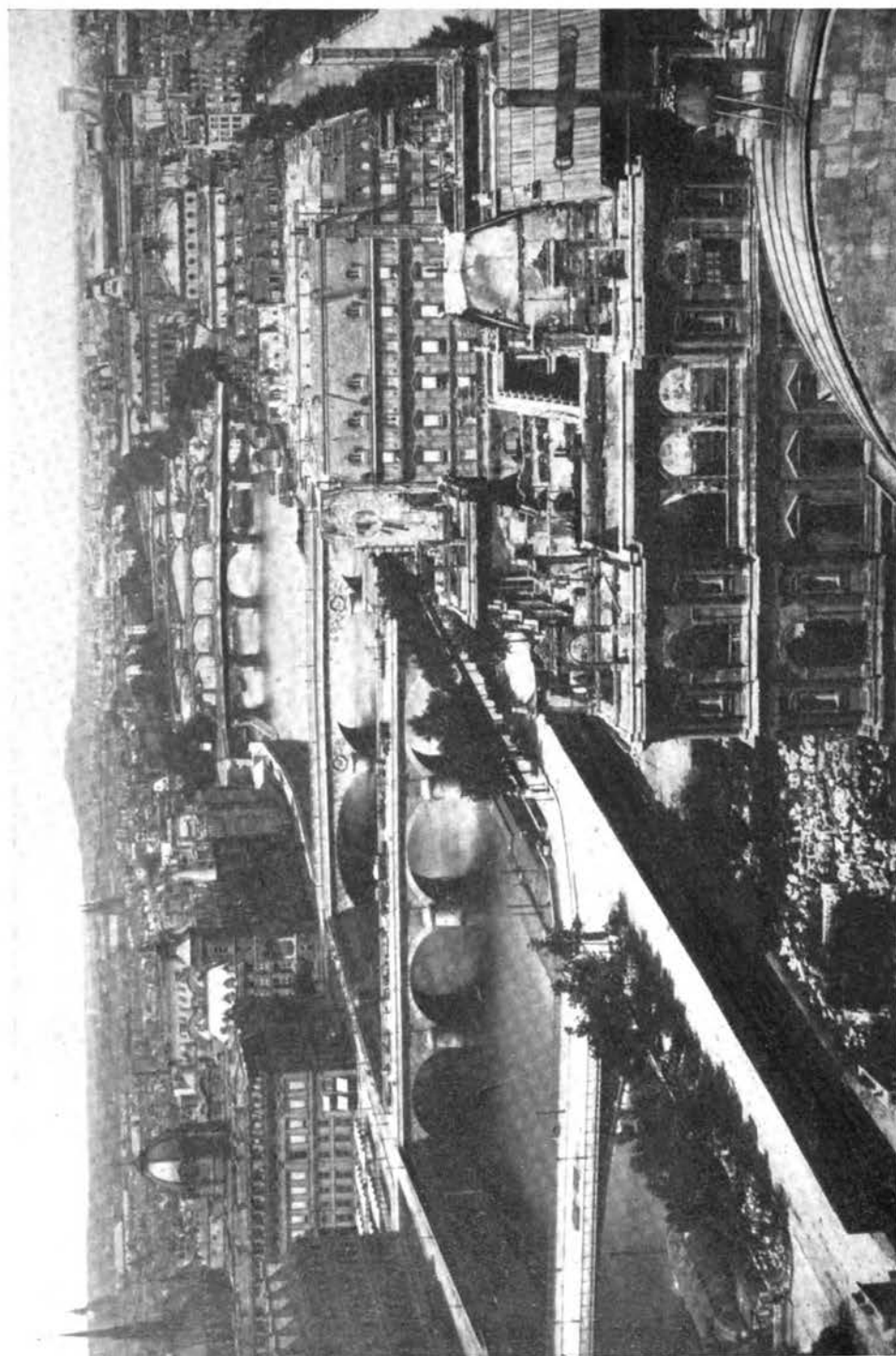
THE BRIDGES OF PARIS: by G. K.

THE Bridges of Paris are of distinctive interest and their very names suggest in part the fascinating panorama of French history and legend — Tolbiac, Bercy, Austerlitz, Sully, Marie and Louis Philippe, Notre Dame, Pont San Michel, Solferino, La Concorde, Alma, Iéna, Passy, etc. The Seine flows for seven miles through the city and is at its widest (nearly 1000 feet) at the extremity of the island called La Cité. This island communicates with the right bank of the Seine by the bridges of Notre Dame and Au Change. The latter, as is evident from the familiar device sculptured above the piers (see illustration), was built by the first Napoleon.



Lomaland Photo. and Engraving Dept.

PARIS: THE PONT AU CHANGE AND THE PALAIS DE JUSTICE



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PARIS AND THE SEINE

The Palais de Justice is located in La Cité and the Greek façade by Duc is considered one of the finest examples of this style in modern architecture.

From the Boulevard du Palais on the east it is separated by a magnificent eighteenth-century railing in wrought iron and gilt. On this side lie the Salle des Pas Perdus and the Sainte-Chapelle. The fine square tower known as the Clock Tower stands at the corner formed by the Quai du Mord and the Boulevard du Palais; and on the north side lies the Conciergerie prison with the dungeon once occupied by Marie Antoinette.—*Gaston Meissas*

OLD BRYNHYFRYD GARDEN

by Kenneth Morris

THERE'S a quiet old enchantment of the heart that's calling, calling
 From when Myrddin wielded magic powers, and Gwydion wove his tales;
 And you'll hear it any April morn, when the apple-bloom is falling
 In old Brynhfyrd Garden, in White, Wild Wales.

There's an Ousel in the Orchard there, and dear knows what he's telling;
 But I think there's Welsh comes welling from his throat when no one's nigh,
 And it's he that in Cilgwri in the olden days was dwelling,
 And he saw the Quest of Cilhwch, and the old worlds die.

There's a lonely, lofty spirit that will fire your soul with craving
 For the kind and haughty glory of the old, Heroic Kings,
 Where the foxglove and sweet-william on the turf-topped walls are waving
 In old Brynhfyrd Garden, when the West Wind sings.

There's a ruin filled with nettles, where I think Ceridwen lingers
 When she's out to gather herbage for the Wisdom Broth she brews:
 And maybe you'll close your eyes there, and you'll feel the touch of fingers,
 Or the dropping down of healing with the cool June dew.

Ancient Magic of the World, it's the fires of you are burning
 When the Wind is in the pine tops, and the moon is o'er the vales;
 It's a rumor of immortal hopes, Immortal Hearts returning
 That's in old Brynhfyrd Garden in the white West of Wales.

International Theosophical Headquarters,
 Point Loma, California

MISUSED POWERS: by R. W. Machell



"USE with care those living messengers we call words."
So said William Q. Judge, a very wise man.

The misuse of words seems a trifling matter to those who habitually misuse every function of mind and body; but the results of perversion are disastrous to body, mind, and soul. The misuse of terms, when not due to ignorance of their legitimate meaning, is in itself an indication of a perverted mind diseased by habitual misuse of the functions of both body and mind, which two are so intimately related as to share inevitably the consequences of right or wrong living.

The words we use and the way we use them are not mere accidents but are sure indications of our mental condition, and the mind and body are so mutually responsive that it is hard to say which affects the other and which is the affected one, for habits of body are induced by habits of mind and the mind in turn is influenced by the bodily condition resulting from those habits. With self-indulgence as the unfortunate rule of life, and with the ignorance of our own nature and of our relation to others, which is almost universal, it is not surprising that wrong living should be the general rule, and that misuse of the powers of mind and body should be so common; nor is it at all strange that there should be so much unhappiness in the world, nor need we marvel if people in these conditions should think that their sufferings, mental and physical, are due to everything except their own misconduct. And if men can not see that they are indeed the makers of their own sufferings, how shall they be able to realize their responsibility to others? With selfishness as the rule of life, and with ignorance of our interdependence, and of our intimate union one with another throughout the whole world, it is quite natural that we should feel little responsibility to others for the effects we produce in the world by the use or misuse of words: a responsibility that is increased by the spread of education and by the increase in the number of persons who read without thinking, and who take thoughts from books as they take water from a tap, unquestioning as to its quality. Pure water is now recognized as essential to health and is supplied in all civilized communities, but pure language and pure thought are left to chance; and while the supply of literature is as plentiful as the supply of water, the quality of our literature is not subject to the same scrutiny as is our water-supply, and the stream

of thought that flows through the channels of our publications is frequently contaminated by unhealthy and unwholesome matters. Purity of thought and purity of words are essential values, for words are embodied thoughts, and from thoughts spring deeds, and the deeds of man are his life.

The responsibility of writers and speakers has hardly yet been recognized; though illustrations of the dangers of trifling with essential values, or of misusing talents, or indeed of perverting from its right use any function, are actually supplied by some of our brilliant writers, who have recklessly and often ignorantly become apostles of mere degeneracy and powerful instruments for the demoralization of the people. Even those who see the evils scarcely seem to appreciate either the causes or the consequences of the corruption of literature and the confusion of language.

Some recent reviewers, however, have begun to question more closely the character of the influence exercised upon the world by some writers, whose works have excited general or special admiration, even calling some of them defaulters, for that, holding great talents, they have used the light they held to dazzle the eyes and to confuse the minds of others, so as to make them blind to the path of right living, which is virtue or morality.

One of these critics, Paul Elmer More, literary editor of the *New York Evening Post*, in a study of the influence of Walter Pater, distinctly suggests that the author confused the truth and in fact misrepresented history, reading his own desires and inclinations into the teachings of Plato in one case, and in another of doing the same for Christianity, making them appear to exalt sensuous beauty above spiritual beauty which is the soul of virtue; whereas Plato himself exclaims: "When anyone prefers beauty to virtue, what is this but the real and utter dishonor of the soul?" Mr. More suggests that Christianity is equally misrepresented by this brilliant writer, but in his perversion of the real meaning and purpose of true Christianity he is simply drifting with the tide of so-called Christian civilization, which has been, almost from its first appearance as a politically established religion, a clear departure from those teachings concerning the Christos in man, attributed to Jesus, the supposed founder of the system, and which in their original purity are identical with Universal Theosophy of which they are a part and upon which they are drawn.

Further, Mr. More suggests that the demoralizing effect of Pater

may have largely affected that brilliant apostle of decadence, Oscar Wilde, whose tragic collapse in the hour of his literary success drew attention to an evil whose ravages have ruined multitudes of lives and wrecked every civilization that has become tainted with the poison of perversion. For this man exalted perversion into a cult, his wit was entirely based upon it, his ethics steeped in it, and his own life wrecked by it. He himself shows that he was not unaware of the truth, at times, for he wrote:

Surely there was a time I might have trod
The sunlit heights, and from life's dissonance
Struck one clear chord to reach the ears of God;
Is that time dead? lo! with a little rod
I did but touch the honey of romance —
And must I lose a soul's inheritance?

And later, in that awful page of the tragedy of a fallen soul, *The Ballad of Reading Gaol*, there is a sort of blind recognition of the justice of Karma, which tolerates no perversion of Nature's order on any plane, coupled with a noble and generous plea for the removal of the unnecessary horrors of the prisons, in which we grind out the last vestige of man's inherent love of virtue, and crush the last buds of growth that the fallen soul may yet be able to put forth.

Here again was one, who exalted the beauty of the senses above the beauty of the soul, and so soiled the whole nature and so perverted the mind, which is the mirror of the man, that he produced a vortex of vice, in which all who entered were bewildered and lost their guiding star; in which many were utterly wrecked, and all defiled.

Professor Henderson in his critical interpretation of five authors, points out so much of the evil that one can only regret that his grasp of true psychology was not deep enough to enable him to make more clear the distinction between the spiritual soul and the animal soul (not to go further into the complex nature of the Soul), the great duality in man that is the clue to all these mysteries. With this key one feels that his study of Maeterlinck's philosophy would have become more luminous, for surely this is a case, in which an author continually confuses his audience, and perhaps also himself, by exalting the sensuous joys of the animal soul, and the emotions of the imagination, above the pure joy of true beauty, which is, as all poets, not only Keats, have seen, the same as truth. Keats himself may have known the difference, but his readers certainly must in most instances have

been misled and may have found in his lines a justification of their own indulgence of morbid tastes, for however morbid may be a man's condition he will still see beauty in pleasure of any kind, no matter how vile may be its source. We may endorse the axiom in the first line

Beauty is truth, truth beauty

but must protest against the fallacy in the next line

. . . that is all

Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

No! we need to know what we mean by beauty, and we need to know that the word conceals pitfalls innumerable for him who has no knowledge of the true nature of man, for one who thinks he is his body, and who believes his passions are the voices of his soul and who mistakes the intoxication of sensuality for spiritual illumination, lust for love, and perversion for genius. We need the teaching so clearly given in "The Two Paths" translated by H. P. Blavatsky from *The Book of the Golden Precepts*. We need to know that there is a chasm deep as hell between these two souls in man, and that when the higher nature is the slave of the lower then the man is in hell indeed; for as said by H. P. Blavatsky, there is no other hell than that of a man-bearing planet. Those who have stood on the brink of this hell with even partially opened eyes, know that the terrors of hell invented by churchmen are but as a comic interlude to the reality of horrors that life on earth holds for masses of humanity, and from which there is no escape except by the path of right living, based upon right perception of our own true nature, and discrimination between the higher and the lower nature in man, which is so often veiled by the false teachings of perverted minds. We need the truth to discriminate the spiritual beauty that is pure joy from the sensual beauty that intoxicates, blinds, and destroys the life — and we need the guiding power of pure altruism to make our writings useful to others and a full recognition of the responsibility of those who now so lightly use "those living messengers we call words."

IS EDUCATION WASTED? by H. T. Edge, B. A. (Cantab.)



NO question is agitating us more than that of how to educate our young people. We know there is something wrong about our achievements in education, but we are often mistaken as to where the fault lies. The commonest mistake is to confound principles with practice and to blame the former where perhaps it is the latter which is at fault. We fail to carry out certain plans, and we blame the plans and want to make a clean sweep of them; when perhaps inefficiency in applying them is what is really the matter. In fact, it is probably inefficiency, rather than wrong principles, that is the matter with our educational doings, as it is in the case of so many others of our doings. Before we condemn a method, we should ask whether that method is being given a fair trial. If we sweep away the system, without removing the general inefficiency, then the same failure will attend our efforts to apply any new system that may be devised. We shall have exchanged one evil for another.

There is more than one side to every question; but many of the utterances on the educational difficulty give only one side. The result is views that are extreme and ill-considered. Let us take a case.

Much of education is considered by some critics to be superfluous and wasted, for the reason that it seems to bear no immediate and visible fruit. Hence they wish to abolish it. Yet it is always possible that it may bear fruit after all, but not of the kind they are able to see. Take, for instance, the case of a girl of ordinary type, without any definite characteristics whether good or bad. She is sent to school and college. She is taught algebra and geometry, Latin and Greek, music and painting, with many other subjects. She is reasonably clever and absorbs all this with interest and ease. She leaves college — and never again opens a book. The whole is quietly forgotten with as much nonchalance as it was acquired. Is all the time and money and effort, on the part of pupil and teachers, wasted?

Or let it be a boy, who has been taught similar subjects, but takes up a calling in which they are not used. Is the instruction wasted? The question arises in various forms, of which these two cases may be taken as typical examples.

If it is true that the education thus given is really wasted, what folly could be greater than that of continuing to impart it! Yet we know that somehow the view taken is too extreme; that it is not in accordance with the fitness of things that work involving so much

zeal, enthusiasm, and other good qualities should fall fruitless; that people would not go on doing it if they did not have some intuition that the labor is not really in vain.

In short, may it not be possible that this is one of those cases in which a dilemma has arisen through the limitation of our knowledge of human nature and the laws of life; a dilemma resolvable by the wider knowledge shed by Theosophy? A knowledge of Reincarnation, the dual nature of man, and other related matters, clears up many of the enigmas of life, as for instance what becomes of all the abilities and experience which a man has garnered during life, when he dies. May not a similar knowledge shed light on the present problem also? If so, then our beliefs would be reconciled with our intuitions, and practices which logic has seemed to condemn might be vindicated in the light of fuller knowledge.

For one thing, a conviction of the continuity of individual existence beyond the grave, in other earth-lives, more or less similar to the present life, affects the whole question profoundly. For we may at once infer that knowledge accumulated now, but not immediately used, may be used later on. And indeed this idea quite agrees with what many analogies from Nature suggest. Youth is the time for study; maturer age brings other duties. Let us compare a lifetime with a day. In the morning a man studies many subjects; but after noon he shuts his books, never thinks of them again, and spends the remainder of the day in other occupations, followed by recreation and ending in sleep. Has his labor been wasted? Nay, for he will resume it next morning. Can we not apply this analogy to the case of the young person whose education has had, or seemed to have, no immediate practical result?

We thus see how limited views as regards the duration of life may influence the question. But there are other limitations in our views; let us see how these in turn may affect the question.

We are accustomed to pay too much attention to a man's capacity as a separate individual, and not enough to his capacity as a part of a whole. No being in the universe is entirely separate from other beings however much he may try to make himself so or imagine himself to be so. This is especially applicable to Mind. How much of our mind is our own? It has been argued that Mind is a kind of common atmosphere, in which all partake, and that thoughts are interchanged freely, the notion that they belong particularly to oneself being chiefly

an illusion. The more this is true, the more it must be true that in teaching one person we are in reality teaching many persons, teaching mankind in general. Does a teacher teach persons or minds? To him it often seems as if he were developing Mind, and the distinction of personalities is apt to disappear. Yet this attitude on his part may not be mere carelessness and indifference to the interests of his pupils; it may be founded on an intuitive perception of the fact that personality does not count for so much and that his pupils also have a collective capacity, an aggregate value, which counts for a great deal.

Another way in which we limit our outlook, and thus obtain a false perspective, is in regarding too intently the immediate (and, as we say, "practical") outcome of education. There is such a thing as a general education, an education not directed to any immediate or definite end, but having in view the general culture and refinement of the pupils. It is true, of course, that this argument can be used, and is used, to justify kinds of teaching which really are undesirable; it is true that in aiming at a general education, we may overdo the process; it is true that such overdoing puts a weapon into the hands of our opponents and goes some way towards justifying their arguments. But aside from these abuses, the principle itself remains true. There must be a certain amount of general culture, culture of a kind that has no immediate practical end in view.

Let us try to imagine the results of applying some of the wrongly called "practical" methods to an extreme degree. This boy is to be a shoemaker: teach him shoemaking and nothing else. This girl is to sew or cook: teach her sewing and cooking, but nothing else. At that rate society would become a world of machines, and general culture and love of knowledge would disappear.

Finally, to name a fourth limitation in our outlook, there is the error of mistaking the principle itself for its application, the system for the way in which it is carried out, the institution for the use that is made of it. Thus we often lay the blame in the wrong place. Before we sweep away a system, let us find out whether it is the system that is at fault or the application of it; otherwise we may find equally faulty results proceeding from any new system which we may adopt. Is it inefficiency which is at the root of the evil? If so, let us remedy the inefficiency and then it will be time to see about changing the system.

The education question, like so many other questions, is in a state

of chaos. Something is the matter, but people do not know just what it is. The suggested cures are many. Rash experiments are made. The remedies threaten to be worse than the disease. One thing seems generally agreed upon — that our education does not confer perfect efficiency. What we really need is a general education that will give efficiency in reading, writing, speaking, ciphering; in power of attention, memory, concentration; in adaptability, readiness of resource; obedience, order, self-command. No need to enumerate all the requirements; everybody knows what they are and what is needed. Efficient people are needed everywhere; but, above all, people with self-command and free from weaknesses. If we could but turn out this kind of product, much less in the way of technical schools would be needed; for such pupils would be so apt and teachable that they could readily master anything. The difficulties as to the nature of the curriculum, whether it should include Greek and Latin, and, if so, how much; what history should be taught, and how it should be taught; whether theoretical grammar should be taught, or whether the pupil should acquire grammar unconsciously from his reading — all these and many more problems would settle themselves, or at least our point of view concerning them would be altogether altered. As it is, most of these problems resolve themselves into the one problem of how to produce good fruit from a neglected tree. So long as the pupils have not been trained in the control of their faculties, moral and mental, it is difficult to teach them anything, no matter which method you adopt. And if they have been properly trained in their early years, the question of what to teach them sinks into comparative unimportance, because they will be able to make use of all their opportunities.

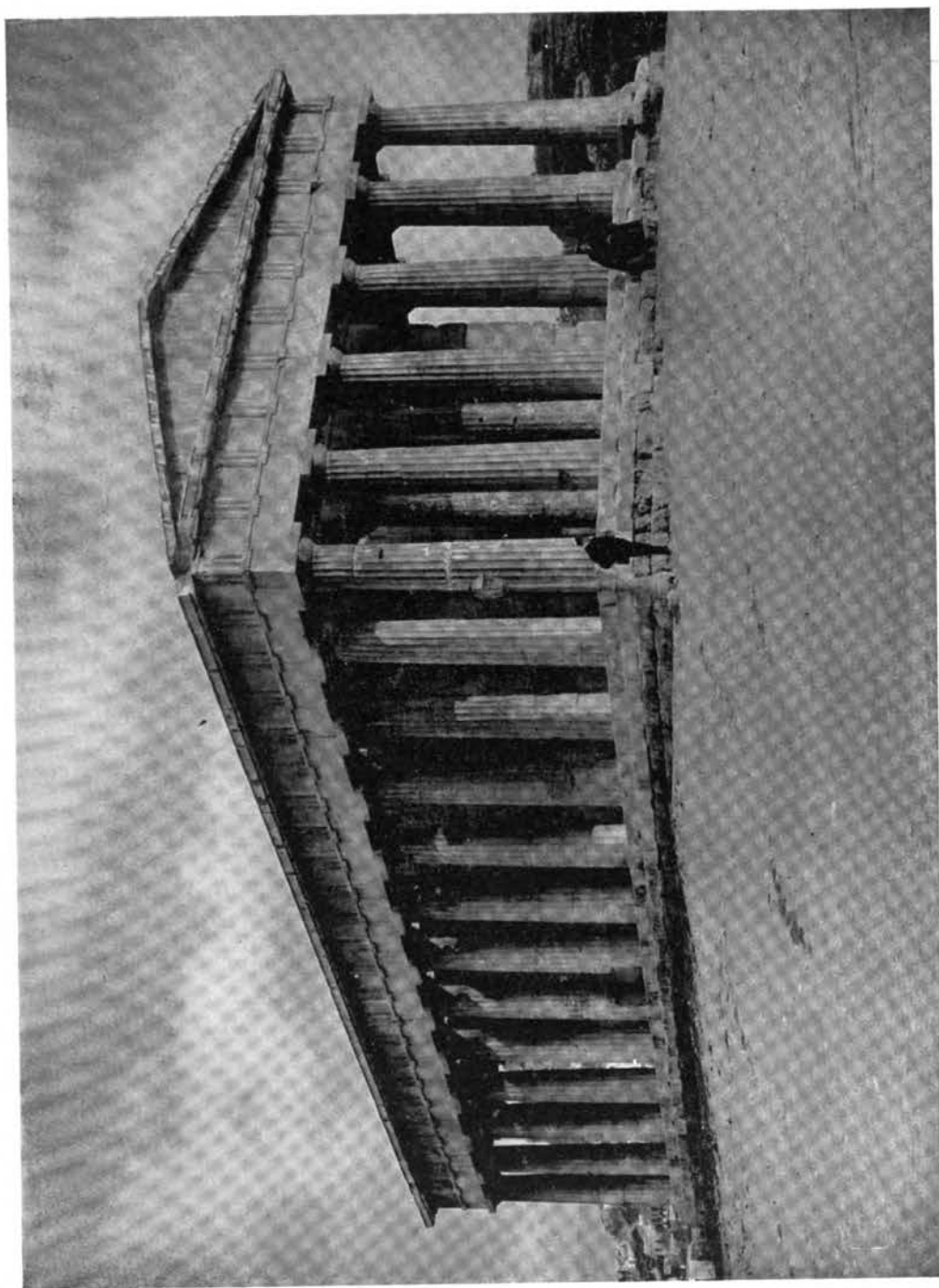
The root of the whole difficulty, therefore, is this: that people have no definite philosophy of life to serve as a foundation for efforts. With religious beliefs all undermined and mixed up, and nothing to take their place but various theories wrongly labeled "scientific," it is no wonder if folk should find themselves incompetent to solve the educational problem. We need to understand first what a man is and what is his destiny; we need to think of the Soul as having existed before it entered its present body, and as being destined to exist again after it has left that body. We need to know the difference between the higher and the lower nature in a person, and how the two are interblended. Then we should not have rash schemes which ignore this distinction and propose to let the lower nature run wild. We

should then know how to give the higher nature its freedom without letting the lower nature run wild.

It all comes to this: that tools are not of use without men to handle them; and that in our scheming we are trying to devise tools which will turn unskilled workmen into skilled. The primary factor in education is the man itself. The question begins at birth — even before birth. When the time comes, as come it must, when people will find themselves compelled by necessity to recognize the efficacy of Theosophy, then many problems will be solved. Theosophy means a getting back to simple yet profound truths — such simple truths as can be applied to any circumstances. These alone can grapple successfully with the problems.

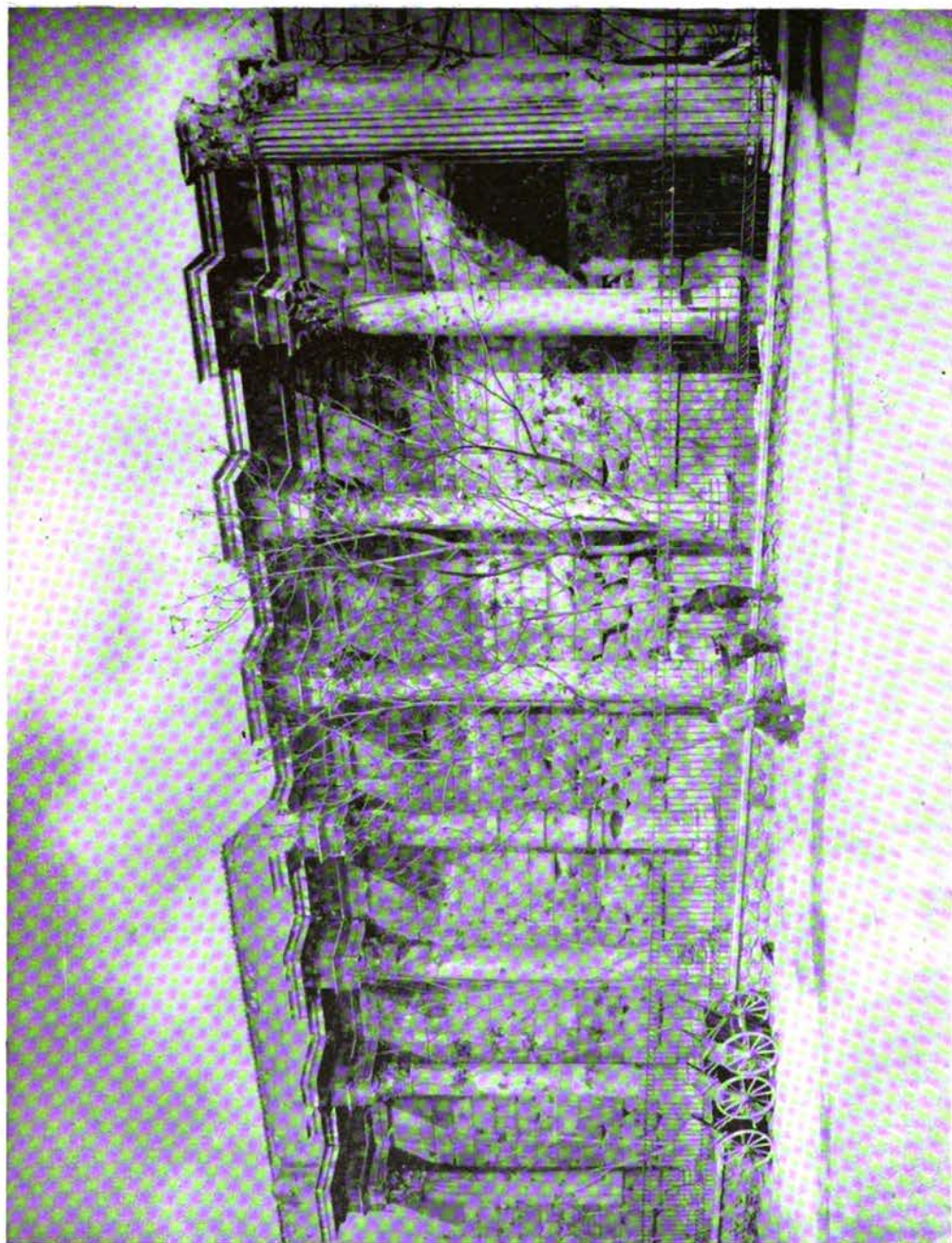
THE TEMPLE OF THESEUS, ATHENS: by R.

THE Theseion, the so-called Temple of Theseus, in Athens, belongs to the second period of classical Greek architecture, which may be considered to have flourished between B. C. 470 and 338, the dates of the Persian war and the Macedonian supremacy. It is one of the most beautiful examples of the Doric order, and is more perfect than any other building we have of ancient Greece. It probably owes its excellent preservation to the fact that it was turned into a Christian church during the Middle Ages. It is made of the famous white Pentelic marble, which has changed, by lapse of time, to a lovely golden yellow hue. It greatly resembles the Parthenon, but covers a little less than half the area, and is not so exquisitely proportioned. The Theseum was erected a few years before the Parthenon, probably about B. C. 460. It is one hundred and four feet long by forty-five wide, and the columns are nineteen feet high. Like most of the finest Grecian buildings it does not depend upon mere size for impressiveness. From the remains of sculpture still existing the following subjects have been ascertained: The achievements of Theseus (whence the name); The Labors of Hercules; and the battle of the Athenians, the Lapithae, and the Centaurs. Fifty of the *metopes* (the squares into which the frieze is divided) were never adorned with sculpture, but were probably painted, for the Doric Temples are now known to have been painted both externally and internally. The groups in the pediments (the uppermost triangular portions) are entirely lost.



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TEMPLE OF THESEUS, ATHENS, GREECE



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STOA, GYMNASIUM OF HADRIAN, ATHENS

RECENT ADMISSIONS BY ARCHAEOLOGISTS:

by a Student



A GOOD summary of some of the changes wrought in our views of history by recent archaeological research is afforded by an article on ancient history in the new edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. The article is written by Professor J. B. Bury, Regius Professor of Modern History in Cambridge University, and is contributed to *The Sphere*, the well-known London illustrated weekly.

During the past thirty years our knowledge of the beginnings of Greek history has undergone a transformation, which is associated with the now familiar names of Mycenae and Cnossus. Nearly all that was written on early Greece by Grote and the other brave men before Agamemnon — who is Schliemann — may now be safely left unread. The striking discoveries of Schliemann, however, at Mycenae, Tiryns, and Troy, did not revolutionize our view of pre-Homeric Greece, though they suggested a new perspective. It is the startling facts revealed by the Cretan exploration of Mr. Arthur Evans that have opened the door into a new world full of surprises — an unsuspected civilization reaching back through a period measured not by centuries but by millennia. The prolegomena to Greek history now consist of an entirely new set of facts and a new set of problems. At the same time we have been learning a great deal more about the old civilizations in the near East contemporary with this Aegean civilization which has sprung upon our vision like a magic castle built in a night. Our knowledge of Egypt, Babylonia, and Assyria has become not only more extensive but clearer and more precise; and the importance of the Hittites in Asia Minor and Syria, though their own documents are still a sealed book, is emerging from obscurity.

One of the first thoughts that occur in connexion with the above is that we must still be careful about the statements of historians, whenever they tend to minimize or restrict; for, as they have altered their views before, so they may alter them again. We are bidden to throw our Grote into the waste-basket; but many will say that the claims made on behalf of that now despised scholarship were not lacking in positiveness. The views founded on this older scholarship have been made the basis for attacks on the views put forward and advocated by Theosophists; but now we find the opinions of scholarship revised, and altered more into conformity with some of the Theosophical views. Naturally, therefore, Theosophists infer that another thirty years will have witnessed yet further concessions on the part of scholarship; and they look forward to seeing all the statements of H. P. Blavatsky verified one by one as time goes on. They likewise conceded the apparent necessity, due to certain traits of

human nature which we all have, of assuming a positive and dogmatic attitude with each new step in discovery, regardless of the logic of the case which would bid one apply to the future the lesson of the past, and put forward with due modesty views that are liable to change.

Said H. P. Blavatsky, in the Introduction to *The Secret Doctrine*, published in 1888:

No one styling himself a "scholar," in whatever department of exact science, will be permitted to regard these teachings seriously. They will be derided and rejected *a priori* in this century; but only in this one. For in the twentieth century of our era scholars will begin to recognize that the *Secret Doctrine* has neither been invented nor exaggerated, but, on the contrary, simply outlined; and finally, that its teachings antedate the Vedas.

Other writers before H. P. Blavatsky, and from whom she quotes, had shown that the accessible facts of history, tradition, and archaeology, if interpreted in the light of a logic unbiased by preconceived opinion, demonstrate the extreme antiquity of civilization. But such writers have been regarded by the body of orthodox scholarship as cranks and paradoxists. In *The Secret Doctrine*, H. P. Blavatsky gathers together the evidence referred to by these writers, adds much more collected by herself, and throws upon the whole the light of Theosophy. By means of the clues thus afforded, a consistent pattern is seen to pervade the apparently tangled skein, and the harmony between the Theosophical truths and the facts thus adduced strikes home to the unprejudiced mind with the force of conviction. To clinch the matter, living Theosophists can now point in triumph, as above said, to the admissions made by scholars since *The Secret Doctrine* was written — admissions which agree better with what H. P. Blavatsky said a quarter of a century ago than with their own utterances at that time.

It is seldom, indeed, whatever be the reason, that Theosophists have the pleasure of seeing H. P. Blavatsky's name and work mentioned in this connexion; though, as her works are still being issued and are readily available, it might seem strange that no mention should be made of them in connexion with matters so intimately related to the subjects of which they treat. The question as to whether scholars have read these works or not is debatable; but in either case Theosophists may find a source of gratification. For if scholars have read them, that at least is a tribute of respect, even though the indebtedness

be unacknowledged. While if they have not read them, the inference is that the teachings of Theosophy have been confirmed from an independent source.

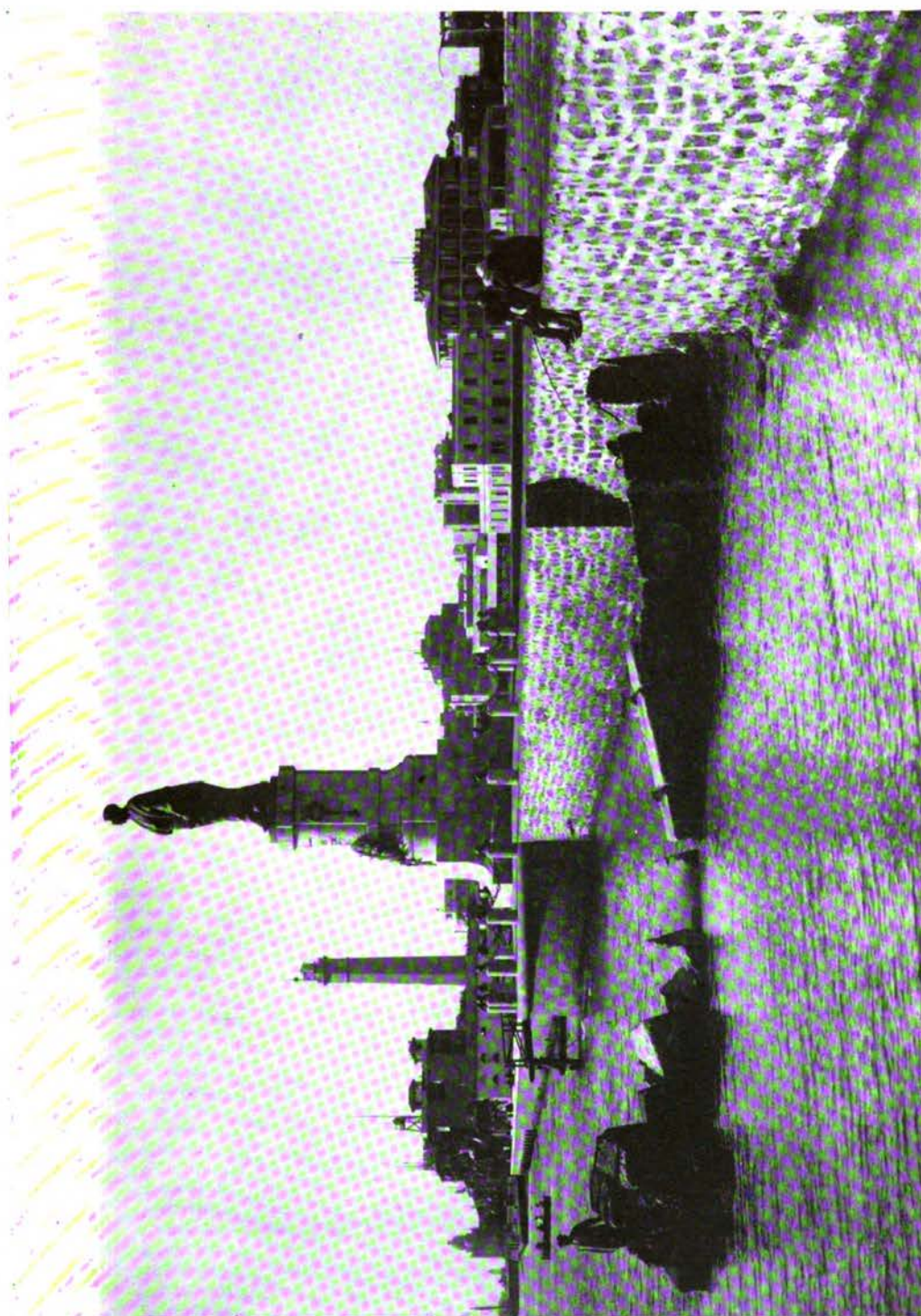
In assuming the duties of a pioneer, H. P. Blavatsky was doubtless aware of the drawbacks incidental to such a rôle in the present age; but she seems to have been so wrapped up in the enthusiasm of her purpose as to have been somewhat reckless of the consequences to herself. This however is quite consistent with the known character of pioneers. But, though too much interested in their work to seek renown or even recognition, they doubtless achieve this unsought boon eventually; for the law of rebirth may bring them back to earth in time to see their own monuments and to realize that now their all-too-inconvenient personality has been removed by Time to a distance, their harmless name may be safely honored. H. P. Blavatsky was much derided; then ignored; her generosity was not appreciated; she was accused of the most impossible motives. But now many of her teachings are found to be true — not in archaeology alone, but in comparative religion, science, and several other fields. Shall we then expect amends? Ask the shades of Mesmer and Elliotson, the persecuted advocates of a since rediscovered treatment; of Dr. B. W. Richardson, who suffered for his ideas on “nervous ether,” now being rehabilitated, but without amends to the author; or the shades of many another pioneer. We dare not expect too much of humanity in this age; few will be those whose generosity will allow them to make such amends; and even of these, fewer still will be those who will break the rule of silence that seems to bind the tongues of the well-disposed.

There are always some, however, who are more interested in knowing the truth than in vindicating any personal or orthodox point of view; people whose vision, thus unblinded, sees further and clearer; and to these it may occur that the teachings of *The Secret Doctrine*, thus far vindicated, may be worthy of attention in view of the natural inference that the rest of them will likewise be vindicated. The Theosophical teachings, reintroduced to Western civilization by H. P. Blavatsky, have been neglected by some and grotesquely travestied by others; but they contain the science and scholarship of the future — if that future but remain loyal to truth. Loyalty to truth can only result in its establishment — in the vindication of Theosophy.

And the particular truths to be established in the present case —

the antiquity of civilization, the greatness of past humanity — are important in no mere academic sense. Medieval theology, much of whose spirit was inherited by scientific theorists, has belittled man and weakened his confidence in himself. The recognition of man's past achievements gives renewed hope for his future possibilities. Closely interwoven with the Theosophical teachings about the antiquity of civilization are the teachings about the Divine nature of Man. The Theosophical teachings are a consistent whole. Hence these wider views in archaeology, science, and religion, must tend to the widening of views concerning the nature of man and the destruction of old superstitions about his being born in sin or descended from the beasts.

While archaeology will naturally endeavor to go as slow as it can and to keep its discoveries well in hand, so to say, digesting them and incorporating them with the body of orthodox academic opinion, it is nevertheless true that it will be obliged to give way and expand its borders. For one thing, there are many explorers investigating in different fields; and these, in their theories, do not exhibit such uniformity and conformity as might be desired. One archaeologist will make admissions which others are not willing to make, because these particular admissions do not damage his own particular theory. Thus, taking all together, many admissions are made; the errors tend to cancel one another; the truth tends to add itself up. Another factor is what may be called "newspaper archaeology." The Sunday editions and the popular illustrated magazines familiarize the public with the latest discoveries and most advanced theories; and they frequently go a little too fast for the authorities. But what these popular accounts lack in accuracy they make up in freedom from prejudice.



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MONUMENT OF DE LESSEPS, PORT SAID



London Photo. and Engraving Dept.

HIGH RELIEF FROM THE ALBERT MEMORIAL, LONDON
A GROUP OF ARCHITECTS



Londonland Photo. and Engraving Dept.

PANEL FROM THE ALBERT MEMORIAL



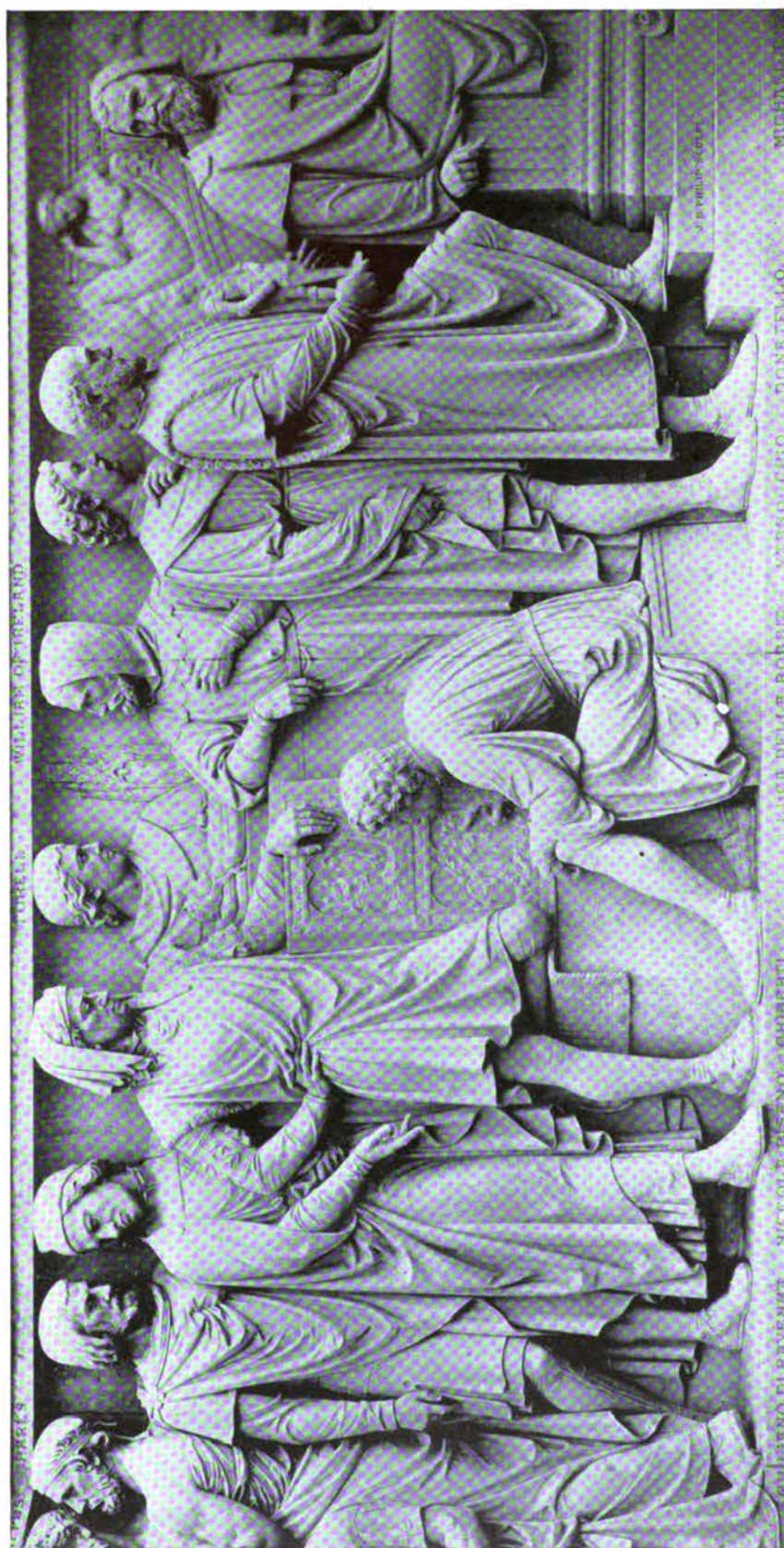
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ANOTHER PANEL FROM THE ALBERT MEMORIAL.



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PORTION OF DECORATIVE FRIEZE FROM THE ALBERT MEMORIAL.



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CONTINUATION OF DECORATIVE FRIEZE FROM THE ALBERT MEMORIAL

GREAT NAMES IN ART. SCULPTURES FROM THE ALBERT MEMORIAL: by an Art Student



THE first illustration represents a group of architects of modern, or comparatively modern times; the majority are British. This, and the four other groups which follow, are from the high-relief or frieze on the pedestal of the Albert Memorial in Hyde Park, London, and were executed by J. B. Philip, about forty years ago.

Although the immense sum of \$600,000 was lavished upon the monument to Prince Albert, the estimable consort of Queen Victoria, the memorial has never been regarded as a satisfactory work of art. The general design has some original and interesting features, but the structure is overloaded with gilding and mosaic, and the execution is mechanically rather than aesthetically distinguished. The statue of the Prince himself is inadequate, and the large groups of figures representing the Four Quarters of the World, Industry, etc., though they may have passed muster in the mid-Victorian period of the '60s and '70s, are not up to the artistic standard of today. London has been singularly unfortunate in the quality of its public monuments, and it is to be feared that the new Memorial to Queen Victoria which has just been unveiled, will not raise the average.

There are one hundred and nine figures on the pedestal, a large portion of which are shown in our illustrations. They include painters, poets, architects, sculptors, and some heroes and reformers. They are of far greater interest from the historical associations they arouse than from their artistic quality.

The seated figure in the center of the first illustration is the famous Sir Christopher Wren, (1632-1723) the builder of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, and pre-eminently the most distinguished British architect who has flourished since the Gothic period. He was one of the most original geniuses of the Renaissance. Wren had an extraordinary field for his talents opened to him by the immense destruction caused by the Great Fire of London in 1666, and he was certainly the right man in the right place. Not only did he rebuild St. Paul's Cathedral but fifty other London churches. Up to date, St. Paul's is the largest and finest Protestant Cathedral in the world. Though open to criticism in some of its minor details and constructive arrangements, it is allowed to stand foremost among buildings of its class in Europe, St. Peter's possibly excepted.

Standing beside Wren is Inigo Jones, one of the first and most highly accomplished English architects of the Renaissance. His fame chiefly rests upon his design for the palace of Whitehall, commanded by James I. The Banqueting Hall was the only part actually carried into execution. A window of this splendid building is still pointed out as the fatal one from which Charles I stepped to the block.

Vanbrugh, standing behind Wren, was the latter's famous pupil. He built Blenheim, the seat of the great Duke of Marlborough. To the right of Inigo Jones is Mansart or Mansard, the French architect whose memory is immortalized in the "Mansard roof," which he invented. Palladio and Vignola, to the extreme right, were Italian Renaissance architects whose influence upon the classic revival was very great in England and France; the Palladian style being particularly followed in the former and that of Vignola in the latter country. A striking group of buildings was erected by Palladio in Vicenza, Italy, in the sixteenth century, which became the model on which a large proportion of the Renaissance work in England was based.

Of the modern English architects on the left, Sir Charles Barry is the most notable. He was among the first to depart from the fashion so long prevalent of introducing Greek and Roman forms into every building of importance, and was one of the pioneers of the Gothic revival of the nineteenth century, a century without a distinctive style of its own. He designed the British Houses of Parliament, which, in spite of some weaknesses, is a striking building with an eminently picturesque sky-line.

- The kneeling figure at the right of the second illustration is the great art reformer Giotto, (1276-1336) the admirable Florentine who liberated the art of painting from the stiff Byzantine traditions which had been dominant for many centuries. He exercised a lasting influence upon the arts in every part of Italy, and thereby, upon the whole western world. Carved in low relief as a background are the Dome and Campanile of Florence Cathedral, the latter being a masterpiece proving that Giotto had supreme ability as a builder in addition to his skill with the brush.

Seated beside Giotto is Arnolfo di Lapo, a successor of the celebrated Niccolo Pisano, one of the few great sculptors of the Gothic period. On Giotto's left is Brunelleschi (1377-1446), sculptor and architect. To him we owe the completion of the great Dome of Florence Cathedral, which is unequalled for beauty though not so high as

several later ones. He is also noted for his treatment of the "rusticated" work on the Pitti Palace, Florence.

William of Wykeham, a great man in many walks of life, is famous in architecture for the nave of Winchester Cathedral (of which he was bishop), one of the finest examples of the Perpendicular style existing. Bramante, the next figure, (1441-1514) was the first architect of the present St. Peter's at Rome, a position afterwards held by Peruzzi, Raphael, and Michelangelo. Bramante built many palaces in Rome; his style was simple and dignified, and he adhered as far as possible to the classical forms.

Sansovino (1479-1570) is best known for his picturesque Library of St. Mark, Venice. San Gallo was another of the splendid galaxy of Florentine architects of the Renaissance. Vignola, at the extreme left, was one of Michelangelo's successors in the building of St. Peter's; but unfortunately he altered the design in such a way that the great dome of Michelangelo cannot be seen from the front except at a great distance. On Vignola's right stands Delorme, the favorite architect of the French king Henri II; he is remembered chiefly as the first designer of the Palace of the Tuileries.

The third picture contains, among others, the portraits of some famous English, German and French architects of the later Middle Ages. Erwin von Steinbach (died 1318) is famous for his magnificent west front of Strasburg Cathedral, of which, unfortunately, one of the magnificent openwork steeples was never finished. The Abbé Suger was the patriotic adviser of the French kings Louis VI and VII, and was justly celebrated for his efforts for the welfare of the poorer classes at a time when their interests were generally disregarded (twelfth century).

Anthemius, to the right of the Abbé, was the great Grecian architect and mathematician who designed for Justinian (A. D. 532) the daring and original plans of St. Sophia at Constantinople. He is credited with knowing the ancient secret of making "burning-glasses" (magnifying glasses) which was not rediscovered for hundreds of years. He is also said to have understood the making of gunpowder, and the application of steam as a motive power.

The seated figure to the left in the fourth illustration is the great painter, sculptor and architect, Michelangelo. At his right are Torrigiano, his early rival, who is famous for the fine carvings on the tomb of Henry VII in Westminster Abbey; Gian di Bologna (1524-

1608), a follower of Michelangelo, and Bandinelli, another rival whom he soon outdistanced. Next to Peter Vischer, (died 1524), one of the early bronze workers in Nürnberg, renowned for his tomb of St. Sebald in that city, is the erratic, bloodthirsty, gallant, and most eminent of all metal-workers, Benvenuto Cellini. His Diana of Fontainebleau, and Perseus of Florence, are his finest large works, but he principally devoted himself to smaller articles such as chased vases, etc. His autobiography is one of the most delightfully naïve "human documents" existing. In the background is a model of the Perseus.

The next seated figure is Jean Goujon, (1530-1572) one of the restorers of French sculpture as an independent art; he is well known for his decoration of the Louvre. Beside him is the martyr-artist Bernard Palissy (1499?-1589), who after sixteen years of incessant and unremunerated labor discovered a pure white enamel ground for pottery which was suitable for the application of decorative art. He was reduced to the extremity of poverty before he made his great discovery, even having to burn his furniture to feed his furnaces. But as soon as his animal sculpture in pottery became famous and prosperity began to shine upon him, he became the victim of religious persecution. Charged with being a Calvinistic preacher, it was only by the aid of powerful friends who admired his genius that he escaped for some years, and finally he was thrown into the Bastille, where he perished.

In our last illustration Michelangelo is at the extreme right. At his left stands Donatello (1386-1468) the forerunner of the greatest of the Florentines, and probably the next best known name in Italian sculpture. His most famous works are in low relief, but several of his full-sized statues, such as the St. George in Florence, are very fine. Luca della Robbia, (seated,) and Ghiberti were almost contemporary with Donatello, and, next to Michelangelo, these three are perhaps the greatest glory of Florence in sculpture. Luca della Robbia invented the process of enameling terra cotta; his groups of Singers at Florence are his most famous work. Ghiberti is chiefly known by his wonderful bronze gates to the Baptistry at Florence. Looking over Donatello's shoulder is Andrea Verrocchio (1432-1488), painter and sculptor, a follower of Donatello, and the teacher of the universal genius Leonardo da Vinci.

Niccolo Pisano, the third figure from the left is of earlier date than those hitherto mentioned. He was architect, sculptor and paint-

er; under the inspiration of his genius sculpture was revived in Italy, and every branch of art was influenced. Imitation of nature in place of conventionalism was introduced. He is one of the few really great sculptors of the Gothic period; he may be considered really to be the forerunner of the Renaissance. His most famous work, the marble pulpit in the baptistery at Pisa, was finished in 1260.

THE TWO FAIRYLANDS---A Study in the Literature of Wonder: by Kenneth Morris

I



NE has been reading a fairy-tale of our own day, which has made a great stir in literary and dramatic circles, and it has given rise to certain ideas as to canons of criticism. Its name, and its author's, do not matter; there will be more freedom if they remain unmentioned.

What a charm is here! Millions of colors that never were in the rainbow nor the sea-shell; a subtle, exquisite loveliness — which yet, in the after-taste — somehow repels. Always mystery; what we call inanimate things waking to life (as they should do, indeed, in any right-minded fairy-tale); a sense of mutable, inconsequent horizons, over which no sun has ever risen or set. And, as there should be in fairy-tales, a kind of esotericism glimmering through; a meaning concealed yet obvious. Yet there is fairy gold and fairy gold. The best kind has the aspect of a petal or a pebble; but with the dawn, lo, some diamond or magical tiara. We are a little doubtful that this moon-wan opalescence will not turn out to be only a good worthy piece of Birmingham-ware. Withal, there are fine notes at the end, that touch deep centers in us; for these one can but be duly and truly thankful.

There are certainly two methods of imagination; and we find them shown forth excellently in fairy literature. By that we mean all mythology; every tale wherein non-human or magical agents play their part. It will include a good part of our poetry; Shakespeare, Keats, Shelley, Coleridge, Poe, and Tennyson all dipped into it at times, or moved habitually among its haunted valleys.

There are two roads running out from our actual world, and they run through two separate Fairy-Lands. You shall go out by your

front door when the sun is shining, and come upon the one of them. It leads through a wood of daffodils — Wordsworth's and Shakespeare's daffodils — in whose company you will find yourself strangely exultant: these are they that "take the winds with beauty"; hence their jocundity and infectious mirth. Alive? Why, certainly; and wise also — only perhaps you shall not yet be allowed to pry too curiously into their counsels. All the flowers are alive in this fairyland; and they all have their own secrets, which are sunbright and beneficent. Sunbright, or sundark like the hyacinth — but still beneficent: poppy and mandragora are not allowed to grow here.

As you ride on, you shall still feel the shining of the sun and the vigor of the wind; or perhaps there will be sweet intimate grayness of clouds, or perhaps the sweetness of rain. Rain or wind, you will feel the touch of either on your face, and smell the earth-scent. There is one valley there, where the sky is always clouded and windy; the sedge is withered on the lake there, and no birds sing. But for that, you might mistake it at first for a place in the other fairyland, because of the haggard and woe-begone knight-at-arms you are to meet with, "alone and palely loitering." Keats came to this valley, and heard his whole story from him: it was this knight-at-arms who met *La Belle Dame Sans Merci*.

Like everything else in this fairy-land, it is true; in this case the beauty of its truth is awful. For you are not to suppose there are no tragedies enacted here: there are as many as there are in the world. There are a thousand wanderers in the valleys and on the mountains, who would lure you away from the sunlight and the rain. Here, often and often, it is written: "*Look not behind, or thou art lost.*" Yet no ruin can come upon you that is not definitely evitable: one holds one's fate in one's own hands, and need fear nothing but himself.

In another hundred of fairyland, your road runs by over windy wolds of rye and barley, and down past the island in the river where dwells the Lady of Shalott. While she weaves her web, finding her whole delight in the pictures, note that the sun or the moon is still shining; afterwards, when she has turned and the curse has come upon her, the low skies are raining ever so heavily. By the presence of the sun and moon and wind and rain, by the earth-smell and the water-song, you shall know that you are in the fairyland of the Right Hand, and that everything about you is true. The story of the

Lady of Shalott true? Why, yes; a million and a million times. A tragedy again; fairyland is full of tragedies. Yet she need not have left the web, need not have seen the bloom on the water-lilies, need not ever have looked down to Camelot.

And how nearly a tragedy is this scene too — of Titania, poor lady, falling in love with the Ass! For, if you go far enough, you shall come upon Oberon and his court; you shall find sweet Bully Bottom also, strangely wandered from his own world, and with that queer, inevitable headpiece clapped upon him. What else should he wear, in fairyland? As was said, everything is so desperately true here; and sage and simple are alike to come by their own. Should you stray here, no silk hat has potent enough magic of the modern to protect your respectability: a wandering wind will whisk it away, and you will appear in crown or ass-head, according to your merits; or perchance in a dented, war-worn helmet, or wearing a garland of oak or laurel or bay. No one may wear any colors but his own in fairyland.

There are innumerable provinces here, reigned over by innumerable potentates; but you are to look for sun and moon and wind and rain in all of them. Perseus and Theseus and Herakles; Roland and the good knight Charlemain; Cuchullain and the Red Branch; the men of the Emperor Arthur, and Oisín and Oscar and Finn — they are all here; here are fought Moytura, Fontarabbia, Camlan. Ulysses flies the Island of Calypso anew; and Odin comes anew into the Hall of the Dwarfs. There is always a feast at Gwalas in Penfro; and the door that looks out towards Aberhenfelen and Cornwall is flung wide by Heilyn again and again — tragedy of tragedies; no one had opened that door until then, from the time the sea and the sky and that old palace were made. But hark! it is the scream of a real sea-gull that is blown down the hall. Innumerable are the beauties and wonders and sorrows of this region; and they are all true, true, true: you can hear the natural winds and waves always, and taste the salt of natural wind-driven spray.

Yet in a sorrowless Italy here, Saturn still is reigning: and here

The wind in the reeds and the rushes,
The bees in the bells of thyme,
The birds in the myrtle bushes,
The cicale above in the lime,
And the lizards below in the grass
Are as silent as ever old Tmolus was,

listening to the sweet pipings of Pan: for the Golden Age has not faded and you may come on Brugh-na-Boinne and the Hills of Arcady and the Island of the Appletrees; you may come on all the haunts of Plenydd, Alawn, Angus, Baldur, and Apollo.

II

So much, then, for the Fairyland of the Right-hand, as we may call it; there is also a Left-hand fairyland, however; and its character and denizens are altogether different.

You come to it by a road that never goes out of doors. I suspect that you lock and bar your study door, and draw the curtains, and make fearfully sure of your solitude. Then you sally forth by uncanny gateways, and come where never hay was mown. There is light there, especially at first; but the end is a dreadful darkness. The light is of a kind, indeed, that never was on land or sea; but we may be thankful for that. Our lands and seas are the wholesomer for the lack of it.

At first it is not all so different, as to let us see at once we are in no hallowed region. There is beauty, and color; but the beauty is neither from the sun nor from the moon, and the color from no dawn nor sunset, from no sky nor sea. Shifting mists may give place to a dazzling Moorish palace, or to a peasant's cottage inhabited by the dead. Mirth or sadness may lurk in such dwellings; but beware of any intimacy with them: you cannot tell what fair seeming masks the ghoul. There is no order nor established nature of things, nothing you can depend on. The fig grows on the thistle; but any hunger is better than to eat it; vines and figtrees are prolific of innumerable thorns. Gorgeous blooms prophesy only of doom and impending horror. That is, when you have journeyed some little while. At first, perhaps, they will tell no tale but of sweetness and fragrance for the senses. Luxurious poppies are on every roadside, haunted with night and dreams: but beware of the whitest lily, the deepest rose; besides these the poppies are but flower children innocent of guile.

Very early on the way to this fairyland, you shall come to Xanadu, where Kublai Khan decreed his stately pleasure-dome. A beautiful place? Yes, but mark; here Alph, the sacred river runs "*through caverns measureless to man, down to a sunless sea.*" There is much wonder in that; but also darkness, and — incipient terror. Your true and right-hand fairyland, "bards in fealty to Apollo hold." It is all "in the Face of the Sun and the Eye of Light."

For a lone reminder of better things, the forests of Xanadu do inclose sunny spots of greenery; but the heart of the place! It is "as holy and enchanted as e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted By woman *wailing for her demon lover*." Heavens! is that your mark of holiness? They do not so reckon it in the right fairyland, where the tragedies are effects flowing from causes. And the beauty of the place? "The shadow of the dome of pleasure Floated midway on the waves"—a scintillant mirage, a sensuous unreal efflorescence of phantasmagoria; and midst it all, "ancestral voices prophesying war."

Christabel, *Genevieve*, and *The Ancient Mariner* all belong to this fairyland; the first two near the hither frontier, and the last much farther in. For one has to note how beauty wanes as the sun-known horizons recede, and how its place is taken by a new kind of harmony, a chiaroscuro of keen terror and gloom. This also holds one, as beauty does; indeed, plays on the emotion with a more compelling, because wilder and louder, touch. So we call the pictures and poems of the left-hand fairyland also beautiful, also works of Art. Some day I think we shall be wiser; our critics will use a deeper discrimination. Beauty is not that which most stirs the emotion, but that which most stirs it in a certain way. There is the evolutionary urge upward to be considered; what works against that has no real right to the name of beauty. You are to note here, that the further one travels in this dark fairyland, the more Wonder transforms itself into horror. Wonder went with us all through the bright realm, and grew from the mere wizardry of flowers and mountains, into the atmosphere of majesty that surrounds the soul and the judgments of Spiritual Law. The wizard-glow in the woodlands waxes, and resolves itself into one of the elder gods. But in the other case, the Daughter of Glamor that leads us is like the *Gwrach y Rhibyn* in the Celtic tales; subtly luring and exquisite at first, she turns into a fearful terrifying hag, and he who accompanies her does well if he escapes with his reason.

Glamor fills both regions; the one, a clean natural magic; the other, not so decadent in the beginning, as to be wanting in some few waning rays of the sun. In either case, it is partly the sense of a certain depth in the things seen or heard; you know that the words of the poem or story stand for something more than is actually spoken. Fairy dwellings again; the grass-grown hillock that melts and reveals itself a palace of the Immortals. In the poetry of the Right-

hand Fairyland, this is precisely what we find; beautiful is the seen, but infinitely more beautiful and grander than which it symbolizes or indicates. In that magical country, there is nothing not quickening with ancient truth, and all the dramas enacted are leaves out of the diary of the human soul. Hence the many tragedies, the many fallings of fate, dooms that flow out of deeds done or undone. But in the other, we find none of this. There, the esotericism is poorer than the outward form. Fate is fate there, no longer Karma. At the best there may be some moral taught; yet even then, it is doubtful if the lesson will be of supreme value. It will not equal in weight the great superstructure of art raised over it; as if one should sack the caves of the whole sea, to find some not too-precious stone. It will be an after-thought, a gem added, an excuse; not the seed and reason of the whole work. More often, it will be some mere allegory of the passions, void of truth in the deeper sense; or the deliberate esotericizing of a Sandford-and-Mertonism. Yet these will be the very best the left-hand fairyland has to offer; go a little further in, and you have simply riot on the planes of delirium. Coleridge's *Genevieve* and Keat's *Belle Dame* will point the difference. There is something of the same color and mystery, even a parallelism in the subject-matter of the two poems: but the first is mere sound and beauty, signifying nothing, and the second a picture of the fate of one who has been lured away by passion from the true paths of the Soul. They are surely wrong, who ascribe to Coleridge the originality, and say that Keats followed him. The truth is that the two are not comparable; Keat's voyages were to the right hand, Coleridge's, here, to the left.

And the last places in the witch-land? The House of Ussher rears itself gauntly beside its tarn there, and incontinently and dreadfully falls. It is an "ultimate dim Thule," reached by a road haunted only of evil angels. It is the home of decay, horror, and death; there is a godless phosphorescence about it.

But, you say, did not Dante wander there, and Milton? No. Whither they went, they went armed in the uprightness of spiritual strength. They made their hells somber, terrible, *august*; not glamorous or attractive. In Malebolge and Pandemonium alike, there is a certain stability also, a procession of cause and effect; there are horrors, but they are not inconsequential; they take their place in a definite scheme of things. And here is a literary touchstone; both

Milton and Dante wielded that supreme quality of style which is called the *Grand Manner*, so that the mere boom and march of their verses arouses the feeling of heroism, of titan strength: a thing it was never given the decadents and drug-fed to do. Dante had his safe guide and teacher with him; as he walked through the wonders and terrors of hell, he himself was the thing most aloof and wonderful. Unscathed he might pass to his meeting with Beatrice, and walk with her in heaven as majestically, as he had walked with Virgil through hell. Milton, too, with all his limitations, remains a thing majestic for our vision; poet or politician, he is still the armed and terrible warrior of God. In his characteristic and later mood, he seeks never beauty, but always righteousness; indeed, his chief fault is that he lost sight of any unity in the two. *Comus* and *Lycidas* will show us from what fairyland he had graduated, to take part in the stern earthly labors of his prime.

But here is the mark of the later Coleridge, and of all true wanderers in the fairyland of the left. When they see him, "All should cry Beware, beware! His flashing eyes, his floating hair." Yes — in one of his moods. But what when the inspiration had passed; when the turbulent dark glory that held them had waned from before his eyes; when the Dead Sea Fruit of his fairyland had withered, and left him to be nourished with filth and cinders? Then, too, wholesome men cry *Beware!* — but of a victim of opium, a morphiomaniac, or one sodden with cocaine; a poor wreck of a man, at sight of whom if you close your eyes, it will not be in "holy dread," but in mere sorrow and pity.

Poor Coleridge! it was laudanum, and not honey-dew or the milk of Paradise that inspired him. And perhaps we might trace all that part of the literature of wonder which comes from the dark, left-hand fairyland, to drugs; which would remove from the category of genius many a name that figures there now.

LIGHT PHYSICAL AND METAPHYSICAL:

by H. Coryn, M. D., M. R. C. S.



METAL is fixed and crystallized light, said H. P. Blavatsky —and was laughed at. Light was not then, nor is it yet, substantive, but a mode of motion — of the ether and of matter. The days when it was substantive and corpuscular, the days of Newton, had gone by.

But there are several indications of their return — with additions, the additions warranting H. P. Blavatsky's definition of a metal.

A crystal of metal consists of molecules, and they of the still smaller atoms. Each atom, in its turn, is made of the still smaller electrons or corpuscles. If these either *are* light, or are made of even smaller bodies which are, the definition is justified. This is the suggestion, or contention, of Professor Bragg, developed at a recent lecture delivered before the English Royal Institution.

Light is regarded as a spreading etheric pulsation, waves in ether. We have it as the visible seven colors from red up to violet, and beyond visibility as the ultra-violet. Still higher etheric pulses, according to the usual theory, are the x -rays. Professor Bragg applies his new corpuscular theory to the last alone, though he suggests that it also includes the ultra-violet rays — in which case it must include all the rest. He thinks the x -rays corpuscular because of a certain behavior; but the ultra-violet rays have the same behavior — and no one doubts *their* continuity with the lower rays down to — and far below — the red. What is the behavior on which the argument rests?

The term x -rays or kathode rays, as popularly used, covers three kinds of emanation in the tube or from radium. The first and grossest ingredient is ordinary matter, whirling atoms of the element helium. The next and finer, the intermediate, is electrons, corpuscles. The third and finest is x -rays proper, hitherto considered as merely etheric pulses. Professor Bragg calls them *gamma* rays, restricting the other term, x -rays, for other rays of properties so nearly the same that he includes them in the same argument.

When *gamma* (or x -) rays fall on an atom of matter they cause it to discharge one or more of its electrons or corpuscles, the intermediate of the three emanations popularly included under the term x -rays. In this connexion they are called *beta* rays.

The professor points out that when *gamma* (or x -) rays produce this discharge from an atom

the *beta* rays to a large degree continue the line of motion of the *gamma* rays, as if the latter pushed them out of the atoms; and, lastly, that the number of the *beta* rays depends on the intensity of the *gamma* rays.

The *gamma* ray, entering an atom, pushes out a corpuscle, a *beta* ray, and takes its place. It behaves, in fact, as if it were itself a corpuscle, and the word ray is not well descriptive either of it or the *beta*. Nor can it be a mere ether-pulse. The professor suggests that it is a corpuscle, an electron, which has had the ordinary negative charge of electricity proper to electrons neutralized by a positive. Then he proceeds:

Many insist that my neutral corpuscle is too material, and that something more ethereal is wanted, for it appears that ultra-violet light possesses many of the properties of *x*- and *gamma* rays. . . . They propose therefore a quasi-corpuscular theory of light, *gamma* and *x*- rays being included. . . . The light corpuscle which is proposed is a perfectly new postulate. It is to move with the velocity of light . . . and to be capable of replacing and being replaced by an electron which possesses the same energy but moves at a slower rate, and, of course, it has to do all that the old light waves did. The whole situation is most remarkable and puzzling.

So at this rate matter consists of molecules, as before; which consist of atoms, as before; which consist of electrons, as before — but may also in part or altogether consist of still more ethereal corpuscles *which are light*.

It is but a step to the suggestion that the electrons consist of light corpuscles, standing to them as they stand to the positive or negative atom of matter. Then metals will be crystallized light.

But whence the light corpuscles? How did they manage to get born in space? An answer to this question means a step-over from science into metaphysics. If and when we have reached the last line of matter we must begin to consider *consciousness*.

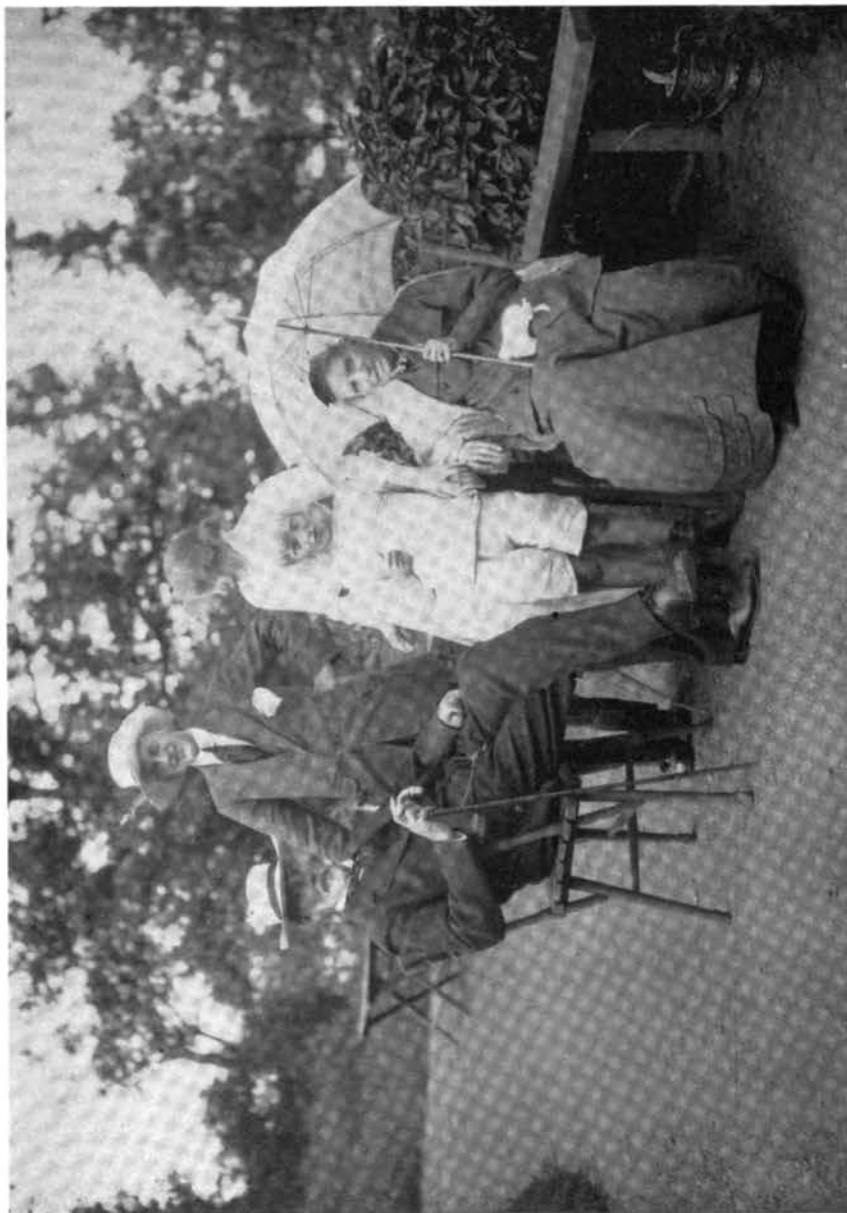
Intellectual light, spiritual light — we think we are using only metaphors in those phrases. Possibly we are not. Physical light may be the last stage of higher lights. If physical light is divine thought-energy appealing to our sense, it may have passed down through higher stages at which it appeals only to mind and heart and spirit.

If we think of Cosmic Spirit as pulsing its will and thought into that passive and uniform essence which will afterwards become active and differentiated matter, condensing and precipitating it into centers for evolutionary work, we must surmise that it is these intensely conscious centers that will subsequently be suns. Science would say that

this condensation would already involve the liberation of heat, that the new center must at once be hot. But that is only true of condensing matter as we know it, matter which already contains latent energy. But the kind of matter we are considering now is what *will become matter*, has no possessions nor qualities till these are conferred on it by divine ideation and will. A sun at its first stage would be luminous only to a *spiritual* cognition — that is, it would be charged with, and radiating, divine ideation. At the *very* first it would not be even that; it would be but a *receiving* center — for divine thought and will.

But at last would come its first heart-beat, so to speak. Some of the aggregated substance would be pulsed out to the surface charged with accumulated energy, dissipated as corpuscular light. And now it would fall within the range of human vision. It is illuminating not only to sense but to mind; for it contains mind; and not only to mind but to spirit; for that also it contains.

Theosophy teaches that the sun's envelopes do *not* contain the terrestrial elements *in their terrestrial condition*. It is their antetypes that are alone there, transient, in perpetual aggregation on the inner side of the envelope (towards the solar nucleus), in disintegration as light on the outer. And this light, charged with divine ideation — septenary — has the power on earth of building elements like to, but lower down than, those found in the sun's envelopes — and of destroying them. The planets owe the elements they have to the formative power in the solar light; rather say the keynotes of the elements they have, according to which keynotes the elementary matter aggregates. Besides that every molecule is crystallized and fixed light, it contains as its soul some of that light in its highest or first state. And so has every cell, every compound of cells, every living thing. If we had another kind of spectroscope we could find their antetypes too on the sun. Every cell and molecule contains latent what in man has begun to manifest — that *self*-consciousness which is a direct reflection of the absolute Self-consciousness of that point or center which is everywhere and whose circumference nowhere because the universe has a limit nowhere. That self, latent or manifest, has in man and molecule its first or highest embodiment in a layer or envelope of light in its first or highest condition. As we say, *Ātman* is enshrined in *Buddhi*.



Lomaland Photo. and Engraving Dept.

A FAMILY GROUP: JULIUS KRONBERG, THE FAMOUS ARTIST
MADAME SCHOLANDER, HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW, A WELL-KNOWN SWEDISH THEOSOPHIST
AND MR. KRONBERG'S CHILDREN. STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN



Lomaland Photo. and Engraving Dept.

"EROS": PAINTING BY JULIUS KRONBERG

EROS: by R. W. Machell

[Suggested on first seeing the painting by Julius Kronberg, entitled *Eros*]



I LOOKED into the depths and saw amid the writhing forms that filled the abyss, a running stream of fire that flowed among them, and seared and shriveled some and twisted others into strange shapes, but still itself preserved its own undying energy insatiate. A monster that devoured its devotees, for at times I seemed to see it as a being having a form defined though monstrous. It fascinated me, and, as I looked longer and more intensely it took form more definite, with a strange beauty, wild and weird, yet strangely potent to attract and hold the gazer in the spell of admiration that bewildered all the mind, and fired the sense with strange thrills and throbbings of unsatisfied desires, vague but intense, painful yet so seductive that the mind, bathed in oblivion of former joys, craved only the consuming kiss of that fierce flame. The form was superhuman, but as yet I saw no face nor knew to what to liken the strange shape, so wild and yet so strangely human that it seemed a part of me when first I looked. But in a little while I knew that I was but a part of it — scarce even that, a shadow looking towards a light that must consume it. I fought against the fascination that seemed as if it would absorb my soul and scorch my mind and sweep my body into its seething vortex of undying fire; and as I fought to hold myself against the influence, it seemed as if it, that living fire, took form and features and became the image of a God with wondrous eyes that glowed as do the embers of the fire when burning clear with caverns of throbbing radiance and unresting palpitations, flushing and gleaming, or sinking into momentary dulness like a sulky face swept by a passing cloud of temper. But strange and fascinating as it was, that beauty seemed to be unable to define itself; there was a *want* that left in the beholder a wild yearning, in itself so keen as to appear the most intense delight mingled and tinged with woe unutterable. And then I knew that this on which I gazed was a reflection of some higher thing, an *image only* on the waves of that deep ocean in which the world and all things corporeal float formless and uncreate until the creative fire of Eros pierces its depths, and awakening all its energies into activity, mirrors itself upon the seething vortex of illusion.

Each one who looks into the depths shall see this image; they who have no heart to search the depths of beings shall feel the fire within their veins and hail the presence of a God and feed the flame with

their own substance, giving their lives in acts of impious sacrifice to the consuming fires of the lower world, responsive to the passions that so insistingly demand the tribute of self-immolation on the altar of desire.

And from his place beside the throne on high the God of Love looks down and sees the distorted image of himself torturing, deceiving, and destroying all who fall beneath the spell of his pervading magic, while tears of pity for the woes of men fall silently; and he waits, divinely patient, for the hour when man shall rise from his long dream of passion, and turning his eyes up towards the Sphere of Light, shall know that he too is divine. Then shall man recognize the God of Love who stands beside the throne and call to him to show the path by which he can regain his place and once more sit upon the throne of his divinity and rule within the kingdom of the soul, the soul of all humanity.

TEMPTING COUNTERFEITS VS. REALITY:

by Lydia Ross, M. D.



VISITORS at Point Loma who learn something of the high moral tone of the Râja Yoga College here and of the way in which the young people are protected from evil influences, are much impressed with these educational conditions, as desirable as they are unique. Compared with the average youth's environment, which modern life keys to an ever-increasing pitch of excitement, self-indulgence, and artificiality, the serene, disciplined, natural life of the Point Loma young folk makes an atmosphere of quite another world. Even the keenest critics admit this.

The judgment, however, becomes so colored by the prevailing customs and ideas and the critical minds are so skeptical from previous failures in fulfilment, that even friendly visitors are prepared to find a flaw somewhere. So it is not surprising to hear them say: "Well, there is something wonderful here and it is the right way to live; but how will it be with these young people when they leave the school and go out to meet the unknown temptations of ordinary life? How will they stand the test?"

That question touches the point wherein the Râja Yoga method differs from prevailing educational systems, in training the pupil, not for examination day, but for *practical life*.

In analysing temptations of any kind they may be traced to a common root: the promise of giving the tempted more power — the power to feel more, to think more, to do more. This proffered power is the naturally alluring counterfeit of that conscious inner sense which longs *to be* more.

First take the physical appetites which so often develop a mastery of the thoughtless or deliberately indulgent. The normal sense of taste enlarges the feeling of pleasure, and agreeable food stimulates the body's latent nutritive forces to an output of strength and action. Usually the desire of the alcoholic and drug habitués is not primarily for the *taste* of the drink or the drug but for the coveted feeling of attainment that they (apparently) give, the temporary, apparent return of waning poise and power. Even when unable to stand steadily, the inebriate is convinced of his own strength and importance by the feeling of energy and largeness he has recklessly lashed into an outgoing, aimless tide of exhausting sensation. The maudlin type finds himself the central figure of a fictitious emotional sphere, while the ambitious but incompetent man basks in the pleasing delusion of his own wealth and dignity. The craving for stimulants and sedatives grows with the indulgence which weakens the will, shatters the nerves, dulls the mind, and debases the spirit. The wretched habitué feels a vital lack of selfhood and clutches at even a passing furlough for his mutilated and chaotic sense of identity.

The sense of smell is not only intensified by favorite odors, but these recall and vivify other scenes and sensations. A fragrant flower may suggest a realm of beauty and poetry and sweetness. Savory odors appeal to the sense of taste and the appetite becomes the means of still further arousing one through the memory and imagination. The degenerate nature enjoys even offensive odors as the means of making him more alive to the possibilities of his degenerate world. A dog's markedly developed olfactory sense is not attracted by aesthetic odors as he smells impartially at everything, and follows up — tempted, if you will — those odors that make him more aware of his canine capacity for sensation and action: that, in short, make him more of a dog.

The auditory sense is also the gateway to a larger range of feel-

ing and power. The savage responds to his own defiant war-cry, and the small boy dilates with his noisy activities, as the refined expand under nature's finished rhythm of sound and the tones of inspiring music.

The eye also lights up old and new scenes of thought and feeling and the characteristic sensations are reflexly stimulated whether one seeks an exciting round of changing pictures or chooses more beautiful and useful things, whether the higher or the lower nature is appealed to, it is the larger sense of power to feel or to think or to know that is the attraction of vision.

The sensual appetites are impelling because the creative quality upon the physical plane counterfeits the unity of masculine and feminine principles in the final perfection of human consciousness. The attraction of the sexes depends upon an awakening not only to the qualities of the opposite, but also to an exaltation of the lover's sense of his or her own manhood or womanhood. Exercised merely for gratification the lower appetites fill the indulger's world with insistent desires, capable of leading to degrading depths. But when the creative energy is consciously expended along the uplifting lines of noble and altruistic endeavor it arouses in all the auto-creative sense of power, which, reproductive in its own right, has the satisfying sense of attainment. Unselfish love so far awakens the higher nature to its own richness and strength and beauty that its royal impulse to give would sacrifice the personal self in protecting and idealizing the beloved.

The temptations of ambition spring from a love of power — the power of knowledge, of courage, of beauty, of strength, of influence — those things which arouse the possessor to an enlarged or intensified sense of himself. That the ruling personal ambition too often sacrifices the greatest elements of the nature to obtain the gratification of seeming greatness does not discount the fact of the Real Self which sacrifices its lesser desires to be great.

Back of all counterfeits must be the genuine coin to give the false its spurious value. So beyond the many byways of sense and sensation wherein humanity seeks to feel and to think and to do more there is the sunlit highway of the natural soul-life wherein one grows more conscious of his divine power and possibilities. Normal growth during incarnation is not found in a repeated round of sensational climaxes, but in a progressive journey with an ever-expanding horizon

where the soul dominates the nature forces within and without the body. The child who learns to know the divine reality of his dual nature inevitably comes to find that "pleasure within himself" that is satisfying in its expansive sense of power and beauty and largeness.

That the child is incapable of realizing so profound a truth as that of his divine origin is questioned by a world psychologized with centuries of false teachings of natural depravity, etc. But in the teaching of the dual nature in the Râja Yoga training that calls upon the higher side to master and utilize the force of the lower impulses, the reality of innate power becomes the satisfying keynote of daily life. In the plastic period of child growth, he should be spared the usual external distractions while acquiring the habit of looking within to "find himself." Protection from the taint of artificial life is no more enervating than the suitable care the gardener gives to seedlings while they take firm root for future growth and resistance.

Temptation can only tempt where there is lack and longing. One who has learned how to live in the fulness and richness of the reality can easily estimate the worth of any imitation, familiar or unknown. Theosophy does not haggle over theological minutiae. It broadly asserts that the divine man incarnating becomes dual in nature. Râja Yoga training confidently challenges the indwelling soul to come forth and declare itself.

LIFE AND TEACHINGS OF PYTHAGORAS:

by F. S. Darrow, A. M., Ph. D. (Harv.)

III. THE TEACHINGS



S Pythagoras met with the immemorial fate of the world's great teachers, many fantastic distortions of his teachings were published; some of them, in his name by his enemies, for the express purpose of bringing his teachings into disrepute; and many things were imputed to him which he certainly never said or did. Probably he did not commit any of his teachings to writing, but it is certain that his disciples memorized his sayings and treasured them as the oracles of the Deity. He had two forms of teaching: one public or exoteric, and one private or esoteric. It is noteworthy that wherever his teachings prevailed, sobriety and temperance displaced licentiousness and luxury, for the distinguished Pythagoreans were men of great uprightness, conscientiousness, and self-control, capable of devoted and enduring friendships.

(a) EXOTERIC TEACHINGS

The public teachings of Pythagoras consisted principally of practical morals of the purest and most spiritual type and emphasized the virtues of self-restraint, reverence, patriotism, sincerity, conscientiousness, uprightness, truth, justice, and purity of heart. He insisted upon the highest ideals of marriage and of parental duties, and always exerted his influence to suppress wars and dissensions. He was the first to apply the term philosopher or lover of wisdom to himself, as a substitute for the earlier term sage, for he said: "The Deity only is wise; men at their best are merely lovers of wisdom." He was also the first to use the word *kosmos* or "order," as applied to the universe. He used to say:

Drunkenness is synonymous with ruin.

No one ought to exceed the proper quantity of meat and drink.

Strength of mind depends upon sobriety, for this keeps the reason undiverted by passion.

In answer to the question, "When may I indulge in the pleasures of passion?" he replied: "Whenever you wish to be weaker than your *Self*."

Never say or do anything in anger.

Virtue is harmony; health, the Universal Good.

He urged his disciples not to kill animals, because he declared that they have a right to live, as well as men.

It is the part of a fool to attend to every opinion of all men, above all to that of the mob.

Do what you believe to be right, whatever people think of you. Despise alike their censure and their praise.

Add not unto your grief by discontent.

Do not speak few things in many words, but many things in a few words.

Either be silent, or speak words better than silence.

It is hard to take many paths in life at the same time.

Youth should be accustomed to obedience, for it will thus find it easy to obey the authority of reason.

Men should associate with one another in such a way as not to make their friends enemies, but to make their enemies friends.

We ought to wage war only against the ignorance of the mind, the passions of the heart, the distempers of the body, sedition in cities, and ill-will in families.

No man should deem anything *exclusively* his own.

Every man ought so to train himself as to be worthy of belief without an oath.

He used to call admonishing, "feeding storks."

Philosophers are seekers after truth.

The discourse of a philosopher is vain, if no passion of man is healed thereby.

Choose the best life; use will make it pleasant.

Man is at his best when he visits the temples of the gods.

A man should never pray for anything for himself, because he is ignorant of what is really good for him.

Do not the least thing unadvisedly.

Advise before you act, and never let your eyes
The sweet refreshings of soft slumber taste,
Till you have thence severe reflections passed
On th' actions of the day from first to last.
Wherein have I transgressed? What done have I?
What duty unperformed have I passed by?
And if your actions ill on search you find,
Let grief, if good, let joy, possess your mind.
This do, this think, to this your heart incline,
This way will lead you to the Life Divine.

This course, if you observe, you shall know then
The constitution both of gods and men.
And now from ill, Great Father, set us free,
Or teach us all to know ourselves in Thee.

The noblest gifts of heaven to man are to speak the truth and to do good. These two things resemble the works of the Deity.

Place intuition as the best charioteer or guide for thy acts.
 Possess not treasures except those things which no one can take from you.
 Be sleepless in the things of the Spirit, for sleep in them is akin to death.
 Each of us is a soul, not a body, which is only a possession of the soul.

The tyrant death securely shalt thou brave,
 And scorn the dark dominion of the grave.

The greatest honor which can be paid to the Deity is to know and imitate Its perfection.

The wise men say that one community embraces heaven and earth, and gods and men and friendship and order and temperance and righteousness; for which reason they call this whole a kosmos or orderly universe.

Of all things learn to revere your *Self*.

Likeness to the Deity should be the aim of all our endeavors. The nobler, the better the man, the more godlike he becomes, for the gods are the guardians and guides of men.

There is a relationship between men and gods, because men partake of the Divine Principle.

You have in yourself something similar to God; therefore use yourself as the Temple of God.

Be bold, O man! Divine thou art.

Truth is to be sought with a mind purified from the passions of the body. Having overcome evil things, thou shalt experience the union of the immortal God with the mortal man.

(b) THE ESOTERIC TEACHINGS

(1) Symbols

The esoteric teachings of Pythagoras, which he called "the Gnosis of Things that Are," or "the Knowledge of the Reality," so far as they can be gathered from the extant fragments, dealt with (1) Symbols, (2) Number, that is, the inner meaning of arithmetic and geometry, (3) Music, (4) Man, and (5) the Earth and the Universe. In his esoteric teachings Pythagoras gave out the keys to the system of practical ethics outlined in his exoteric sayings. Such of his public utterances as were called Symbols were mere blinds, capable of several interpretations with several distinct and highly important meanings attached to them. H. P. Blavatsky, speaking of these, says:

Every sentence of Pythagoras, like most of the ancient maxims, had (at least) a dual signification; and while it had an occult physical meaning expressed in its words, it embodied a moral precept.

It is no mere coincidence that many of the maxims were and still are current among widely separated nations. The following are examples of some Pythagorean Symbols together with their possible meanings as moral precepts:

“Do not devour your heart”: that is, do not consume your vitality in futile grief.

“Do not devour your brain”: that is, do not waste your time in idle thoughts.

“When you are traveling abroad, turn not back, for the furies will go with you”: that is, do not dally or cry over spilt milk but hasten to accomplish whatever you have begun; otherwise you will fail, and remorse and sorrow will thereafter attend you.

“Do not indulge in immoderate laughter”: that is, restrain the unstable parts of your nature.

“Do not stir fire with a sword”: that is, do not return angry words to an angry man, for “hatred ceaseth not by hatred but by love — this is an everlasting truth.”

“Turn away from yourself every sharp edge”: that is, control your passions.

“Nourish nothing which has crooked talons or nails”: that is, cultivate only kindness of disposition.

“Help a man to take up a burden but not to lay it down”: that is, by toils and sorrows men are strengthened.

“Do not step above the beam of the balance”: that is, live a life of perfect justice.

“Spit not upon the cuttings of your hair or the parings of your nails”: that is, even trifles are important.

“Destroy the print of the pot in the ashes”: that is, correct all mistakes.

“Put the shoe on the right foot first but put the left foot first into the bath-tub”: that is, act uprightly and honestly, washing away all impurities.

“Look not in a mirror by lamplight”: that is, do not be misled by the phantasies of the senses, but be guided by the pure, bright light of spiritual knowledge.

“Transplant mallows in your garden but eat them not”: that is, cultivate spirituality and destroy it not.

“Do not wear a ring”: that is, philosophize truly, and separate your soul from the bonds of the body.

"When the winds blow, give heed unto the sound": that is, when the Deity speaks, attend closely.

"When you rise from bed, disorder the covering, and efface the impression of the body": that is, when you have attained unto wisdom, obliterate all traces of your former ignorance.

"Leaving the public ways, walk in unfrequented paths": that is, lead a spiritual, not a worldly, life.

"Do not offer your right hand lightly": that is, do not make pledges which you cannot or will not keep, and do not divulge the Mysteries to those who are unfit and uninitiated.

"Do not receive a swallow into your house": that is, do not disclose the Mysteries to one who is flighty and unstable.

"Speak not about Pythagorean concerns without light": that is, do not assume to be a teacher until you have become a student.

"When treading the Path divide not": that is, truth is one but falsehood is multifarious; choose that philosophy in which there is no inconsistency or contradiction.

"Above all things learn to govern your tongue when you follow the gods": that is, learn the power of silence.

"Disbelieve nothing admirable concerning the gods or the divine teachings": that is, the Deity is perfect justice and perfect love; "the Divine wisdom is the science of life, the art of living."

"Do not cut your nails while sacrificing": that is, in praying, remember even those who are most distant.

"Sacrifice and worship unshod": that is, approach the Mysteries with a reverent heart.

"Entering a temple, neither say nor do anything which pertains to ordinary life": that is, preserve the Divine, pure and undefiled; the divine science cannot be judged by the ordinary standards of human opinion.

"Enter not into a temple negligently nor worship carelessly, not even though you stand only at the doors": that is, seek the Divine wholeheartedly without reference to personal advantage, no matter however humble your position.

"Approach not gold in order to gain children": that is, beware of all teachers who barter the things of the Spirit; "by their fruits ye shall know them."

"Inscribe not the image of the Deity on a ring": that is, do not think of the Supreme as either finite or personal.

(2) Number

The esoteric teachings of Pythagoras in regard to number dealt principally with the significance of arithmetic and geometry, and emphasized the importance of the application of number to weights and measures. He was the first to explain the multiplication table to the Greeks. The leading idea of his system was that of the Unity in Multiplicity. Therefore the Pythagorean concept of harmony was based upon the relationship of the One and the Many, the idea of the One in Many and the Many in One — “as above, so below.” By number Pythagoras meant not merely figures, but regulated motion or vibration, rhythm, law, and order; for he made number equivalent to intelligence. He said:

Number is that which brings what is obscure within the range of our knowledge, rules all true order in the universe and allows of no errors.

He assumed, as first principles, the numbers and the symmetries existing in them, which he called harmonies. He taught:

Virtue is a proportion or harmony. Happiness consists in the perfection of the virtues of the soul, the perfect science of numbers. Nature is an imitation of number.

Pythagorean arithmetic was concerned especially with the first ten digits, which were “hieroglyphic symbols, by means of which Pythagoras explained his ideas about the nature of things.” He taught that unity, the monad or one, is no true numeral, for one multiplied any number of times by itself always equals one; that is, unity unlike the true numerals, has not an infinite series of varying powers, for its square, cube, and other powers, are one and all equal to one, the first term of the series. Another peculiarity, which proves unity not to be a true numeral, is its indivisibility into whole numbers.

The monad is God and the good, which is the origin of the one and is itself Intelligence. The monad is the beginning of everything. Unity is the principle of all things and from Unity went forth an infinite or indeterminate duality, the duad, which is subordinate to the monad as its cause.

Pythagoras taught that the duad, the first concept of addition, was the first true figure and regarded the one as a symbol for the Primitive Unity or the Deity, the Absolute, behind and above the indeterminate or infinite duad, which symbolized chaos or spirit-matter. The triad or the three, the monad plus the duad, symbolized the Divine, the Heavenly, as opposed to the Earthly.

The Pythagoreans say that the All and all things are defined by threes; for beginning, middle, and end constitute the number of all and also the number of the triad.

The tetrad or the four exists in two forms, its actual form the quaternary or the four, the symbol of Earth as opposed to Heaven, and its potential form, the tetraktys, which contains in germ the sum total of the universe, manifested and unmanifested, the Pythagorean dekad or ten, thus, $1 + 2 + 3 + 4 = 10$. The tetraktys, therefore, was regarded as a very sacred symbol. The pentad or number five, symbolized man. The senary or number six, is, of course, composed of two threes, and was regarded as an abbreviation for the alpha and omega of evolutionary growth. The hebdomad or number seven, is the perfect number, par excellence, symbolizing both heaven and earth. In the words of H. P. Blavatsky

The ogdoad or 8 symbolizes the eternal and spiral motion of the cycles, and is symbolized in its turn by the Caduceus (or herald's staff of Hermes). The nine is the triple ternary, reproducing itself incessantly under all shapes and figures in every multiplication. The ten or dekad brings all these digits back to unity and ends the Pythagorean table.








"It is," Pythagoras says, "the starting point of number."

Passing from the arithmetic to the geometry of Pythagoras, Plato's statement that "God geometrizes" is undoubtedly Pythagorean in origin, for it is said that Pythagoras perfected geometry among the Greeks, and the two well-known theorems that the triangle inscribed in a semi-circle is right-angled, and that the square of the hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle is equal to the sum of the squares of the sides, are still associated with his name. Pythagoras taught:

From the monad and the duad proceed numbers; from numbers signs; from signs lines, of which plane figures consist; from plane figures solid bodies. The Kosmos is endued with life and intellect and is of a spherical figure.

From one point of view, One corresponds to the dot or point, Two to the line, Three to the plane, and Four to the concrete solid. The dekad was represented geometrically in the form of a tetradic equilateral triangle of ten dots, with one dot at the apex, and four along the base line, thus $\begin{array}{c} \cdot \\ \cdot \cdot \\ \cdot \cdot \cdot \\ \cdot \cdot \cdot \cdot \end{array}$. This shows graphically how the tetraktys as $1 + 2 + 3 + 4 = 10$, contains potentially the dekad. This ten-dot triangle filled out by lines becomes an equilateral triangle, with the dot at the apex and at the center remaining as generating-points for

adjacent figures, and especially as the centers of circles, inscribed in and circumscribed about the original triangle.

The principal plane geometrical figures known to have been explained by Pythagoras are the circle in its three forms: one with the center unmarked, the second with a dot at the center, and the third with the diameter drawn:    ; the triangle:  ; the square:  ; the pentagram, or five-pointed star:  ; and the hexagram, the six-pointed star or so-called Pythagorean Pentacle:  .

The circle was called by Pythagoras "the most beautiful of all plane figures" and in its form with the center unmarked, corresponding to the monad or the one in arithmetic, was placed in a category by itself. The circle with a dot at its center corresponds to the duad, the triangle to the triad, the square to the tetrad in its actual as opposed to its potential form, which is that of the tetradic dotted triangle, as previously explained, the potential equivalent of the dekad. The pentagram or five-pointed star corresponds to the pentad, and the hexagram to the senary. The circle with its diameter indicated the actual dekad or 10 (for we no longer write the one within the circle to represent ten) as opposed to the potential equivalent of the dekad, the tetraktys. In his solid geometry Pythagoras taught that "the sphere was the most beautiful of all solid figures," and in its form corresponding to the monad, it was classed by itself. Pythagoras explained that both the earth and the kosmos were spherical in shape, and added that the universe was made up of five basic solid figures, which were built up from the triangle and the square: namely, the cube; the tetrahedron; the octahedron, a figure with its eight sides formed by equal equilateral triangles; the dodecahedron, a figure with twelve faces formed by regular pentagons; and the icosahedron, a figure composed of twenty equal and similar triangular pyramids whose vertices meet at the center of a sphere, which is supposed to circumscribe it.

(3) Music

Turning to Pythagoras' teachings in regard to music, which he regarded as a very important help in controlling the passions, it is said that he was the first to teach the Greeks the tonic relations of the musical scale, and invented for them the monochord, a one-stringed

instrument, used in measuring the musical intervals. Upon these relations he built his celebrated doctrine of the Harmony or Music of the Spheres, that is, that the heavenly bodies, composing our solar system, in the course of their rotations emit the notes of the scale. H. P. Blavatsky and the ancients explain this by saying that Pythagoras called

a "tone" the distance of the Moon from the Earth; from the Moon to Mercury $\frac{1}{2}$ a tone, thence to Venus the same; from Venus to the Sun $1\frac{1}{2}$ tones; from the Sun to Mars a tone; from thence to Jupiter $\frac{1}{2}$ a tone; from Jupiter to Saturn a tone; and thence to the Zodiac a tone; thus making seven tones, the diapason harmony. All the melody of nature is in those seven tones and therefore is called "the Voice of Nature."

Pythagoras declared that the harmony of the spheres is not heard by the ordinary human ear either because it has always been accustomed to it from the beginning of life, or because the sound is too powerful for the capabilities of the physical ear. In substantiation of this theory it is interesting to note that modern science expresses the intervals of music by proportions similar to those which mark the tonal distances of the planets.

(4) Man

Self-contemplation was strongly insisted upon and played a most vital part in the Pythagorean training. To his esoteric section Pythagoras taught the immortality of the soul, its pre-existence, and its re-birth; karma; and the septenary constitution of man, partially veiled, it is true, under the form of a triple division of the soul into animal, human, and divine parts.

There is a doctrine whispered in secret that man is a prisoner, who has no right to open the door and run away. The gods are our guardians.

The soul is a harmony and the body its prison.

We choose our own destiny and are our own good or bad fortune.

Rash words and acts are their own punishment.

We are our own children.

Intentional perversions of the teachings of Pythagoras, mere travesties of his ideas, are plainly evident in what has come down to us in regard to his belief in metempsychosis. Thus we are told that his enemies circulated the story that Pythagoras had declared that one of his relatives had passed into a bean, a vicious joke based on the fact that beans were excluded from the Pythagorean diet. Another

similar malicious fiction about Pythagoras is thus referred to by Xenophanes, a contemporary philosopher.

They say that once, as passing by he saw
A dog severely beaten, he did pity him,
And spoke as follows to the man who beat him:
"Stop now, and beat him not; since in his body,
Abides the soul of a dear friend of mine,
Whose voice I recognized, as he was crying."

That Pythagoras, himself, did not believe in transmigration after such fashion, is shown quite plainly by the following statements of Hierocles, the Neo-Platonist in his commentary upon the *Golden Verses* of Pythagoras:

If through a shameful ignorance of the immortality of the human soul, a man should persuade himself that his soul dies with his body, he expects what can never happen; in like manner he who expects that after death he shall put on the body of a beast and become an irrational animal because of his vices, or a plant because of his dulness and stupidity — such a man, I say, acting quite contrary to those who transform the essence of man into one of the superior beings, is *infinitely deceived* and *absolutely ignorant* of the *essential form* of the *soul*, which can never change; for being and continuing always man, it is only said to become God or beast by virtue or vice, though it cannot be either the one or the other.

The following quotations give us true representations of Pythagoras' ideas on pre-existence and rebirth.

Souls cannot die. They leave a former home,
And in new bodies dwell and from them roam.
Nothing can perish, all things change below,
For spirits through all forms may come and go.

Thus through a thousand shapes, the soul shall go
And thus fulfil its destiny below.
Death has no power th' immortal soul to slay;
That, when its present body turns to clay,
Seeks a fresh home and with unminish'd might
Inspires another frame with life and light.
So I myself (well I the past recall) . . .

Pythagoras regarded rebirth as a gradual process of purification and taught that the soul by reason of nobility of character gained by struggles upon earth was destined to be exalted eventually into far higher modes of life. "Imagination," he explained:

is the remembrance of precedent spiritual, mental, and physical states, while fancy is the disorderly production of the material brain.

Man is perfected first by conversing with gods, which he can do only when he abstains from evil and strives to resemble divine natures; secondly, by doing good to others, which is an imitation of the gods; thirdly, by leaving the mortal body.

By our separation from the Deity, we lost the wings which raised us towards celestial beings and were thus precipitated into the region of death where all evils dwell. By putting away earthly passions and devoting ourselves to virtue, our wings will be renewed and we shall rise to that existence where we shall find the true good without any admixture of evil.

The soul of man being between spirits who always contemplate the Divine Essence and those who are incapable of contemplating it, can raise itself to the one, or sink itself to the other.

Every quality which a man acquires originates a good or bad spirit, which abides by him in this world and after death remains with him as a companion.

Pythagoras taught that man is a microcosm, a compendium of the universe, with a triple nature, composed of (1) an immortal spirit, the Spiritual Soul, intuitive perception, the *Nous*, a portion of the Deity; (2) a human intelligence, the Human Soul, the rational principle, the *Phren*; and (3) the sensitive irrational nature, the Animal Soul, the seat of the passions and desires, the *Thymos*. The *Nous* and the *Thymos*, he stated, are common to man and the lower animals, but the *Phren*, which in its higher aspect is immortal, is peculiar to man.

The immortal mind of man is as much more excellent than his sensitive irrational nature as the sun is more excellent than the stars.

The physical body is but a temporary garment of the soul, into which "the *Nous* enters from without." "The sense perceptions are deceptive."

The principle of life is about the heart, but the principle of reason and intelligence in the head.

Pythagoras added that at death the ethereal part of man freed from the chains of matter is conducted by Hermes Psychopompos, the Guide of Souls, into the region of the dead, where it remains in a state according to its merit until it is sent back to earth to inhabit another body. The object of rebirth is gradually to purify the soul by successive probations, until finally it shall be fitted to return to the immortal source whence it emanated.

(5) The Earth and the Universe

It is well-known that the ideas expressed by Plato in his *Timaeus*, the dialog which he named after his Pythagorean teacher, are derived

almost entirely from Pythagorean sources. Therefore it is probable that Pythagoras taught about the earlier continents, which were destroyed alternately by fire and water, and in particular about the legends of Atlantis, including the account of an Atlantean invasion of Greece about 10,000 years B. C. before the Greeks lived in the Greek lands — an invasion which was repelled by the inhabitants of pre-historic Athens, who were akin to the ancient Egyptians.

In regard to our solar system, Pythagoras knew not only that the earth is spherical, but also taught that the sun, likewise spherical, not the earth, is the center — a theory rediscovered more than 2000 years later by Copernicus and Galileo. Pythagoras also explained the obliquity of the ecliptic, the causes of eclipses, that the morning and evening star are the same, that the moon shines by light reflected from the sun, and that the Milky Way is composed of stars. He held that “the Universe has neither height nor depth but is infinite in extent,” that

there is a void outside the Universe into which the Universe breathes forth and from which it breathes in,

and that

the Universe is brought into being by the Deity and is perishable so far as its shape is concerned, for it is perceived by sense, is therefore material, but that (its Essence) will not be destroyed.

Pythagoras declared that all nature is animate, for Soul is extended through the nature of all things and is mingled with them and he believed in one Deity, ruling and upholding all things.

There is One Universal Soul diffused through all things — eternal, invisible, unchangeable; in essence like Truth, in substance resembling Light; not to be represented by any image; to be comprehended only by the *Nous*; not, as some conjecture, exterior to the Universe, but in itself entire, pervading the sphere which is the Universe.

From this One Universal Soul proceed Spiritual Intelligences, above, below, and inclusive of man; the subtle ether out of which they are formed becoming more and more gross, the further it is removed from the divine Source. He classified these Hosts or Hierarchies of Spiritual Intelligences into gods or major divinities, daemones or lesser divine beings of good and bad natures, and thirdly heroes or disembodied human souls, “immortal minds in luminous bodies,” in

position intermediate between men and the daemones. He declared "the whole air is filled with souls."

H. P. Blavatsky says:

In the Pythagorean Theurgy these hierarchies of the Heavenly Host and the gods were expressed numerically.

The Pythagoreans believed that the forces of nature were spiritual entities. They taught that there are ten spheres formed by the Heavenly bodies, those of Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, the fixed Stars, the Sun, the Moon, the Earth, and the Counter-earth or the Antichthon, about which little has come down to us but which is presumably connected with "the riddle of the Eighth Sphere." Furthermore the Pythagoreans taught that there were ten cardinal pairs of opposites or ten antithetical principles, which constitute the elements or Stoicheia of the Universe, namely, (1) the limited and the unlimited; the finite and the infinite; (2) the One and the Many; (3) light and darkness; (4) good and bad; (5) rest and motion; (6) the masculine and the feminine; (7) the straight and the crooked; (8) the odd and the even; (9) the square and the oblong; and (10) the right and the left.

PHOTOGRAPHY AND THE INVISIBLE:

by Philip A. Malpas



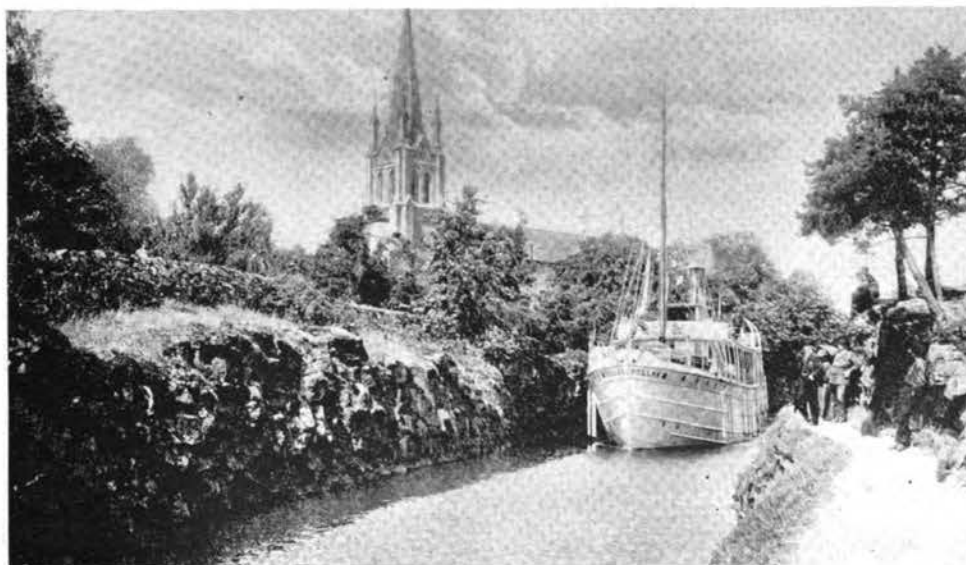
If a spectrum be thrown on a blackboard with a lantern, in a dark room, one end will be violet and the other red, to the ordinary eye. If a plain photographic sensitized plate is placed against the blackboard so as to receive the spectrum on its central portion during a suitable exposure and is then developed, fixed, and replaced in its original position, the result shown is remarkable. At the red end the plate is unaffected; the orange and yellow and green are scarcely recorded; the blue and violet are well represented, but the part of the plate most affected is that beyond the visible violet far into the "darkness" of the blackboard.

Here is a sensitive surface or substance which can "see," as though brilliantly lighted, a surface which to the ordinary eye is invisible, but, on the other hand, has some difficulty in seeing the red and yellow, which the eye can see quite plainly. Needless to remark



Lomaland Photo. and Engraving Dept.

VISINGSBORG CASTLE, VISINGSÖ, SWEDEN



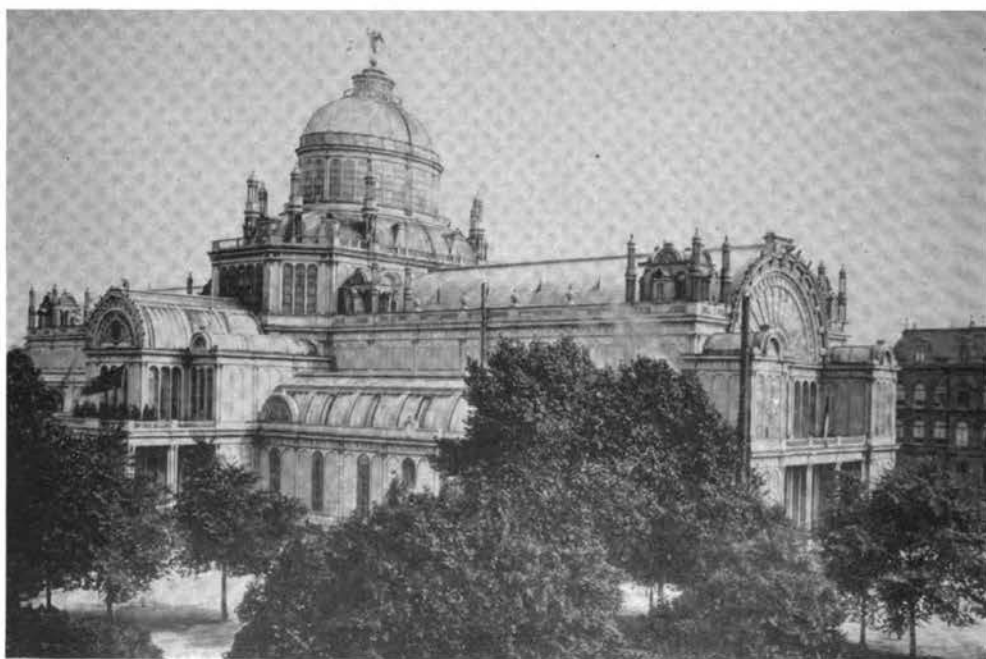
Lomaland Photo. and Engraving Dept.

THE CANAL, TROLLHÄTTAN, SWEDEN



Lomaland Photo. and Engraving Dept.

HIGH SLUICE AND PALACE OF INDUSTRY, AMSTERDAM, HOLLAND
(At Amsterdam a stone arch bridge is called a sluice)



Lomaland Photo. and Engraving Dept.

PALACE OF INDUSTRY, AMSTERDAM

that this is why a true red or yellow light is "safe" for ordinary plates and for dark-rooms. On the other hand it would be possible to have a dark-room which would be to the plate a very light room indeed, being filled with these invisible rays beyond the violet end of the spectrum.

And yet there are some eyes which can plainly distinguish the fact that a substance or surface is giving off these powerful rays, invisible to less sensitive eyes. Perhaps this is one of the thousands of little forerunner facts which testify to the increase of sensibility prophesied by H. P. Blavatsky for this present century.

Now if a solution of one per cent of sulphate of quinine, one centimeter thick, is used in a glass cell before a lens or plate it may delay the exposure by perhaps six times the normal time, thus showing that of our photographs taken under ordinary conditions on ordinary plates we have been accustomed to accepting as true pictures reproductions of the invisible, although much of that invisible coincides with the visible, since these rays are emitted by so many substances.

But a false standard has been established unconsciously in our minds. Where blue skies should be, we are content to see a pure white in a photograph. Where reds and yellows abound we expect altogether too dark a representation, as with grass and green trees.

The quinine light-filter (aesculine, extracted from the horse-chestnut, serves as well) absorbs or is largely opaque to these rays and such a filter is much used now with specially sensitized plates to allow the colors to be reproduced in monochrome in truer relation. A yellow filter will also absorb some of the visible blue. The glass of the lens too is responsible for the absorption of a proportion of these rays. By an action not yet understood the dyeing of plates with certain dyes renders the silver in them far more sensitive to the various colors in the green, yellow, and red of the spectrum.

Is it not probable that silver has the power of sensing these rays so keenly, while the human eye, for reasons best known to the human mind, has had and lost that power, but may be now beginning to regain it? Such a recovery is not made without strain and natures that can begin to sense these invisible rays must either strengthen and purify themselves to the utmost degree possible or suffer what dry leaves suffer in the flames, a burning out of the particles that are not tuned to withstand the red fire that burns them. Hence the theo-

sophical reason for purity and strength, first, last, and all the time, in preparation for the burning fiery flames of added sensitiveness which come and have come quite soon enough for us to prepare against rather than seek.

Knowing what is now known of the efficacy of light in curing certain affections, especially the violet and blue light, is it too early to suggest that much of the power of quinine is due to the body being saturated with this "colorless" dye and so cutting off light which the constituents of the body are not strong enough to bear without their balancing power being impaired, and so leaving the battlefield at the mercy of inimical fever forces?

Tropical travelers are warned not so much to use quinine after attack, but to saturate the body (with minute doses) commencing several days before entering the dangerous zone.

In spite of endless fraud and humbug and "fake" photography, it has long been suspected that the invisible can be photographed. As shown, we have never been doing anything else in our photography except photographing much of the invisible. Without saying that it has or has not been done, we may well ask if it is really so difficult to imagine that much of what inhabits the "seeming void" may be made visible to the lunar surface of the plate?

Professor Wood's experiments on the lines of photography by invisible rays are of absorbing interest. Not only has he made interesting photographs of objects by means of the invisible violet rays, but also by means of the invisible rays below the red end of the spectrum. And he shows one very interesting result of photographing Chinese white by these ultra-violet rays — as though the pigment were a pure black! This illustrates the fact long known to photo-engravers' artists that Chinese white is a bad white to use except in a mixed tint. The Chinese white cuts off so much of this invisible chemically-active "white" as to appear gray even to an ordinary plate's "lunar eye."

Another startling result is that by the ultra-violet light a man's shadow may entirely disappear when he is photographed in sunlight. One wonders if the strange Eastern "superstitions" as to shadows and men without shadows do not have a real scientific basis. Perhaps R. L. Stevenson's little child who rose so early that his "naughty little shadow had stayed at home . . . and was fast asleep in bed," could tell us.

HEREDITY AND BIOLOGY: by H. T. Edge, B. A. (Cantab.)



THE word "heredity" is one that is much conjured with nowadays, so that it is important to understand its meaning and import. In so far as its meaning covers facts ascertained by reliable observation, and correct inferences therefrom, we must be prepared to accord the word the respect which in that case it deserves; but in so far as it may stand for imperfect observations and the faulty theories inferred therefrom, we must be equally prepared to apply scrutiny and reserve.

One thing we find is that the word is frequently used, even by accredited authorities on biology, in a variable sense; in the course of an argument the word has two or more distinct meanings, and the arguer does not seem to be aware of the variation. This of course indicates a nebulosity in the reasoning and leads to confusion and wrong conclusions. For instance, in a particular case, where a lecturer is reported, we find that he uses the word (1) in the sense of "the fact that organic cells reproduce their kind," and (2) in the sense of "some power or faculty in virtue of which they reproduce their kind." These two senses are quite distinct, and would have been given separate heads in a dictionary; to ignore the distinction in an argument both arises from and creates confusion.

But let us at present consider the second meaning — that of some power or property in virtue of which an organic cell can reproduce its kind. Biology, within its present scope, must confine itself to admitting the existence of this power and to tracing its workings. The source of the power lies outside the field of ordinary biological research. For, granted that physical matter is actuated by an agency, that agency must be immaterial; or at least, if material, then material in another sense than that in which physical matter is material. Now biologists may claim that this phase of the subject does not concern them; and that point we should be willing to concede in all cases where the investigations were confined to their appropriate limits — that is, to the limits appropriate to a confessedly limited science. But what we often actually find is that theorists overstep these limits and assume an attitude of positiveness and authority to which (by the logic of their own admission) they are not entitled. We even find proposals to base legislation upon biological theories; and there is the danger that in small self-governed communities such experiments may actually be carried into effect. When it comes to this therefore we are

justified in inquiring more jealously into the credentials of biology; for we do not readily concede the right to be governed by people who have confessed that certain vital phases of their subject do not concern them.

Hence, however the case may stand as regards merely theoretical science, when there is an attempt to apply theories to matters of government and public policy, the restrictions become a matter of vital importance. If we are to achieve successful results in applied biology, then we must positively know something about these mysterious potencies which lie behind matter and which many biologists say do not concern them; for these forces actually exist and count, whether biologists understand them or not; and though they may be ignored on paper, their effects cannot be ignored.

That which lies behind matter is mind — something well known to our experience but not definable in terms of space. The mental aspect of heredity is far more important than the merely physical. The bearing of this truth upon the question of race-improvement and the elimination of degenerate types is important. In paying so much attention to the physical side of the question we are ignoring the important factors and exaggerating those of lesser importance.

In agriculture, attention to the soil is all very well and necessary; but attention to the nature of the seed planted is generally considered as counting for a good deal in determining the nature of the crop to be reaped. Biological theorists are flooding us with schemes for improving the soil in which the human plant grows; and very excellent some of these schemes are. But what about the seeds of the human plant? Nay more; we have not even exhausted the question of the soil; for besides the physical soil, is there not the mental soil? In short, an abundance of factors enter into the question, all of which are of vital import, yet of which but a few fall under the attention of biological theorists.

Heredity includes the two factors of innate potentiality and environment; but the former, since it escapes the observation of physical science, is minimized in favor of the latter. There is an attempt to make environment account for the whole set of phenomena; as though the nature of the crop depended entirely upon the soil and not at all upon the nature of the seed.

In the question of parental transmission the same considerations apply. While it is true that the offspring derives many of its charac-

teristics from its parents, and others from its surroundings, we know that parentage and environment cannot explain everything. There is another factor; and this factor is what corresponds to the seed in our illustration from agriculture. In fact it is the *innate character* of the individual. For of a man's character, part is due to parentage and environment and part is inherent in the individual himself. The character is the resultant of these two components. The influence of this inherent factor is seen in families, where, though all the children have the same parents, the characters may be widely different. We are aware that an attempt is made to explain this fact by saying that the different children have combined the characteristics of the parents in different proportions; but this is not an explanation of the cause, but merely a restatement of the problem in another form.

Into the processes of generation and birth there enter many different factors, each of which calls for study, if we would know the truth and arrive at safe and practical conclusions. Even plants and animals have what may be called *vital souls* or *monads*, which, working behind physical matter, cause it to grow and develop. In the case of man there is still more, for such a process would produce merely an idiot. There is the human Soul, and this has its own character and destiny — its Karma — brought from its previous lives. This Karma is a potent determining influence in heredity, and it operates much more powerfully in some individuals than in others, this depending upon the stage of development which the particular Soul has reached.

The principle of heredity, as defined by most biologists, is incomplete and needs the Theosophical teachings to complete it. It is often wrongly supposed to conflict with the Theosophical teachings, but so far as it conforms to facts it cannot do this. Theosophists may find themselves unable to accept all the speculations of biologists, but they can never have any quarrel with the facts.

In biological and anthropological works, in quasi-scientific or quasi-sociologic novels by immature and frequently morbid thinkers, and to some extent even in stage plays, we see the speculations of theorists brought forward as the basis for proposed social polities; and bad indeed would be our case should such experimenters ever attain the influence they covet. Frightful doctrines regarding marriage and parentage, inhuman suggestions as to the treatment of malefactors and weaklings, and other horrors, now growing familiar,

will readily suggest themselves to the reader. And as these signs spring from a misuse of science, which science itself seems unable to prevent; while no religious organization seems competent to deal with the problem; the importance of teachings which really can tell us something about our own nature is evident. But it is not of new dogmas that we speak; the teachings referred to are of the nature of demonstrations. When anyone is *shown* something which he did not before perceive, and recognizes it for a truth, and makes effectual use of it, then he is satisfied and needs not inquire into its authenticity. The purpose of Theosophy is to *demonstrate* the laws of human nature and nature in general. Its appeal is to the understanding.

INCORRODIBLE BRONZE: by Travers

IT has frequently been maintained that ancient nations, some of whose art-works remain to us, knew secrets in metallurgy which have been lost and not yet recovered by us; and that in this way they were able to make bronze tools as hard as steel, or harder, to make metals which would not corrode, etc. Where one has a wish to prove that ancient races did not possess such knowledge, there is a conflict between theories and facts, resulting in attempts to find an explanation which will solve the dilemma. But where one has no reason for desiring to represent the ancients as not being so endowed, the facts present no difficulty. On the one hand we have monuments of the hardest stone, elaborately engraved with deep and accurate intaglio. On the other hand we know that many ancient civilizations were of extremely long duration, and that surviving offshoots of these great civilizations show a remarkable skill in many arts and industries. There is an *a priori* probability that many processes were known which have not yet been rediscovered; and the fact that these architectural and sculptural remains exist merely increases that probability.

With regard to incorruptible bronze, the following, which is condensed from the *Journal* of the Royal Society of Arts (Britain), is interesting.

Figures of the Buddha are found in the north of Siam in great numbers, on the sites of ancient temples which have been crumbling

for centuries, leaving the figures standing amid the forest trees. The interesting thing about these figures is the perfect condition of the bronze after centuries of exposure to tropical suns and rains.

This bronze is called by the natives "samrit" — the perfect or auspicious alloy — and its composition for a long time remained a secret, until, according to the American Consul at Bangkok, a few years ago the formula was discovered in an old Siamese manuscript belonging to the late King of Siam. The following is a translation:

Take twelve ticals (one tical is equal to one half-ounce avoirdupois) weight of pure tin, melt it at a slow fire, avoiding bringing it to red heat. Pour two ticals weight of quicksilver, stir until the latter has become thoroughly absorbed and amalgamated, then cast the mixture in a mold, forming it into a bar. Take one catty in weight (eighty ticals) of refined copper and melt it; then gradually incorporate with it the amalgam, keeping in the meantime the fused mass well stirred. When this has been done, throw into the crucible a sufficient quantity of ashes obtained from the stems of the *bua-bok* (lotus) creeper so as to cover the molten metal. Remove the dross with an iron ladle. The metal remaining is samrit bronze.

It is surely easy to understand that many such formulas might have been known and never hit upon since. The possibilities in the way of making alloys are endless, especially when it comes to using ingredients or reagents other than metals. It would be strange indeed if an industrious, highly intelligent, and very patient people, working for ages, inspired by enthusiastic motives, should *not* have discovered many things which are unknown to us whose history is so recent and whose records have been so largely concerned with less peaceful arts.

SCIENTIFIC ODDMENTS: by the Busy Bee

THE largest flower in the world is said to be *Rafflesia*, a native of Sumatra. It is composed of five round petals of a brickish color, each measuring a foot across. These are covered with numerous irregular yellowish white swellings. The petals surround a cup nearly a foot wide, the margin of which bears the stamens. The cup is filled with a fleshy disk, the upper surface of which is covered with projections like miniature cows' horns. When empty, the cup will hold about twelve pints. The flower weighs about fifteen pounds, the petals being three-quarters of an inch thick.

QUITE a field of discovery lies open in connexion with photography by invisible light, for it can reveal objects whose existence was not suspected, especially on the moon and other celestial bodies. The photograph is taken through a quartz lens coated with silver, which is impenetrable to visible light but not to ultra-violet rays. White flowers come out black, and a glass porch looks as if made of sheet-iron. A man standing in the sunlight was seen to have no shadow, which shows that the ultra-violet rays do not come directly from the sun but are present in diffused light.

It is often desirable, in delicate scientific measuring, to convey a cool beam of light to a small scale which is to be read; and one clever device for doing this is to send the light along a glass rod. It might be thought that the light would escape through the sides of the rod and that it would therefore be necessary to coat them with some opaque substance; but this is not the case. Light does not pass through glass when it strikes the glass very obliquely. If we look very obliquely at a sheet of glass, we do not see the objects on the other side of it, but we see the reflection of those on the same side as that from which we look; the glass acts as if it were silvered. This is what is known as "total reflection"; and in accordance therewith the beam cannot escape through the sides of the rod. Thus the rod acts like a tube along which the light, as though a fluid, runs; rather a suggestive fact in connexion with currents and transmission generally.

Now that we know of radium emanation, we have a scientific explanation of the difference between natural curative waters when drunk at the spring and the same waters after being bottled and exported. Things may be chemically identical, and yet different — a reflection that should help to prevent us from becoming too dogmatic. This discovery about mineral waters has led to the invention of what may be called "artificial genuine waters"; they are mineral waters artificially impregnated with radium emanation. These have been used curatively with success. Following their use came that of radium baths, and then radium air-baths and radium inhalers. Patients can be put into a room whose air is impregnated with emanation, or they can inhale through a nozzle connected with a bottle. One naturally wonders how many more influences there may be in nature which have not yet been detected, and how many hygienic beliefs are con-

sequently based on imperfect knowledge. What happens to the fresh air after it has been drawn into a building, heated in an apparatus, and distributed? Chemically the same it may be, but it differs a good deal in its effects from the air outside. And there is the question of prepared foods; is it enough that they be chemically the same as the natural product?

THE devising of new luxuries is of doubtful advantage; for not only is luxury itself enervating, but it is often not even achieved, for our needs and susceptibilities increase with their satisfaction.

Soon it will not be necessary to have any circulation in your feet; nor to use warm foot-gear or warm your feet at the fire. The carpet on which you tread will itself be warm; or if it is not, you can make it so in a moment by merely pressing the ubiquitous and indispensable button in the wall. Stoop down and examine this magic carpet; it looks just like any ordinary unpretending piece of floor-furniture. But unravel some of its threads and you will find that they contain that all-pervading nerve of modern life — a wire. Upon a woollen thread is wound a tape made up of fine strands of nickel wire; over this again goes more wool, and so the wire is made invisible and flexible. A cord ending in a plug connects the carpet with the wall or the lighting fixture. One would think there was risk of the carpet going up in a puff of blue smoke; nor is one much reassured by the statement, in a scientific paper, that “when overheated, the resistance rises and cuts down the current, so that an automatic regulating action is given which prevents overheating.” The rise of resistance would increase the quantity of heat generated, whereas the lessening of the current strength would only reduce the quantity of heat in the proportion of the square root of the diminution in current strength.

A NEW method of chemical analysis has been discovered by Sir J. J. Thomson. It makes use of the Crookes vacuum tube, which, as is well known, consists of a glass vessel containing a residuum of air or other gas in a highly rarefied state. A platinum wire is sealed into each end of the tube, each wire connected with an electrode within the tube. A high-potential electric current is transmitted across the rarefied gas, being carried by the particles, which, owing to the rarefaction, have a greater freedom of movement. When these charged particles strike the walls of the tube or an obstacle placed in their

path they produce beautiful luminous effects. Professor Thomson, in his new method of analysis, pierces the negative electrode with a tube of very fine bore, and it is found that the charged particles of gas pass through this tube into the space behind, where they will produce luminosity on a screen in their path. Now, as is known, these particles can be deflected from their straight path and caused to take curved paths by certain electric and magnetic methods. But the amount of deflection so produced varies according to the mass and velocity of the particle. Professor Thompson has so arranged the experiment that the amount of deflection produced in the various particles present is indicated by the spot at which they strike the screen. If they proceeded in a straight path, they would strike the screen in the center; the more they are deflected, the further from the center is the point at which they strike. This affords a means of analysing the composition of the gases present; but it is also necessary to take into account the fact that the amount of deflection depends not only on the mass and velocity of the particles but upon the amount of electric charge they are carrying. But this merely multiplies or divides the results by integral quantities.

It was found by these experiments that no matter what gas was being examined, hydrogen was always present, and also carbon, nitrogen, and mercury; mercury would be likely to be present in the air of a laboratory. In examining marsh gas (CH_4), besides curves corresponding to marsh gas, carbon, and hydrogen, there were found other curves which by calculation would correspond to CH , CH_2 , and CH_3 , compounds which are not known to the chemist and which must be momentary transition stages in the decomposition of marsh gas.

This method of analysis is rapid, can be performed with minute quantities, and is not hindered by the presence of impurities, for these register themselves without interfering with the other elements.

Two prophecies by H. P. Blavatsky in *The Secret Doctrine* were that chemistry and biology were the twin magicians of the coming time, and that it would soon be admitted by men of science that the Occult teaching is true — that every cell, atom, and speck in the universe is alive.

The microscopic germ is every day pushing more to the front and threatening to elbow the mere molecule out of the field. Even familiar chemical reactions will not come off if nothing else but the chemicals concerned is present; there has to be something to start the reaction,

something electrical or who knows what. So we are told. Any day we may expect to hear that the electrons are alive; at any rate they are pretty lively and capable for "dead" things.

Bacteria are not all deadly or even maleficent. There are bacteria that are good for us, necessary for our existence. The human body can be described as made up of minute organisms. Disease means that the destructive ones have prevailed over the constructive; but when there is a proper balance of the two sorts we are healthy.

And now we learn that some of the beneficent bacteria shine — emit light — a sure token of their saintly character! But they do not merely absorb it and give it out again like some chemicals and phosphorescent bodies; they create their own light. "*Fiat Lux*," they say, *et lux fit*. This light, too, is without heat, wherefore it is the most economical light possible. When *we* create light we create with it enough heat to run a hell, and all this represents waste. The most efficient electric filament, it is said, gives only 5% of the energy in the form of light. The luminous bacteria must have a nutritive substance and oxygen. They abound most in sea-water, and on the Pacific Coast the sea at certain seasons is a magnificent spectacle at night, each wave shining with a soft bright light of undefinable colors. But they can be experimented with in the laboratory. *Photobacterium phosphorescens* is obtained from the herring, duly fed and bottled, and can be used to read by. A scientific magazine shows a photograph of a picture of Lord Lister most appropriately illuminated by bacteria which are contained in glass tubes near the picture.

Light has been regarded mainly as a means of vision; but it is evidently more than this. In ancient science it is spoken of as one of the creative powers. In physics we recognize it as among the active transforming forces. We can regard it either as a form of energy or as a form of matter — these amounting to little more than alternative points of view. Behind the various phenomena classed as "light" lies their ultra-physical *cause* — the *being*, the *thing-in-itself*. When we speak of light as illuminating the mind or emanating from the source of inspiration, we are commonly held to be employing a figure of speech, a metaphor. But we might as well turn the matter around and regard the scientific use of the word light as a metaphor.

There are various kinds of light. Moonlight may be mistaken for the light of the sun by some creatures that have not seen the latter; also there are owls and bats which prefer it. Candles prove a source

of destruction to ignorant moths. The lowliest germs, as we see, can emit a certain luminosity; even decaying matter shines. And so there are various kinds of light in the world of mind; but best of all is the sunlight.

Twinkle, twinkle, little germ,
How I wonder why you squirm,
Down among my flesh and blood,
Like a diamond in the mud.

How doth the little busy bug
Improve each shining hour
By causing it to shine some more
With half a candle-power.

Dr. What's-his-name

LINNAEUS AND THE DIVINING-ROD:

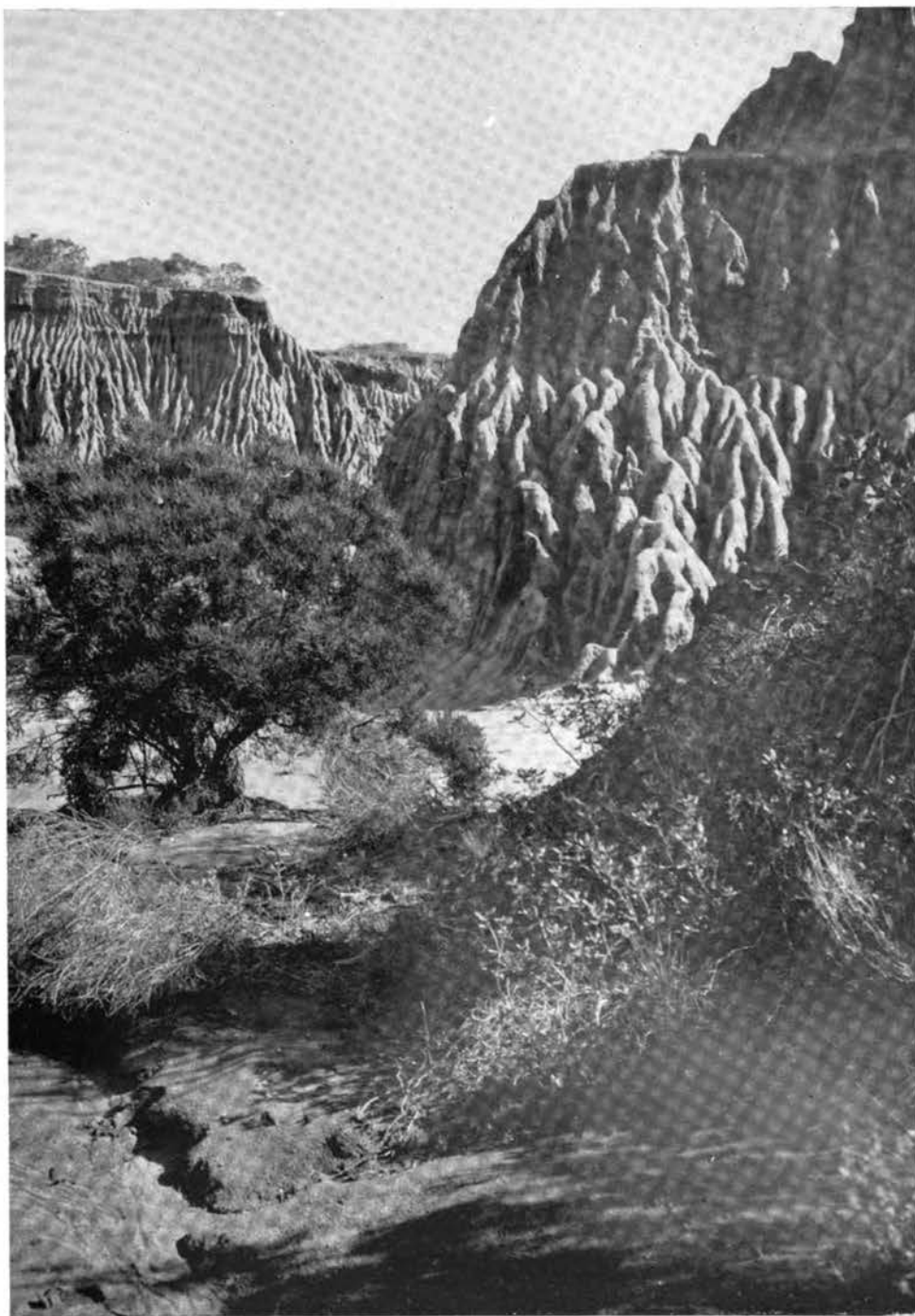
Contributed by P. F.

LINNAEUS in one of his works relates an experience he had in the finding of noble metals by means of the divining-rod, and does it in the simple good-humored way that marks all his writings and makes them such delightful reading. He says:

The divining-rod is a curious contrivance, and people will have us believe that the rod can tell where metals are hidden. Now and again my secretary would take a twig of hazel forked evenly at one end and would amuse the company with it. This happened also at this place, one person concealing his silver snuff-box, another his watch, here and there in the bushes, and in most cases the secretary found them. Now I had never believed in the divining-rod and did not like to hear it mentioned. It provoked me that it should be recommended in this way, and I imagined that my friends and my secretary were in collusion to deceive the company. So going to a large field north of the barn, I cut out a piece of turf, placed my little purse in the hole, and covered it up so carefully that nobody could see the least trace of it. My own mark was a great ranunculus growing near the place, and there was no other tall flower in the whole field. When all was arranged I went back to the company, told them that I had concealed my purse in the field, and asked the secretary to find it with the help of his divining-rod. If he found it, then I would believe in the rod, so sure was I that no mortal but myself knew the place where the money was.

The secretary was delighted with such an opportunity to make me think better of the rod which I used always to ridicule; and the company too were most anxious to watch this master-test. The secretary searched for a long while, a full hour at least, and my host and hostess and I had the pleasure of seeing the rod work in vain; and as we did not get the money back, the rod was held up to ridicule.

At last I repaired to the spot with the intention of recovering my purse, but only to find that our rod-walkers had trampled down all the grass by their perambulations. Not a trace was left of my ranunculus, and I was compelled to search for my money with the same uncertainty as the rod. I felt no inclination



Lomaland Photo. and Engraving Dept.

I. THE HEAD OF A CAÑON, POINT LOMA: A STUDY OF COLOR AND SHADE



Lomaland Photo. and Engraving Dept.

II. ENTRANCE TO A CAÑON, POINT LOMA: A VIEW OF SINGULAR BEAUTY



Lomaland Photo, and Engraving Dept.

III. ANOTHER STRIKING VIEW IN A LOMALAND CAÑON

"Spirit that formed this scene . . .

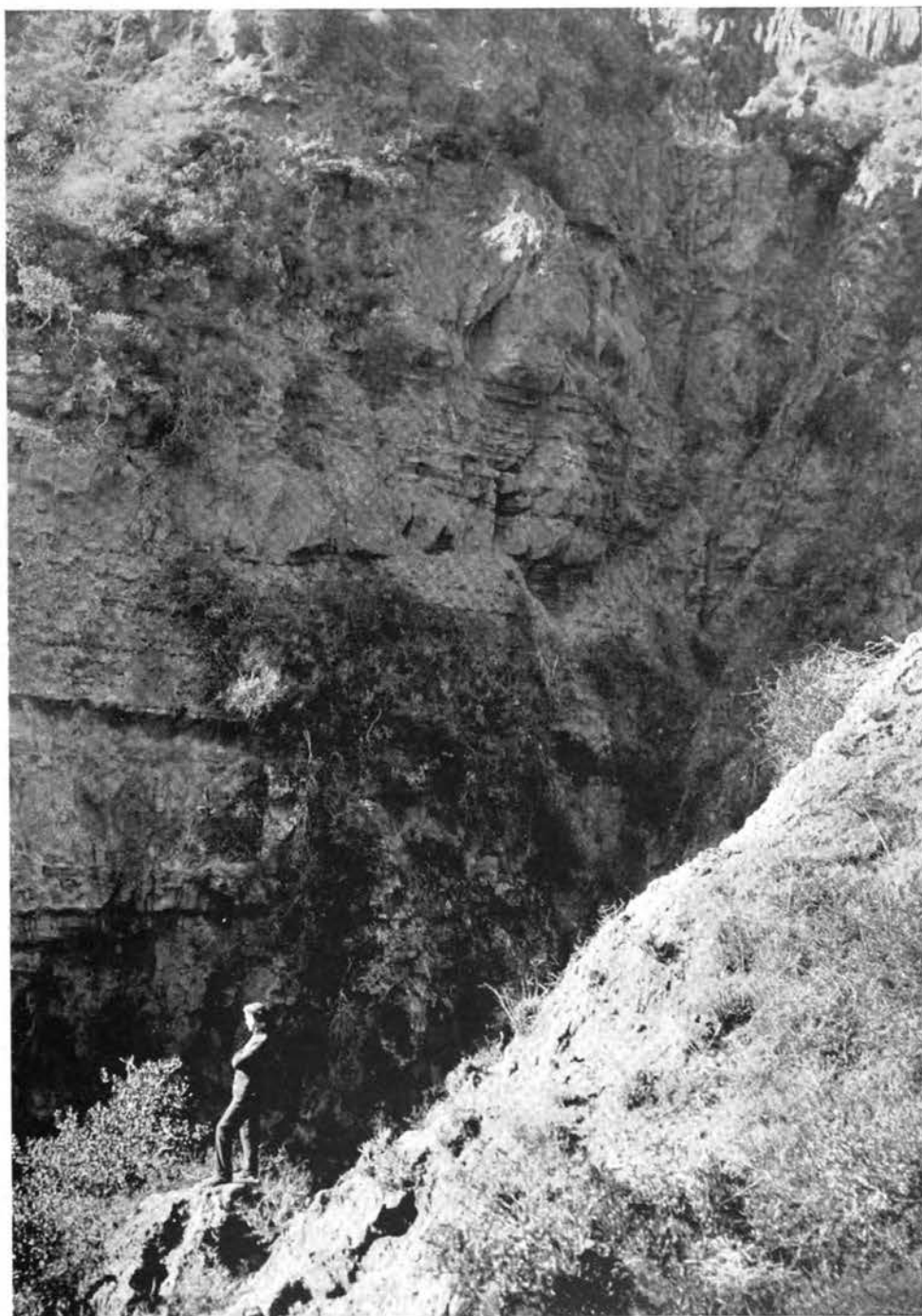
These formless wild arrays, for reasons of their own. . . ."



Lomaland Photo. and Engraving Dept.

IV. WHERE THE CAÑON LEAVES THE DAYLIGHT

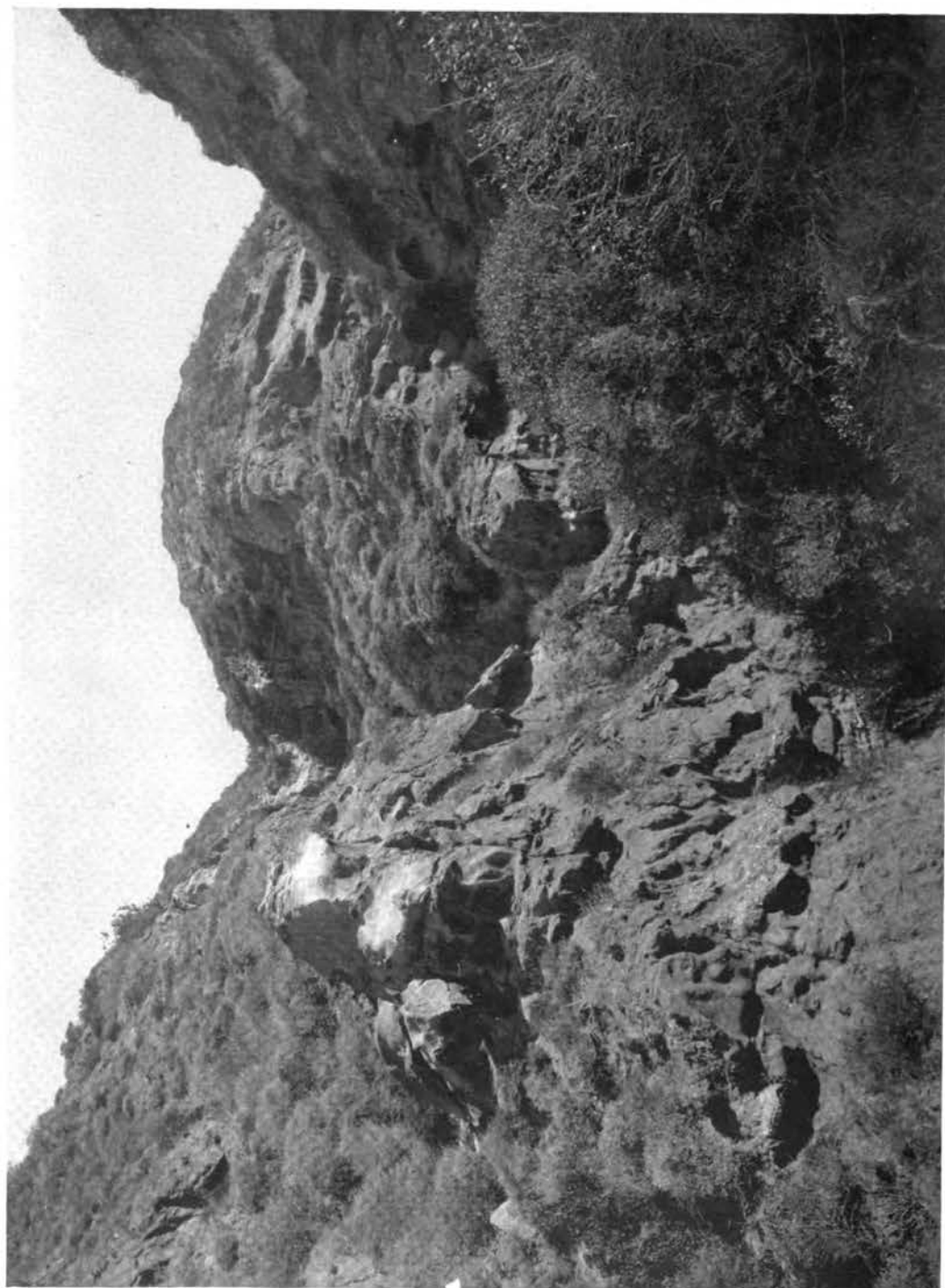
The last glimpse of bay and mountains before descending 150 feet.
At the bottom it is chill and damp, the sky a blue ribbon.



Lomaíand Photo. and Engraving Dept.

V. IN THE HEART OF THE CAÑON

Though too large for the camera, every foot of the rock's surface
is interesting and beautiful to the eye.



Lomaland Photo. and Engraving Dept.

VI. A CAÑON, POINT LOMA; VIEW FROM ABOVE

to bet a hundred crowns on the rod, for all of us were engaged in a vain search which provoked both irritation and amusement. Finally I had to give it up, but the baron and the secretary asked me to tell them the place approximately, which I did. The wicked rod, however, refused to strike and pointed to a place right opposite. Finally, when all of us were tired of it, and I most of all, the secretary stopped at a place quite far from the one I had indicated, saying that if the purse was not there it would be useless to try to tell the place. I did not care to seek, as it was not at all in this direction that I had (as I thought) placed the purse. But Baron Oxenstjerna lay down upon the ground and put his fingers around the little piece of turf where the money was lying!

Thus the rod was right that time, and gave me back the money I should otherwise have lost. This is fact. If I see more such instances, I suppose I must believe what I do not want to believe. For it is quite different from the magnet and attraction between iron and iron; that a hazel twig can tell me the place where noble metals are—to that neither our outer nor our inner senses consent. Still I am not settled as to the divining-rod; yet I will not venture to bet as many crowns on it another time.

LOMALAND CAÑONS: by W. J. Renshaw



POINT LOMA is an age-old peninsula at the extreme south of southern California, close to the Mexican border, "Table" and "Tent" mountains in old Mexico forming part of the unsurpassable view across San Diego Bay. It is situated between the thirtieth and thirty-fifth parallels of latitude (N.), about half way between the latitudes of Gibraltar and Cairo. It runs within a few points of due south from the mainland and is roughly wedge- or pennant-shaped, its eastern curve forming the western shore of San Diego Bay, its rocky west receiving the impact of "the league-long rollers" of the Pacific. Except on the eastern sand flats there is probably not five hundred yards of the main road along the Point that is either level or straight, but up and down it goes from level to level, winding in and out along the contours of the ridge. From the ridge the sides fall away in slopes, terraces or cliffs. On the flats on the eastern side are Roseville and La Playa and the government coaling station, quarantine station, and military fort. The western side is mainly abrupt cliffs fifty to sixty feet high, affording descent to the shore in few places, and hollowed with caves.

The major surface formation of Point Loma is a friable sandstone containing clays, gypsum, marls, pebbles, and a curious reddish

iron nodule varying in size from a small pea to a large marble. This occurs in great quantities and is apparently of igneous origin, though whether volcanic or meteoric is not known.

On both sides of the ridge deep cañons have been washed out by the rains and here and there are irregular amphitheaters as if a former cave had fallen in. Such a spot is shown in illustration No. I, the characteristic washing of the adobe face of the break being very picturesque, giving wonderful light and shade and color effects in the brilliant sunshine. The prevailing color is a rich brown, shading from gold to red, which seems to complement the intense blue of the sky. The shrubs and vines add every gradation and "tone" of green. Wild flowers, ferns, and cacti abound in these cañons, and many of the shrubs are aromatic, not only beautiful to the eye when in bloom, but a fragrant balsam to the sense of smell. Large owls and hawks nest in inaccessible places, living on the prolific smaller fauna; and a large tufted-eared wild cat has been met with.

The cañons on the west side are tame and uninteresting compared with those on the east. Here many a delightful outing can be had, with a spice of adventure in negotiating difficult ascents and descents, needing agility and a quick strong frame and muscles; or, if one does not possess such, the help of those who do. In some of the most difficult places niches have been cut with a hatchet, making the climb fairly easy.

Every few yards the character of these cañons alters, revealing views of the most varied beauty. One such is shown in illustration No. II, the entrance to one of the cañons: the silver sand of the bottom, the varied greens of the scrub, the rich red-gold-brown of the cliffs with the green chaparral peeping over, all flooded with golden sunshine almost palpitating with vibrant life, and over all the bluest blue sky, make a feast of color which must be seen to be appreciated. Or again, as in illustration No. III, there is rugged and savage grandeur recalling Whitman's words:

Spirit that formed this scene
These tumbled rock-piles grim and red
.
.
.
These formless wild arrays, for reasons of their own
I know thee savage spirit—we have communed together.

Many of the finest views cannot be photographed because they recede deep, deep out of the light of day. This can be seen by the

center foreground of illustration No. IV, the detail of which is quite lost in a veritable yawning gulf. Here one catches the last glimpse of the bay and the distant mountains before descending in five or six stages some one hundred and fifty or two hundred feet. At the bottom it is so narrow that one has to work his way along sideways. It is damp and chill and earthy down there, the sky a narrow ribbon of blue away up, and one emerges later feeling like an emancipated troglodyte.

Or as shown in illustration No. V — which is a view of the rock face on the right-hand side of No. IV, about half-way down — the scene is too large for the camera, while every foot of it is interesting and beautiful to the eye: “no jutty, frieze, buttress nor coign of vantage” but hath its festoon of vines, clump of ferns, or mass of wild flowers, while the flat rock is stained and mottled with lichens — sage green, old gold, brown, red; and only in such a place could mere light and shade work such magic: fairy towers, demon caves, faces in the rock — grotesque, fantastic, weird, beautiful, majestic, are the tricks of sunshine in this miniature cataclysmic playground of nature.

The cañons are full of surprises. At one place — a winding defile between bare rocks, just wide enough for *one* to scramble through — the members of a party while near enough to converse, are invisible to each other because of the sudden turnings and doublings of the crack every few feet. Some of the cañons open out almost imperceptibly from others. Perhaps a rest will be called on the silver sand of some opening. The older members of the party wish to drink in the beauty of the surroundings. The younger ones work off superfluous energy — scaling the sides, exploring the branchings, or making a toboggan of some thirty feet or so of loose sand-slide. After a while someone will say: “It is time to return.” So we retrace our steps and after proceeding a little way, if there be a newcomer in the party he is likely to say: “I don’t remember this on the way down; it is altogether different.” Being told that it is another cañon, he will say: “*When* did we enter it?”

So we climb up and out again another way, someone perhaps climbing up on another’s shoulders and then hauling the rest up; and within about two hours of starting out we are back home again, braced and exhilarated by the exercise, refreshed and inspired by the unique and varied beauty of these Lomaland cañons.

The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society

Founded at New York City in 1875 by H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge and others

Reorganized in 1898 by Katherine Tingley

Central Office, Point Loma, California

The Headquarters of the Society at Point Loma with the buildings and grounds, are no "Community" "Settlement" or "Colony." They form no experiment in Socialism, Communism, or anything of similar nature, but are the Central Executive Office of an international organization where the business of the same is carried on, and where the teachings of Theosophy are being demonstrated. Midway 'twixt East and West, where the rising Sun of Progress and Enlightenment shall one day stand at full meridian, the Headquarters of the Society unite the philosophic Orient with the practical West.

MEMBERSHIP

In the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society may be either "at large" or in a local Branch. Adhesion to the principle of Universal Brotherhood is the only pre-requisite to membership. The Organization represents no particular creed; it is entirely unsectarian, and includes professors of all faiths, only exacting from each member that large toleration of the beliefs of others which he desires them to exhibit towards his own.

Applications for membership in a Branch should be addressed to the local Director; for membership "at large" to G. de Purucker, Membership Secretary, International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California.

OBJECTS

THIS BROTHERHOOD is a part of a great and universal movement which has been active in all ages.

This Organization declares that Brotherhood is a fact in Nature. Its principal purpose is to teach Brotherhood, demonstrate that it is a fact in Nature, and make it a living power in the life of humanity.

Its subsidiary purpose is to study ancient and modern religions, science, philosophy, and art; to investigate the laws of Nature and the divine powers in man.

H. P. BLAVATSKY, FOUNDESS
AND TEACHER

The present Theosophical Movement was inaugurated by Helena Petrovna Blavatsky in New York in 1875. The original name was "The Theosophical Society." Associated with her were William Q. Judge and others. Madame Blavatsky for a time preferred not to hold any outer official position except that of Corresponding Secretary. But all true students know that Madame Blavatsky held the highest authority, the only real authority which comes of wisdom and power, the authority of Teacher and Leader, the real head,

heart, and inspiration of the whole Theosophical Movement. It was through her that the teachings of Theosophy were given to the world, and without her the Theosophical Movement could not have been.

BRANCH SOCIETIES IN EUROPE AND INDIA

In 1878 Madame Blavatsky left the United States, first visiting Great Britain and then India, in both of which countries she founded branch societies. The parent body in New York became later the Aryan Theosophical Society and HAS ALWAYS HAD ITS HEADQUARTERS IN AMERICA; and of this, William Q. Judge was President until his death in 1896.

It is important to note the following:

In response to the statement published by a then prominent member in India that Madame Blavatsky is "loyal to the Theosophical Society and to Adyar," Madame Blavatsky wrote:

It is pure nonsense to say that "H. P. B. . . . is loyal to the Theosophical Society and to Adyar" (!?). *H. P. B. is loyal to death to the Theosophical CAUSE and those Great Teachers whose philosophy can alone bind the whole of Humanity into one Brotherhood. . . .* The degree of her sympathies with the Theosophical Society and Adyar depends upon the degree of the loyalty of that Society to the CAUSE. Let it break

away from the original lines and show disloyalty in its policy to the cause and the original program of the Society, and H. P. B., calling the T. S. disloyal, will shake it off like dust from her feet.

To one who accepts the teachings of Theosophy it is plain to see that although Theosophy is of no nationality or country but for all, yet it has a peculiar relationship with America. Not only was the United States the birth-place of the Theosophical Society, and the home of the Parent Body up to the present time, but H. P. Blavatsky, the Foundress of the Society, although a Russian by birth, became an American citizen; William Q. Judge, of Irish parentage and birth, also became an American citizen; and Katherine Tingley is American born. America therefore not only has played a unique part in the history of the present Theosophical Movement, but it is plain to see that its destiny is closely interwoven with that of Theosophy; and by America is meant not only the United States or even the North American continent, but also the South American continent, and, as repeatedly declared by Madame Blavatsky, it is in this great Western Hemisphere as a whole, North and South, that the next great Race of humanity is to be born.

MADAME BLAVATSKY FOUNDS THE
ESOTERIC SCHOOL; HER LIFE-LONG TRUST
IN WILLIAM Q. JUDGE

In 1888, H. P. Blavatsky, then in London, on the suggestion and at the request of her Colleague, William Q. Judge, founded the Esoteric School of Theosophy, a body for students, of which H. P. Blavatsky wrote that it was "the heart of the Theosophical Movement," and of which she appointed William Q. Judge as her sole representative in America. Further, writing officially to the Convention of the American Societies held in Chicago, 1888, she wrote as follows:

To William Q. Judge, General Secretary of the American Section of the Theosophical Society:

My dearest Brother and Co-Founder of the Theosophical Society:

In addressing to you this letter, which I request you to read to the Convention, summoned for April 22nd, I must first present my hearty congratulations and most cordial good wishes to the Society and yourself—the heart and soul of that body in America. We were several to call it to life in 1875. Since then you have remained alone to preserve that life through good and evil report. It is to you chiefly, if not entirely, that the Theosophical Society owes its existence in 1888. Let me thank you for it, for the first, and perhaps for the last time publicly, and from the bottom of my heart, which beats only for the cause you represent so well and serve so faithfully. I ask you also to remember that on this important occasion, my voice is but the feeble echo of other more sacred voices, and the transmitter of the approval of Those whose presence is alive in more than one true Theosophical heart, and lives, as I know, pre-eminently in yours.

This regard that Madame Blavatsky had for her colleague William Q. Judge continued undiminished until her death in 1891, when he became her successor.

Madame Blavatsky, in 1889, writing in her Theosophical magazine published in London, said that the purpose of the magazine was not only to promulgate Theosophy, but also and as a consequence of such promulgation, "to bring to light the hidden things of darkness." She further says:

As to the "weak-minded Theosophists"—if any—they can take care of themselves in the way they please. IF THE "FALSE PROPHETS OF THEOSOPHY" ARE TO BE LEFT UNTOUCHED, THE TRUE PROPHETS WILL BE VERY SOON—AS THEY HAVE ALREADY BEEN—CONFUSED WITH THE FALSE. IT IS HIGH TIME TO WINNOW OUR CORN AND CAST AWAY THE CHAFF. The Theosophical Society is becoming enormous in its numbers, and if the *false* prophets, the pretenders, or even the weak-minded dupes, are left alone, then the Society threatens to become very soon a fanatical body split into three hundred sects—like Protestantism—each hating the other, and all bent on destroying the truth by monstrous exaggerations and idiotic schemes and shams.

We do not believe in allowing the presence

of *sham* elements in Theosophy, because of the fear, forsooth, that if even "a false element in the faith" is *ridiculed*, the latter is "apt to shake the confidence" in the whole.

... What *true* Christians shall see their co-religionists making fools of themselves, or disgrace their faith, and still abstain from rebuking them publicly as privately, for fear lest this *false* element should throw out of Christianity the rest of the believers?

THE WISE MAN COURTS TRUTH; THE FOOL, FLATTERY.

However it may be, let rather our ranks be made thinner, than the Theosophical Society go on being made a spectacle to the world through the exaggerations of some fanatics, and the attempt of various *charlatans* to profit by a ready-made program. These, by disfiguring and adapting Occultism to their own filthy and immoral ends, bring disgrace upon the whole movement. — *Lucifer*, Vol. iv, pp. 2 & 3

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE ELECTED PRESIDENT FOR LIFE

In 1893 there openly began what had been going on beneath the surface for some time, a bitter attack ostensibly against William Q. Judge, but in reality also against H. P. Blavatsky. This bitter attack threatened to disrupt the whole Society and to thwart the main purpose of its existence, which was to further the cause of Universal Brotherhood. Finally the American members decided to take action, and at the annual convention of the Society held in Boston in 1895, by a vote of 191 delegates to 10, re-asserted the principle of Theosophy as laid down by H. P. Blavatsky, and elected William Q. Judge President for life. Similar action was almost immediately taken by members in Europe, Australia, and other countries, in each case William Q. Judge being elected President for life. In this action the great majority of the active members throughout the world concurred, and thus the Society was relieved of those who had joined it for other purposes than the furtherance of Universal Brotherhood, the carrying out of the Society's other objects, and the spiritual freedom and upliftment of Humanity.

A few of these in order to curry favor with the public and attract a following, continued among themselves to use the name of Theosophy, but it should be understood that they *are not connected with the Theosophical Movement*.

KATHERINE TINGLEY SUCCEEDS

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE

One year later, in March 1896, William Q. Judge died, leaving as his successor Katherine Tingley, who for several years had been associated with him in the work of the Society. This Teacher not only began immediately to put into actual practice the ideals of Theosophy as had been the hope and aim of both H. P. Blavatsky and William Q. Judge, and for which they had laid the foundations, thus honoring and illustrating the work of her illustrious predecessors, but she also struck a new keynote, introducing new and broader plans for uplifting humanity. For each of the Teachers, while continuing the work and building upon the foundations of his predecessor, adds a new link, and has his own distinctive work to do, and teachings to give, belonging to his own time and position.

No sooner had Katherine Tingley begun her work as successor, than further attacks, some most insidious, from the same source as those made against H. P. Blavatsky and William Q. Judge, as well as from other sources, were inaugurated against her. Most prominent among those thus attacking Katherine Tingley were some referred to by Madame Blavatsky in the article above-quoted (pp. 159-60), who by their own actions had removed themselves from the ranks of the Society. There were also a few others who still remained in the Society who had not joined hands with the disintegrators at the time the latter were repudiated in 1895. These now thought it to their personal advantage to oppose the Leader and sought to gain control of the Society and use

it for political purposes. These ambitious agitators, seeking to exploit the Society for their own ends, used every means to overthrow Katherine Tingley, realizing that she was the greatest obstacle to the accomplishment of their desires, for if she could be removed they expected to gain control. They worked day and night, stooping almost to any means to carry out their projects. Yet it seemed that by these very acts, i. e., the more they attacked, the more were honest and earnest members attracted to the ranks of the Society under Katherine Tingley's leadership.

KATHERINE TINGLEY GIVES SOCIETY
NEW CONSTITUTION
SOCIETY MERGES INTO BROADER FIELD

To eliminate these menacing features and to safeguard the work of the Theosophical Movement for all time, Katherine Tingley presented to a number of the oldest members gathered at her home in New York on the night of January 13th, 1898, a new Constitution which she had formulated for the more permanent and broader work of the Theosophical Movement, opening up a wider field of endeavor than had heretofore been possible to students of Theosophy. One month later, at the Convention of the Society, held in Chicago, February 18th, 1898, this Constitution was accepted by an almost unanimous vote, and the Theosophical Society merged itself into the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society. In this new step forward, she had the heartiest co-operation and support of the vast majority of the members throughout the world.

THEOSOPHY IN PRACTICE

It is of interest here to quote our Teacher's own words regarding this time. In an article published in *The Metropolitan Magazine*, New York, October, 1909, she says:

Later, I found myself the successor of William Q. Judge, and I began my heart

work, the inspiration of which is partly due to him.

In all my writings and associations with the members of the Theosophical Society, I emphasized the necessity of putting Theosophy into daily practice, and in such a way that it would continuously demonstrate that it was the redeeming power of man. More familiarity with the organization and its workers brought home to me the fact that there was a certain number of students who had in the early days begun the wrong way to study Theosophy, and that it was becoming in their lives a death-like sleep. I noticed that those who followed this line of action were always alarmed at my humanitarian tendencies. WHENEVER I REMINDED THEM THAT THEY WERE BUILDING A COLOSSAL EGOTISM INSTEAD OF A POWER TO DO GOOD, THEY SUBTLY OPPOSED ME. AS I INSISTED ON THE PRACTICAL LIFE OF THEOSOPHY, THEY OPPOSED STILL MORE. They later exerted personal influence which affected certain members throughout the world. It was this condition which then menaced the Theosophical Movement, and which forced me to the point of taking such action as would fully protect the pure teachings of Theosophy and make possible a broader path for unselfish students to follow. Thus the faithful members of the Theosophical Movement would be able to exemplify the charge which Helena Petrovna Blavatsky gave to her pupils, as follows:

"Real Theosophy is altruism, and we cannot repeat it too often. It is brotherly love, mutual help, unswerving devotion to truth. If once men do but realize that in these alone can true happiness be found, and never in wealth, possession or any selfish gratification, then the dark cloud will roll away, and a new humanity will be born upon the earth. Then the Golden Age will be there indeed."

Here we find William Q. Judge accentuating the same spirit, the practical Theosophical life:

"The power to know does not come from book-study alone, nor from mere philosophy, but mostly from the actual practice of altruism in deed, word, and thought; for that practice purifies the covers of the soul and permits the divine light to shine down into the brain-mind."

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS

On February 18, 1898, at the Convention of the Theosophical Society in America, held at Chicago, Ill., the Society resolved, through its delegates from all parts of the world, to enter a larger arena, to widen its scope and to further protect the teachings of Theosophy. Amid most intense enthusiasm the

Theosophical Society was expanded into the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, and I found myself recognized as its leader and official head. The Theosophical Society in Europe also resolved to merge itself into the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, and the example was quickly followed by Theosophical Societies in other parts of the world. The expansion of the original Theosophical Society, which Madame Blavatsky founded and which William Q. Judge so ably sustained, now called the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, gave birth to a new life, and the membership trebled the first year, and ever since that time a rapid increase has followed.

INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS AT POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

In 1900 the Headquarters of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society were removed from New York to Point Loma, California, which is now the International Center of the Theosophical Movement. This Organization is unsectarian and non-political; none of its officers or workers receives any salary or financial recompense.

In her article in *The Metropolitan Magazine* above referred to, Katherine Tingley further says:

The knowledge that Point Loma was to be the World-center of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, which has for its supreme object the elevation of the race, created great enthusiasm among its members throughout the world. The further fact that the government of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society rests entirely with the leader and official head, who holds her office for life and who has the privilege of appointing her successor, gave me the power to carry out some of the plans I had long cherished. Among these was the erecting of the great Homestead Building. This I carefully designed that it might not stand apart from the beautiful nature about it, but in a sense harmonize with the sky, the distant mountains, the broad blue Pacific, and the glorious light of the sun.

So it has been from the first, so that the practical work of Theosophy began at Point Loma under the most favorable circumstances. No one dominated by selfish aims and ambitions was invited to take part in this pioneer work. Although there were scores of workers from various parts of the world uniting their efforts with mine for the up-

building of this world-center, yet there was no disharmony. Each took the duty allotted him and worked trustingly and cheerfully. Many of the world's ways these workers gladly left behind them. They seemed re-born with an enthusiasm that knew no defeat. The work was done for the love of it, and this is the secret of a large part of the success that has come to the Theosophical Movement.

Not long after the establishment of the International Theosophical Headquarters at Point Loma it was plain to see that the Society was advancing along all lines by leaps and bounds. Letters of inquiry were pouring in from different countries, which led to my establishing the Theosophical Propaganda Bureau. This is one of the greatest factors we have in disseminating our teachings. The International Brotherhood League then opened its offices and has ever been active in its special humanitarian work, being the directing power which has sustained the several Râja Yoga schools and academies, now in Pinar del Río, Santa Clara, and Santiago de Cuba, from the beginning. The Aryan Theosophical Press has yearly enlarged its facilities in answer to the demands made upon it through the publication of Theosophical literature, which includes THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH and several other publications. There is the Isis Conservatory of Music and Drama, the Department of Arts and Crafts, the Industrial Department, including Forestry, Agriculture, Roadbuilding, Photo-engraving, Chemical laboratory, Landscape-gardening, and many other crafts.

DO NOT FAIL TO PROFIT BY THE FOLLOWING

CONSTANTLY THE QUESTION IS ASKED, WHAT IS THEOSOPHY, WHAT DOES IT REALLY TEACH? EACH YEAR THE LIFE AND WORK OF H. P. BLAVATSKY AND THE HIGH IDEALS AND PURE MORALITY OF HER TEACHINGS ARE MORE CLEARLY VINDICATED. EACH YEAR THE POSITION TAKEN BY WILLIAM Q. JUDGE AND KATHERINE TINGLEY IN REGARD TO THEIR PREDECESSOR, H. P. BLAVATSKY, IS BETTER UNDERSTOOD, AND THEIR OWN LIVES AND WORK ARE SEEN TO BE ACTUATED BY THE SAME HIGH IDEALS FOR THE UPLIFTING OF THE HUMAN RACE. EACH YEAR MORE AND MORE PEOPLE ARE COMING TO REALIZE THAT NOT ALL THAT GOES UNDER THE NAME OF THEOSO-

PHY IS RIGHTLY SO CALLED, BUT THAT THERE IS A COUNTERFEIT THEOSOPHY AS WELL AS THE TRUE, AND THAT THERE IS NEED OF DISCRIMINATION, LEST MANY BE MISLED.

Counterfeits exist in many departments of life and thought, and especially in matters relating to religion and the deeper teachings of life. Hence, in order that people who are honestly seeking the truth may not be misled, we deem it important to state that the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society is not responsible for, nor is it affiliated with, nor does it endorse, any other society, which, while calling itself Theosophical, is not connected with the International Theosophical Headquarters at Point Loma, California. Having a knowledge of Theosophy, the ancient Wisdom-Religion, we deem it as a sacred trust and responsibility to maintain its pure teachings, free from the vagaries, additions, or misrepresentations of ambitious self-styled Theosophists and would-be teachers. The test of a Theosophist is not in profession, but in action, and in a noble and virtuous life. The motto of the Society is "There is no religion higher than Truth." This was adopted by Madame Blavatsky, but it is to be deeply regretted that there are no legal means to prevent the use of this motto in connexion with counterfeit Theosophy, by people professing to be Theosophists, but who would not be recognized as such by Madame Blavatsky.

It is a regrettable fact that many people use the name of Theosophy and of our Organization for self-interest, as also that of H. P. Blavatsky, the Foundress, and even the Society's motto, to attract attention to themselves and to gain public support. This they do in private and public speech and in publications. Without being in any way connected with the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, in many cases

they permit it to be inferred that they are, thus misleading the public, and honest inquirers are hence led away from the original truths of Theosophy.

The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society welcomes to membership all who truly love their fellow men and desire the eradication of the evils caused by the barriers of race, creed, caste, or color, which have so long impeded human progress; to all sincere lovers of truth and to all who aspire to higher and better things than the mere pleasures and interests of a worldly life, and are prepared to do all in their power to make Brotherhood a living energy in the life of humanity, its various departments offer unlimited opportunities.

The whole work of the Organization is under the direction of the Leader and Official Head, Katherine Tingley, as outlined in the Constitution.

OBJECTS OF THE INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD LEAGUE

1. To help men and women to realize the nobility of their calling and their true position in life.
2. To educate children of all nations on the broadest lines of Universal Brotherhood and to prepare destitute and homeless children to become workers for humanity.
3. To ameliorate the condition of unfortunate women, and assist them to a higher life.
4. To assist those who are or have been in prisons to establish themselves in honorable positions in life.
5. To abolish capital punishment.
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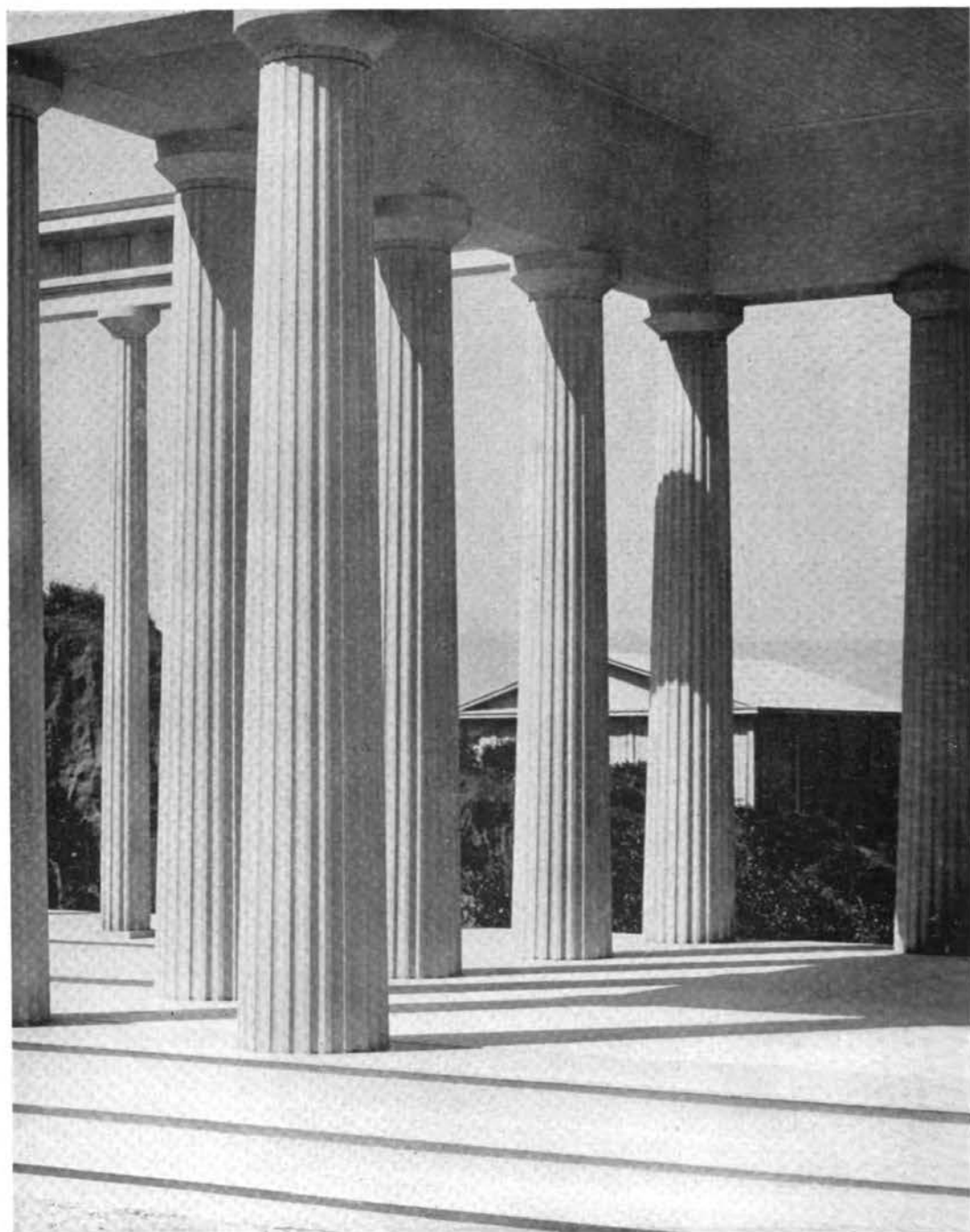
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THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

VOL. I

SEPTEMBER, 1911

NO. 3

THERE is but one Eternal Truth, one universal, infinite and changeless spirit of Love, Truth, and Wisdom, impersonal, therefore, bearing a different name in every nation, one Light for all, in which the whole Humanity lives and moves and has its being. — *H. P. Blavatsky*

THE NEW CYCLE: Extracts from an Article Written by H. P. Blavatsky, the Foundress of the Theosophical Society, for the first number of "La Revue Théosophique," 1889



THE principal aim of our organization, which we are laboring to make a real brotherhood, is expressed in the motto of the Theosophical Society: "There is no religion higher than truth." As an impersonal Society we must be ready to seize the truth wherever we find it, without permitting ourselves more partiality for one belief than for another. This leads directly to a logical conclusion. If we acclaim and receive with open arms all sincere truthseekers, there can be no place in our ranks for the bigot, the sectarian, or the hypocrite, enclosed in Chinese Walls of dogma, each stone bearing the words "No admission." What place indeed could such fanatics occupy in them, fanatics whose religions forbid all inquiry and do not admit any argument as possible, when the mother idea, the very root of the beautiful plant we call Theosophy is known as — absolute and unfettered liberty to investigate all the mysteries of nature, human or divine!

With this exception the Society invites everyone to participate in its activities and discoveries. Whoever feels his heart beat in unison with the great heart of humanity; whoever feels his interests are one with those of every being poorer and less fortunate than himself; every man or woman who is ready to hold out a helping hand to the suffering; whoever understands the true meaning of the word "Ego-

ism"; is a Theosophist by birth and by right. He can always be sure of finding sympathetic souls among us.

We have already said elsewhere, that "Born in the United States the Theosophical Society was constituted on the model of its mother country." That as we know, has omitted the name of God from its Constitution, for fear, said the fathers of the Republic, that the word might one day become the pretext for a state religion: for they desired to grant absolute equality to all religions under the laws, so that each form would support the State, which in its turn would protect them all. The Theosophical Society was founded on that excellent model. . . .

Each Body, like each member, being free to profess whatever religion and to study whatever philosophy it prefers, provided all remain united in the tie of solidarity or Brotherhood, our Society can truly call itself a "Republic of conscience."

Though absolutely free to pursue whatever intellectual occupations please him the best, each member of our Society must, however, furnish some reason for belonging thereto, which amounts to saying that each member must bear his part, small though it be, of mental or other labor for the benefit of all. If one does not work for others one has no right to be called a Theosophist. All must strive for human freedom of thought, for the elimination of selfish and sectarian superstitions, and for the discovery of all the truths that are within the comprehension of the human mind. That object cannot be attained more certainly than by the cultivation of unity in intellectual labors. No honest worker, no earnest seeker can remain empty-handed; and there is hardly a man or woman, busy as they may think themselves, incapable of laying their tribute, moral or pecuniary, on the altar of truth. . . .

In the present condition of the Theosophical history it is easy to understand the object of a Review exclusively devoted to the propagation of our ideas. We wish to open therein new intellectual horizons, to follow unexplored routes leading to the amelioration of humanity; to offer a word of consolation to all the disinherited of the earth, whether they suffer from the starvation of soul or from the lack of physical necessities. We invite all large-hearted persons who desire to respond to this appeal to join with us in this humanitarian work. Each co-worker, whether a member of the Society or simply a sympathizer, can help. We are face to face with all the

glorious possibilities of the future. This is again the hour of the great cyclic return of the tide of mystical thought in Europe. On every side we are surrounded by the ocean of the universal science — the science of Life Eternal — bearing on its waves the forgotten and submerged treasures of generations now passed away, treasures still unknown to the modern civilized races. The strong current which rises from the submarine abysses, from the depths where lie the prehistoric learning and arts swallowed up with the antediluvian Giants — demigods, though with but little of mortality — that current strikes us in the face and murmurs: “That which has been exists again; that which has been forgotten, buried for aeons in the depths of the Jurassic strata may reappear to view once again. Prepare yourselves.”

Happy are those who understand the language of the elements. But where are *they* going for whom the word element has no other meaning than that given to it by physics or materialistic chemistry? Will it be towards well-known shores that the surge of the great waters will bear them, when they have lost their footing in the deluge which is approaching? Will it be towards the peaks of a new Ararat that they will find themselves carried, towards the heights of light and sunshine, where there is a ledge on which to place the feet in safety, or perchance is it a fathomless abyss that will swallow them up as soon as they try to struggle against the irresistible billows of an unknown element?

We must prepare ourselves and study truth under every aspect, endeavoring to ignore nothing, if we do not wish to fall into the abyss of the unknown when the hour shall strike. It is useless to leave it to chance and to await the intellectual and psychic crisis which is preparing, with indifference, if not with crass disbelief, saying that at the worst the flowing tide will drive us all in the course of nature towards the farther shore; for it is far more probable that the tidal wave will cast up nothing but a corpse. The strife will be terrible in any case between brutal materialism and blind fanaticism on the one hand, and philosophy and mysticism on the other — mysticism, that veil of more or less translucency which hides the eternal Truth.

But it is not materialism that will gain the upper hand. Every fanatic whose ideas isolate him from the universal axiom that “There is no religion higher than Truth” will see himself by that very fact rejected, like an unworthy stone, from the Archway called Universal Brotherhood. Tossed by the waves, driven by the winds, reeling in

that element which is so terrible because unknown, he will soon find himself engulfed. . . .

Yes, it must be so, it cannot be otherwise when the chilly and artificial gleam of modern materialism will disappear for want of fuel. Those who cannot form any idea of a spiritual Ego, a living soul and an eternal Spirit within their material shell (which owes its very existence to these principles); those for whom the great hope of an existence beyond the grave is a vexation, merely the symbol of an unknown quantity, or else the subject of a belief *sui generis*, the result of theological and mediumistic hallucinations — these will do well to prepare for the serious troubles the future has in store for them. For from the depths of the dark, muddy waters of materiality which hide from them every glimpse of the horizons of the great Beyond, there is a mystic force rising during these last years of the century. At most it is but the first gentle rustling, but it is a superhuman rustling — “supernatural” only for the superstitious and the ignorant. The spirit of truth is passing over the face of the waters, and in dividing them, is compelling them to disgorge their spiritual treasures. This spirit is a force that can neither be hindered nor stopped. Those who recognize it and feel that this is the supreme moment of their salvation will be uplifted by it and carried beyond the illusions of the great astral serpent. The joy they will experience will be so poignant and intense that if they were not mentally isolated from their body of flesh, the beatitude would pierce them like sharp steel. It is not pleasure that they will experience but a bliss which is a foretaste of the wisdom of the gods, the knowledge of good and evil, of the fruits of the tree of life.

But although the man of today may be a fanatic, a sceptic, or a mystic, he must be well convinced that it is useless for him to struggle against the two moral forces at large today engaged in the supreme contest. He is at the mercy of these two adversaries and there is no intermediary capable of protecting him. It is but a question of choice, whether to let himself be carried along on the wave of mystical evolution, or to struggle against this moral and psychic reaction and so find himself engulfed in the maelstrom of the rising tide. The whole world, at this time, with its centers of high intelligence and humane culture, its political, artistic, literary, and commercial life, is in a turmoil; everything is shaking and crumbling in its movement towards reform. It is useless to shut the eyes, it is useless to hope that anyone can

remain neutral between the two contending forces; the choice is whether to be crushed between them or to become united with one or the other. The man who imagines he has freedom, but who, nevertheless, remains plunged in that seething caldron of foulness called the life of Society — gives the lie in the face of his divine Ego, a lie so terrible that it will stifle that higher self for a long series of future incarnations. All you who hesitate in the path of Theosophy and the occult sciences, who are trembling on the golden threshold of truth — the only one within your grasp, for all the others have failed you one after the other — look straight in the face the great Reality which is offered you. It is only to mystics that these words are addressed, for them alone have they any importance; for those who have already made their choice they are vain and useless. But you Students of Occultism and Theosophy, you well know that a word, old as the world though new to you, has been declared at the beginning of this cycle. You well know that a note has just been struck which has never yet been heard by the mankind of the present era; and that a new thought is revealed, ripened by the forces of evolution. This thought differs from everything that has been produced in the nineteenth century; it is identical, however, with the thought that has been the dominant tone and key-stone of each century, especially the last — absolute freedom of thought for humanity.

Why try to strangle and suppress what cannot be destroyed? Why hesitate when there is no choice between allowing yourselves to be raised on the crest of the spiritual wave to the very heavens beyond the stars and the universes, or to be engulfed in the yawning abyss of an ocean of matter? Vain are your efforts to sound the unfathomable, to reach the ultimate of this wonderful matter so glorified in our century; for its roots grow in the Spirit and in the Absolute, they do not exist, yet they *are* eternally. This constant union with flesh, blood, and bones, the illusion of differentiated matter, does nothing but blind you. And the more you penetrate into the region of the impalpable atoms of chemistry the more you will be convinced that they only exist in your imagination. Do you truly expect to find in material life every reality and every truth of existence? But Death is at everyone's door, waiting to shut it upon a beloved soul that escapes from its prison, upon the soul which alone has made the body a reality; how then can it be that eternal love should associate itself absolutely with ever-changing and ever-disappearing matter?

But you are perhaps indifferent to all such things; how then can you say that affection and the souls of those you love concern you at all, since you do not believe in the very existence of such souls? It must be so. You have made your choice; you have entered upon that path which crosses nothing but the barren deserts of matter. You are self-condemned to wander there and to pass through a long series of similar lives. You will have to be contented henceforth with deliriums and fevers in place of spiritual experiences, of passion instead of love, of the husk instead of the fruit.

But you, friends and readers, you who aspire to something more than the life of the squirrel everlastingly turning the same wheel; you who are not content with the seething of the caldron whose turmoil results in nothing; you who do not take the deaf echoes of the dead past for the divine voice of truth; prepare yourselves for a future of which you have hardly dared to dream unless you have at least taken the first few steps on the way. For you have chosen a path, although rough and thorny at the start, that soon widens out and leads you to the divine truth. You are free to doubt while you are still at the beginning of the way, you are free to decline to accept on hearsay what is taught respecting the source and the cause of truth, but you are always able to hear what its voice is telling you, and you can always study the effects of the creative force coming from the depths of the unknown. The arid soil upon which the present generation of men is moving at the close of this age of spiritual dearth and of purely material satisfaction, has need of a divine symbol, of a rainbow of hope to rise above its horizon. For of all the past centuries our Nineteenth has been the most criminal. It is criminal in its frightful selfishness, in its scepticism which grimaces at the very idea of anything beyond the material; in its idiotic indifference to all that does not pertain to personal egotism — more than any of previous centuries of ignorant barbarism or intellectual darkness. Our century must be saved from itself before its last hour strikes. This is the moment for all those to act who see the sterility and folly of an existence blinded by materialism and ferociously indifferent to the fate of the neighbor; now is the time for them to devote all their energies, all their courage to the great intellectual reform. This reform can only be accomplished by Theosophy we say, by the Occultism of the Wisdom of the Orient. The paths that lead to it are many; but the Wisdom is one. Artistic souls foresee it, those who suffer dream of it, the pure in heart know it.

Those who work for others cannot remain blinded to its reality, though they may not recognize it by name. Only light and empty minds, egotistical and vain drones, confused by their own buzzing will remain ignorant of the supreme ideal. They will continue to exist until life becomes a grievous burden to them.

This is to be distinctly remembered, however: these pages are not written for the masses. They are neither an appeal for reforms, nor an effort to win over to our views the fortunate in life; they are addressed solely to those who are constitutionally able to comprehend them, to those who suffer, to those who hunger and thirst after some Reality in this world of Chinese Shadows. And for those, why should they not show themselves courageous enough to leave their world of trifling occupations, their pleasures above all and their personal interests, at least as far as those interests do not form part of their duty to their families or others? No one is so busy or so poor that he cannot create a noble ideal and follow it. Why then hesitate in breaking a path towards this ideal, through all obstacles, over every stumbling-block, every petty hindrance of social life, in order to march straight forward until the goal is reached?

Those who would make this effort would soon find that the "strait gate" and the "thorny path" lead to the broad valleys of the limitless horizons, to that state where there is no more death, because one has regained one's divinity. But the truth is that the first conditions necessary to reach it are a disinterestedness, an absolute impersonality, a boundless devotion to the interests of others, and a complete indifference to the world and its opinions. The motive must be absolutely pure in order to make the first steps on that ideal path; not an unworthy thought must attract the eyes from the end in view, not one doubt must shackle the feet. There do exist men and women thoroughly qualified for this whose only aim is to dwell under the Aegis of their divine Nature. Let them, at least, take courage to live the life and not conceal it from the eyes of others! The opinion of no other person should be taken as superior to the voice of conscience. Let that conscience, developed to its highest degree, guide us in the control of all the ordinary acts of life. As to the conduct of our inner life, we must concentrate the entire attention on the ideal we have proposed to ourselves, and look straight ahead without paying the slightest attention to the mud upon our feet.

Those who make this supreme effort are the true Theosophists.

RECENT CONFIRMATION OF H. P. BLAVATSKY'S TEACHINGS ABOUT ANCIENT CONTINENTS AND RACES: by H. T. Edge, B. A. (Cantab.)



THE *London Times' South American Supplement* (May 30) contains the first half of an article on the ancient people of Peru, in which the writer speaks of the gigantic works in masonry wrought by a people who lived there ages before the Incas. Being on the wrong side of the Andes for fertility, these people built the enormous irrigation systems which still exist; and the writer asks why they did not cross the Andes to the well-watered slopes and plains on the east. The extent to which they had explored their own country and its mountain heights proves that the other country should have been within their grasp. Yet they took all this trouble to make the western slopes fertile.

The answer given is — that in those days perhaps there *was* no land to the east of the Andes.

The writer then goes on to speak of the ancient continental distribution of land, of Atlantis, of the connexion between South America and Australasia, etc., in a way that is now growing familiar. People whose opinions are of weight are coming to see that the true explanation of the ancient American civilizations, as well as those of such isolated spots as Easter Island, with its marvelous statues, is to be sought along these lines. At the same time the subject has afforded a fertile field for cranks and others who pin their various fads or new gospels thereto. The latter, however, cannot last, but the truth is eternal. The myths will be exploded, but the actual facts as to past history will be proved.

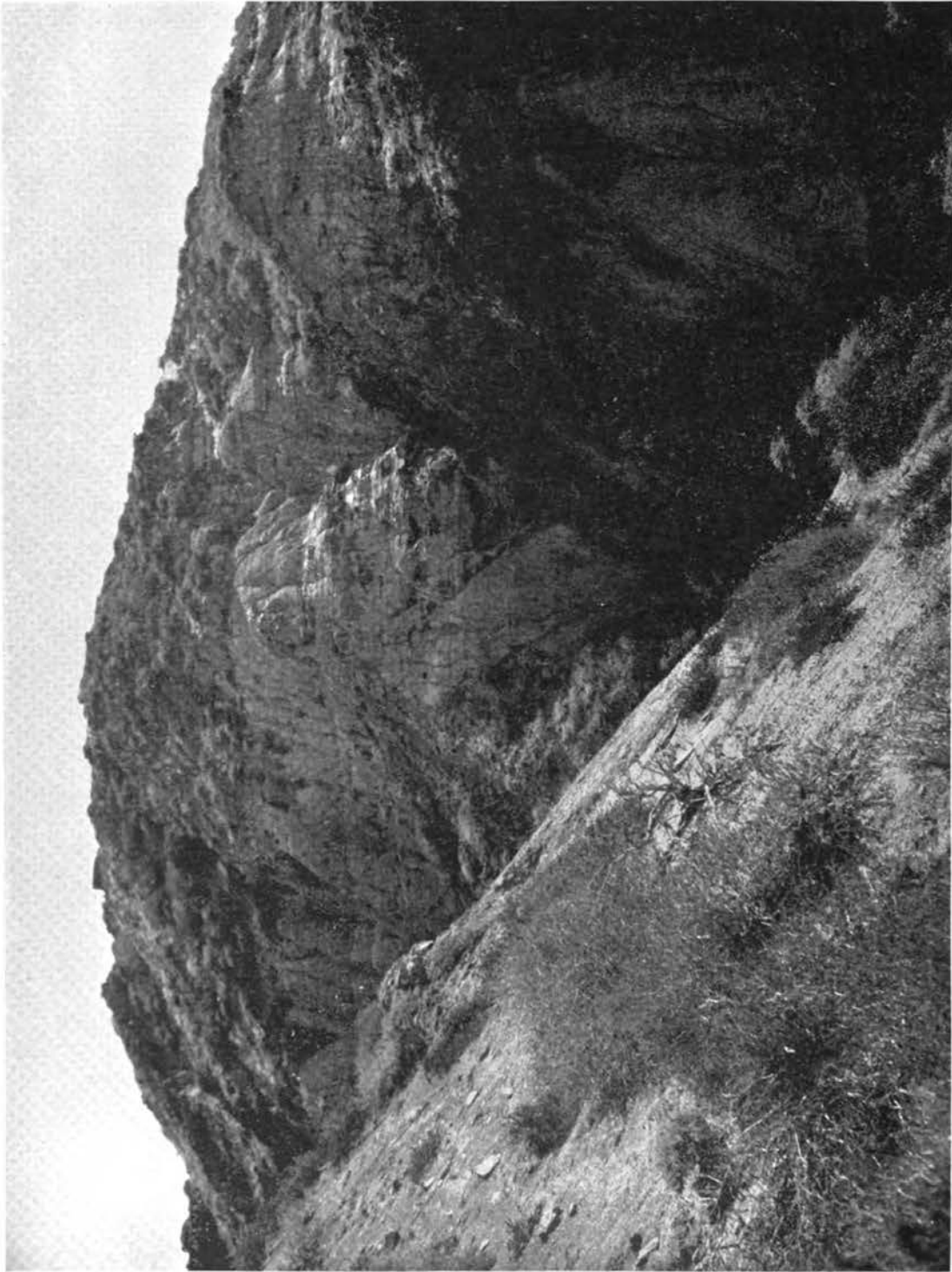
In *The Secret Doctrine* H. P. Blavatsky sums up all the available speculation and information on the subject of these ancient continents and weaves it into consistency by applying to it the keys of the Wisdom-Religion. There is little doubt that her writings have contributed largely, in more or less direct ways, to many of the other published utterances on the question.

It is maintained, and with reason, by Theosophists, that the statements of H. P. Blavatsky refer to actual facts and must therefore one day be verified. The history of discovery and speculation since she wrote has already done much to confirm this conviction. But as her teachings with regard to the ancient continents are inseparably bound up with her statements as to the ancient races of mankind, and indeed

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LOOKING EASTWARD OVER PART OF THE GROUNDS OF
THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA





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LOMALAND CAÑON AND HILLSIDE

with the Theosophical teachings in general, it follows that these also will be confirmed.

The great importance of this enlarged knowledge about the human race and its history is that it so enlarges and ennobles our view of human life. Before the light of knowledge all narrow dogmas fade away. The errors of theology, the mistakes of scientific theory, our inadequate sociological ideas — all these must fade in the light which will be shed when the Theosophical teachings are more fully recognized. And all this remarkable progress in archaeology may be welcomed as one of the signs.

The publication to which reference has been made speaks of other countries of South America, but seems unable to do so without mentioning their antiquities. The Aztecs of Mexico, the Aymarás of Peru, come in for notice. The ancient people of Peru present analogies to the Egyptians, Babylonians, Indian peoples, Polynesians, and Malays, it is said; and some writers have theories about their connexion with Jews and Chinese. It is easy to see that speculation, left to itself, runs amuck among the theories.

The same writer, Comyns Beaumont, concludes his article on the ancient Peruvians in the issue for June 27, and says that:

Central America, as the "Enterprise" or "Easter Divide," a large submarine ridge, indicates, was connected to the Pacific Continent. On the other side Central America was connected in the East with the Mediterranean by another continental mass that spread across the Atlantic Ocean, and of which today the Antilles, Azores, Canaries, and the Atlas Mountains in Morocco are the existing remains. Peru also was a member of this vast continental system. Apart from the evidence of geological strata, confirmation of this is obtained from the study of sea fauna. The marine deposits of Peru, Chile, and Ecuador belong to the same genus as those of Central America, and to find the corresponding genus elsewhere one must search in the Mediterranean. Precisely, therefore, as Europe, Asia, and Africa possess a continuous land connexion, at the epoch when the Peruvians were in the forefront of civilization there existed a world which comprised the regions of the Mediterranean (then very different from nowadays), the lost Atlantic Continent, Central America, and Peru, and the lost Pacific Continent which embraced lands not only in the Pacific Ocean, but continued to where the Indian Ocean now washes the shores of Africa, India, and Mesopotamia.

Thus a step is made in the fulfilment of H. P. Blavatsky's prophecy that the present century would witness a recognition of many of the teachings she outlined in her writings.

But there is still much to be done. And not the least important

point is to distinguish carefully between the "Sons of Light" and the "Sorcerers" among the mighty men of these perished lands. There was a true Wisdom and a false knowledge; and H. P. Blavatsky never fails to discriminate between those who preserved the light and those who fell into darkness. The Easter Island statues, for instance, she describes as resembling the sensual type of the Atlantean sorcerers rather than that of the "Buddhas" (so-called) of the Bamian colossi. The writer in the *Times Supplement* calls the Easter Island statues "Turanian," employing thereby such familiar classifications as he finds to hand; and in any case he distinguishes them from that higher type loosely designated by the term "Aryan." This "Turanian" type he finds also in Chaldaea, India, Central America, etc., and alludes to their habit of building pyramids.

Finally he shows how inadequate are the speculations of many anthropologists as to the antiquity of man. Human bones disintegrate after a comparatively short time; so that the few we find are such as have been accidentally preserved. And these ancient civilizations tend to disprove the conventional theories of human evolution — which theories, however, change from year to year.

THE ORIGIN AND NATURE OF FOLK-MUSIC, as Exemplified in the Welsh National Melodies : by Kenneth Morris



G
 GREAT attention is being paid nowadays to the collecting of old folk-songs in such countries as Ireland, Wales, and England; and there has been much discussion raised as to the nature and origin of a folk-song, properly so called. The subject is one of considerable interest, because it leads one to a point where the known and visible things melt away, and forces and influences of a deeper nature are at work. These may be called spiritual and formative; there is a hand guiding, but no one can see any hand; there is a creative mind at function, but it is not the mind of any human being.

In Wales one can still see the genuine folk-song coming into being; one can still watch, more or less, the processes incidental to its birth. In that country, poetry was never held to be a mere string of words that you could repeat as if you were reading an article from the newspaper; conversational methods of utterance are kept for conversation,

or for the lower levels of prose, and there is a peculiar chant used for verse. The poem is born with a music of its own; and if it have no such music innate in it, and inseparable from its words, then for all its rhymes and scansion it is no poetry. So in speaking their poems the bards give full value to this music, using a kind of chant which is called "*hwyl*." The word means simply "sail"; the idea being that the inner music of the poem swells and extends and drives along the words, as the wind will fill and drive the sails of a ship. The method is perfectly natural; the least introduction of artificiality into it is absolutely damning: there you would get the desolating thump, thump, thump, of the motor boat instead of the free flow of the winds of heaven.

As regards the musical scale, this *hwyl* is mainly monotonous; there is another kind or direction of scale in it, depending on the varying vowel sounds, which, though you chant them upon one musical note, have a certain rise and fall in them proper to themselves. If one imagines the scale of *do, re, mi, fa*, and the rest as being in a vertical line; then this scale of *a, e, i, o, oo*, etc., would fall horizontally; we can think of no better way of making a likeness for it. The richness of the vowels will make the music, and therefore the poetry. One can see this by comparing two lines, both popularly supposed to be poetry.

I am monarch of all I survey;

there is no music in that, and if one should attempt to put the *hwyl* into it, he would be guilty of the sin of untruth, which is the greatest of the crimes against poetry, according to the ancient doctrine of the bards.

I saw Osirian Egypt kneel adown

And one would be guilty of the same sin, should one repeat that lifelessly, and without the *hwyl* that existed around the mind of Keats before the line took verbal form, and out of which magical and alchemic element it was precipitated.

The bard, then, chants his poem, and the words are noted down, and pass from mouth to mouth; and as they pass, the horizontal scale takes on gradually some coloring of the vertical scale, and the chant becomes more and more a tune. The process is natural, and dependent upon no brain-mind; no composer gets to work upon it, and no one inserts in it consciously any ideas of his own. The Dorian mode,

which (we quote from Mrs. Mary Davies, an authority on Welsh music) has a minor third as well as a minor seventh; and the Aeolian or *la* mode, in which the third as well as the sixth and seventh are minor, are still largely in use in Wales; and we believe that these two modes represent a stage in the passing of the chanted poem, or the chant of the poem, into the full-fledged folk-tune. For one will sometimes hear an air which, in the printed collections is given in the arbitrary modern major or minor scales, sung a little differently, according to these older modes; and it would appear that all or nearly all the well-known Welsh national tunes have passed through such or similar stages.

It is here worthy of note that the Welsh *hwyl* — which is used not only in poetry, but in all the higher levels of prose as well, particularly in pulpit rhetoric — is not found, we believe, elsewhere in Europe, at any rate as a popular custom (for all poets *chant* and do not *say* their verses); but it is to be heard in Morocco, along the coast of Northern Africa, in Arabia, Persia, and throughout the East; where also certain of these older modes of music, such as the Dorian, are said to be in vogue to some extent. We imagine that the chant and the music-modes both vary as they go eastward; but it is a gradual growth or differentiation, not an abrupt change. The Persian poet, chanting his Hafiz, and the Welsh preacher, giving out the hymn, have much more in common with each other than either has with the modern conventional drawing-room reciter.

And then there is the national air, the last stage in the growth of that which began with some village bard's arrangement of his deep vowels and diphthongs. Long ago the words were forgotten, or lost all connexion with the tune they gave birth to; because at a certain stage the harpers took the tune up, and sang whatever words to it they might make up for the occasion. Such a tune as *All through the Night*, for example, would set out with such and such a bard on his wanderings. He would come to a wedding, and play it there, singing extempore verses to it filled full of joy and merriment. Then he would come to a house where there might be one newly dead; and his tune would again be called for; now it would be a dirge laden with mystical wailing and the joy that hides behind wailing. At the village fair it would appear as a dance; in the house of the warward chieftain it would ring and clamor with all the pomp and surging and uplift of the old wild, Quixotic, ridiculous wars. There would be different

songs for it on each occasion; one hardly troubled much with the preservation of them, for song was a thing that a gentleman could call upon himself for at any time. Why keep the songs you sang today, when tomorrow you would surely sing other songs as good? Poetry was of all things the cheapest and most general where every other man, as you might say, was a poet.

One hears this kind of thing at the present day. Very few of the Welsh national tunes have any traditional words to them. If there is any special song attached to this tune or that, it will probably be the work of Ceiriog, who may be called the Robert Burns of Wales, or of some individual bard in the last two or three centuries, who sang such and such words to the tune on such an occasion, or in whose tragic or amusing history those words and that tune blended were pivotal, and have passed into a popular tradition.

Generally speaking, the words sung to all these airs are what are called *Pennillion* — *hen bennillion*, old verses; a kind of traditional folk-poetry arising no one knows from whom, and commemorating popular wisdom, historical events, personal peculiarities and eccentricities of long dead countryside celebrities, the beauties and delights of this or that locality, and so on. There will be war-songs, love-songs, dance-songs, dirges and nature-songs; a pennill on the three best dancers of Wales, and a pennill on the three prized things of three neighboring villages: the yews of Bettws, the bridge at Llandeilo, the sacred well at Llandebie. Unnumbered are these pennillion; perhaps more many than the tunes themselves to which they may be sung.

II

THE old Welsh choirs and singing-parties — and they still do it, though of course foreign music, both the work of the great composers and the ribald stuff of the music halls, is making grand inroads — the old choirs would delight to take such and such a tune for the work of their evening, and sing song after song to it, now a dance, now a war-song, and now a dirge, one after the other; and whichever kind of song they might be singing, you would say that that tune was composed as, and could inevitably be, only suitable for that. You would say that, of course, by its very structure it would be impossible for it to be anything but martial; there was the very pride and beat of war in it; no blood could keep still, no feet forget to march at the sound of it. And then you would change your mind, and know that it could

never be anything but a dirge; there as obviously the whole secret of sorrow in it; you were at one, hearing it, with everyone who might be mourning for their dearest dead; and you too, with them, were initiated into marvelous hopes and superhuman certainties and joy — carried out of time wherein men die, into that timelessness wherein they neither die nor are born. And that too would pass, and the singers would bring you into careless summer-evening merriment, and for the life of you, there was no keeping your feet from the shaking and wandering of dance.

One hears the multifold music of the world; the innumerable rhythms and variations of melody; combinations and intricacies many as the thoughts in the minds of terrestrial beings. And of those thoughts themselves, there will be all manner of ranks and no democratic equality. Some will be clansmen, so to say, in the house of merriment, others in the house of grief; mere commonalty of the mind, wearing at any time all the badges of their clan. These are cheap, every-day wayfarers, and stir the same emotion, or bring the same colorlessness, into whatever mind they may enter and whenever they may enter it. Others will be chieftains and tribal leaders, entering with greater circumstance, and imposing a larger subjection. Good or evil, they too bear always their own colors; grief will be grief and joy will be joy; love will be love, and hatred never anything but hatred, of the emotions that follow in their train.

But there are some few archetypal thoughts that you cannot so docket and always rely upon. They are the kings and high bards, standing beyond the limitations of tribe and sept. They will come in what insignia and royal robes they may choose, and rouse up gladness or sorrow, stillness or militancy according to their will. Such thoughts are those of death, of duration, of humanity, of compassion. You have spoken no true nor final word on death, when you have proclaimed him the king of terrors; though indeed, the thought of august death comes often in sorrowful and terrible disguise. Yet behind that dark regalia, what serenity, what unstirred meditative calm, what "peace that passeth all understanding," lie hidden! Compassion, too, comes doubly robed in the purple; dark with the sorrow that is in pity; glowing with the regality and gladness of unity with universal life. It is at once the martial conqueror of the world, boundless in hope and exultation; the sweet ministrant of the wounded, and the mourner at the graves of the fallen.

I think that there are expressions of music that correspond to these supernal and superpersonal thoughts; and that they are in fact simple tunes, and that many of them must be to be found in the folk-music of all nations. They are, as it were, archetypal patterns of song, root rhythms, sprung absolutely from the fountains of feeling, where feeling has not yet been diversified into all its countless forms of pain and delight. I think that the most beautiful of the Welsh airs fall into this class, or into that other corresponding with what we have called the tribal leaders of the thought plane. The Marches of the Men of Harlech, of Glamorgan or Meirionydd — indeed every district in Wales seems to have had its own war-tune in the ancient days — these are always distinctly martial, and there is no possibility of mistaking them or of making them anything else. *Y Galon Drom*, *Anhawdd Ymadael*, *Morfa Rhuddlan* and a thousand others, again, are always dirges; to *Gyrru'r Byd o'm Blaen*, or to *Pwt ar y Bys*, you would never dream of doing anything but dance. All have with them a certain distinction and aristocracy in their own kind: about folk-music there is nearly always a bearing and a value, and vulgarity is impossible to the bulk of it. But beyond and higher than these there are those archetypal tunes which stir the source of whatever feeling they may be directed towards; one might mention perhaps *Llwyn On*, the Ash Grove, as a good example. There are hundreds of them among the Welsh airs.

Now the whole point of our inquiry is this — what was the creative or directing mind that brought these things to be? It was not the bard who first chanted the song; it was no one of the thousands of singers who modified and modified it as they passed it on, until presently the fixed tune was evolved, and changes and modifications ceased. These were all instruments in its evolution; but there was also an evolver. For it was brought, if indeed it is a primeval and radical thing, to no haphazard conclusion. The music that you make up is one thing; the music of the spheres is another: though it might happen indeed, that sitting down to compose, there should be revealed to you a measure from the music of the spheres. No doubt that would have happened occasionally — probably only occasionally — with the great transcendent geniuses of music: but then, there was no great transcendent genius, neither Wagner nor Bach nor Beethoven, concerned in the making of the folk-tune. We can posit the soul of Beethoven, wrapt up into the universal soul, hearing immortal immeasurable

things, and after, producing some fragment of them in a sonata or a symphony. But what soul was it here, who heard the rhythm and measure of the star-music, and what the mountains are singing in their hearts to make them eternal, and the song that drives the rivers and the rain, and the bardic carol of the sun, and the ineffable yearning of the souls of men, upward towards their divinity and evolutionary destined grandeur — who heard, and set all these things bleakly and magnificently down in the folk-song? I will not apologize for speaking of the folk-song and the sonata in one breath: of the gods also are the mountain and the pansy.

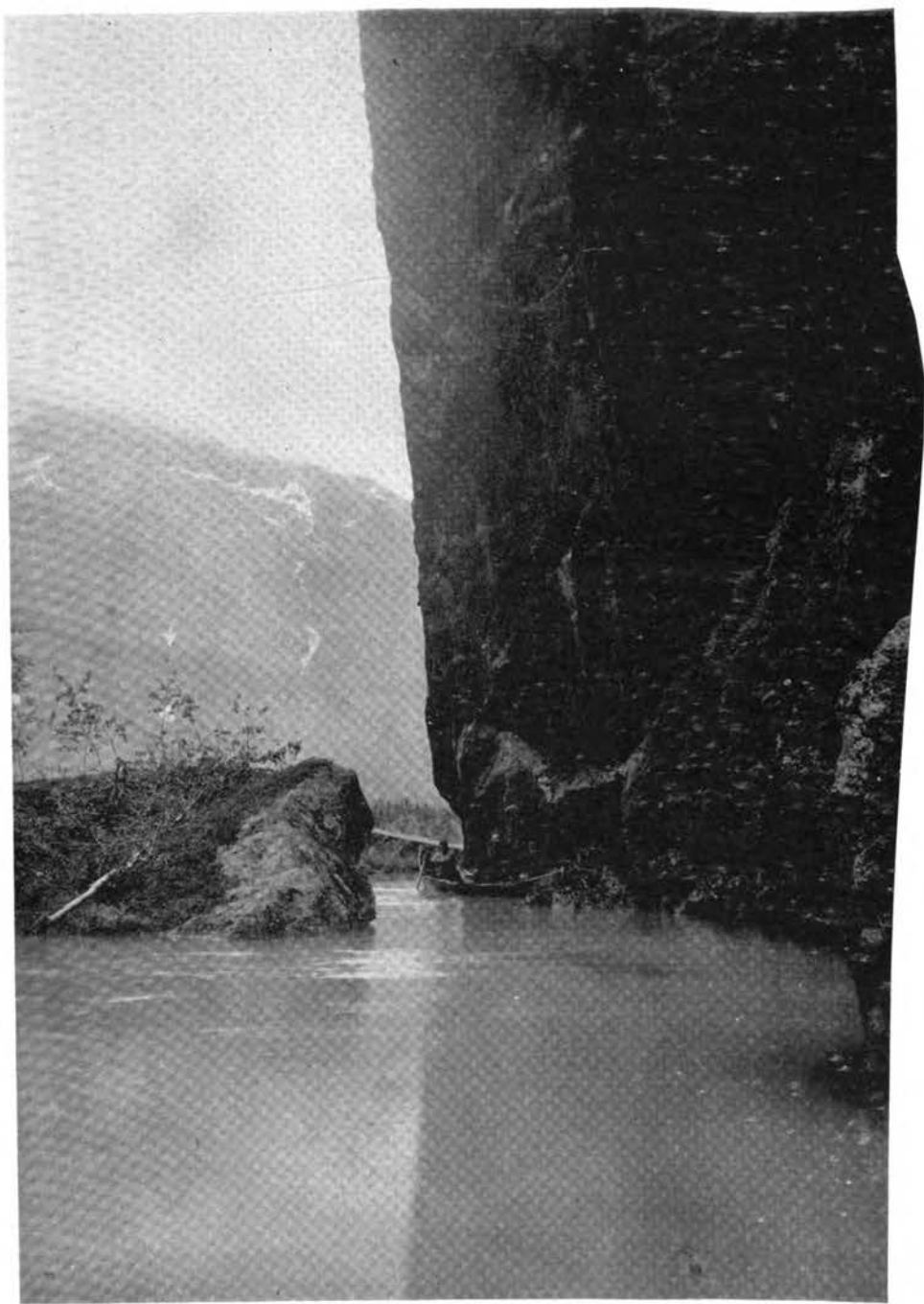
Do we not see here the working of a Soul greater than that of any individual; the soul of the nation; the God that is this people or that? His compositions are marked by a unity, as are those of any composer: you can tell an Irish Air at a hearing, or a Welsh Air. And He, or It, reveals through them greater and deeper things than are known to any individual among his people; ancient memories that *they* may have wholly forgotten; aspirations after spiritual glories which not one of them may have ever foreseen or hoped for. So all the deepest things that are in the national consciousness may be poured through the playing of these composerless compositions; and we cannot doubt that they remain a most potent link between the people and its hidden divinity.

LAPLAND: by P. F.



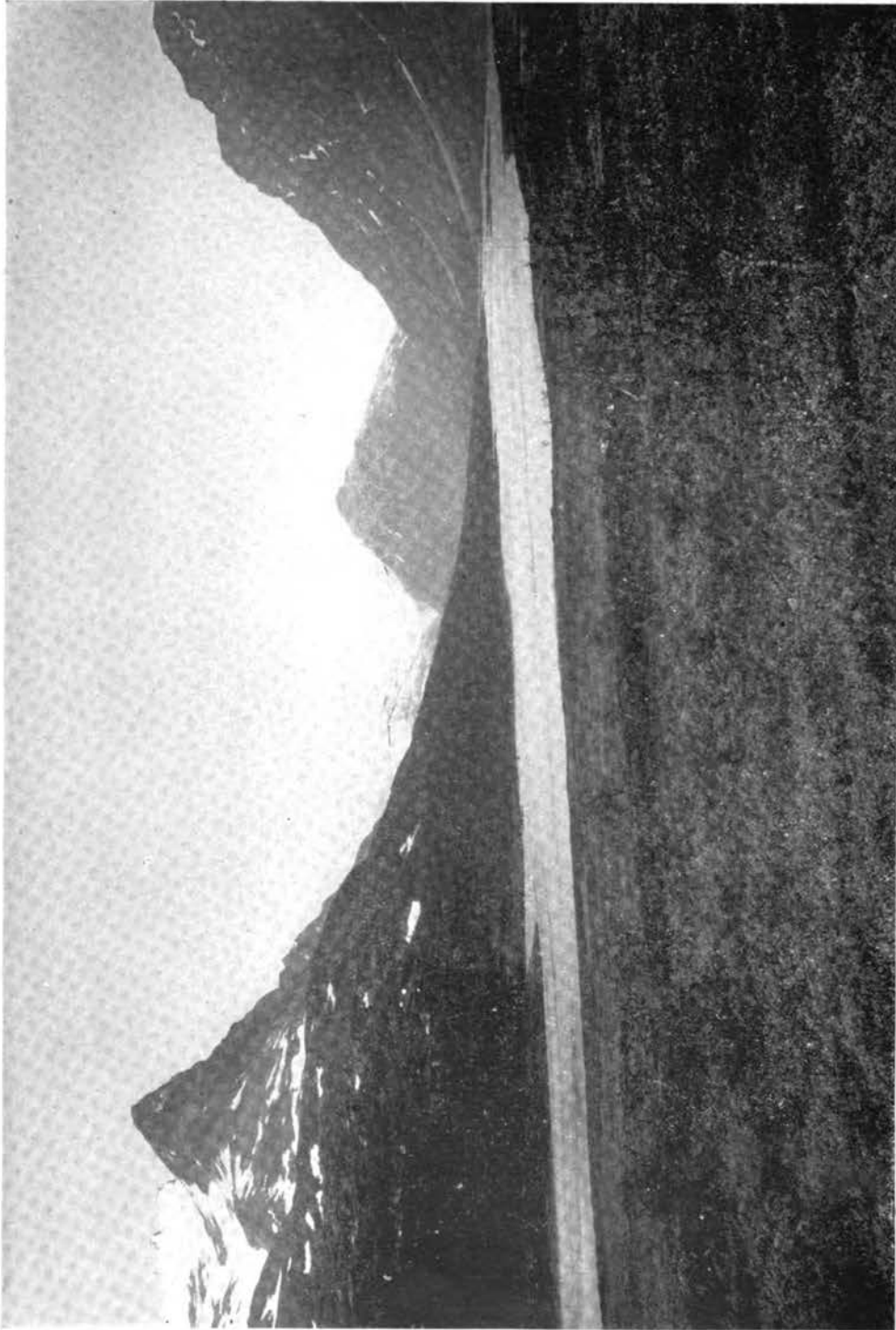
MORE than one-fourth of Sweden is occupied by that vast wilderness, Lapland. It is a remnant of archaic nature; its majestic snow-crowned peaks are all of the very oldest geological structure. In primeval times it was a compact mass of rock-ground; but time, with the aid of water and ice, has formed a network of valleys between the remaining ranges and peaks, and great lakes receive the melting snow and preserve its crystalline purity, mirroring the snow-capped giants; from them the water seeks its way to the sea by numerous mighty rivers, winding around the towering masses and making many a daring leap down gorges in foaming and roaring and whirling play.

It is a wilderness of singular beauty and serene atmosphere, and one who has once tasted of its life will ever thereafter feel the longing



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SKERFE, LAPLAND, SWEDEN
Photo by L. Wästfelt Jokkmokk.



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THE RAPA VALLEY, LAPLAND, SWEDEN
Photo by L. Wästfelt Jokkmokk.



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THE RAPA VALLEY, LAPLAND, SWEDEN
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LAJDAURE, LAPLAND, SWEDEN
Photo by L. Wästfelt Jokkmokk.

for its grandeur and silence; for where can man feel the pulse of real life better than in places like this where the eternal snow protects the original purity of Nature? It has been found that the farther north one passes, the more alive become the soil and rock, radiating life in such abundance that it can often be actually seen as a kind of electric discharge. In summer-time, there is no vegetation like that around and above the Polar Circle, no colors and fragrance of flowers like those to be found in the sanctuary of these remote valleys where human foot so seldom intrudes. And where can one witness such interplay between Earth and its outer atmospheric layers, manifesting in all the varied phenomena of northern lights and mystic, trembling color-screens? One could sometimes fancy himself in the very forecourt of a grander mode of existence.

H. P. Blavatsky tells us in *The Secret Doctrine* that these mountain ranges were part of previous great continents occupied by earlier great races of humanity. What have they not witnessed? At one time in far-past aeons, enjoying a tropical climate, fertile soil, and a golden human life in all the bounteousness of Nature; at another, resting for ages below the water, or stripped of their luxuriant garb by a mighty ice-cover. Truly the history of it all is written somewhere and somehow even now; and as one treads the archaic rock-ground in a solitude that seems teeming with life, one begins to understand something of the language of the great silence around, and to feel the presence of the ancient past.

Since prehistoric times the Lapps, with their nomadic herds of reindeer, have been the warders of this pristine land. But like most ancient remnants of human races they are at present rapidly disappearing, and the "Sons of the Sun," as the Lapps call themselves, have had to give up much of their ground to the children of the present civilization. Lapland is entering upon a new era; railroads have already found their way across the wastes to bring its immense reserves of iron-ore out to the world; its waterfalls are being harnessed in the service of man; and its natural resources utilized in many novel ways. Though at the same latitude as southern Greenland, its climate is by no means so forbidding; it is, moreover, undergoing a slow but sure change which seems to be one of the causes why the reindeer are dying out. Evidently there are mighty forces at work, rendering hitherto shielded places on Earth accessible to our civilization as a preparation for a new phase of life awaiting all humankind.

CULTIVATING GENIUS FOR MUSIC:

by E. A. Neresheimer



THE natural gift for music which during recent years is so frequently found in very young children of all civilized nations, is a phenomenon that has given rise to much speculation on the part of active theorists. However, the "brain molecule" scientists have been significantly silent on that — to them — perplexing question, and so have the other doctors of learning who explain every human quality on a theory of "hereditary transmission." Nor does the "gift of God, or Holy Spirit" theory explain this wonderful but most natural manifestation of the progress of the human soul.

No theory will account for these and other gifts in children, that has not for its basis knowledge of the natural growth from one life to another — reincarnation.

When we reflect how diligently the smallest accomplishment must be earned before we can call it our own, and how delightfully secure we are in its possession when once we have attained to it, the question is then more like this: May it not be that a musical prodigy is after all *the Soul himself* that has labored through many lives on earth with ceaseless diligence, following its aspirations and love for music, and is now earning the fruitage thereof?

Many people say: "Oh! I am so fond of music"; but they never go to a concert or to an opera; nor are they any more fond of music in reality than of hearing themselves talk, because the beginning of music is to them the sign to begin a conversation quickly. To the majority music scarcely yet exists.

There are some people who have a quiet love for music; they go unobtrusively to places where good music is made, listen with attention, and go home in a serene, satisfied mood. Such persons, from their youth on, embrace every opportunity to hear music in high and low places; they look longingly at the instruments displayed in music-stores and, perchance, in the hours that others devote to rest or folly, they plod away for years unaided, practising on some unsuitable instrument. No one pays particular attention to such a budding artist. Perhaps he himself is not aware that his judgment grows better, riper, keener; that the finer distinctions of music are becoming to him sharply defined and thus satisfactory to his consciousness; his ear, too, waxes critical at dissonances, and his very soul also

delights in the musical gems, in the flowing rhythms and harmonies.

The long weary days that are drowned for the multitude in an ocean of sensation, do not exist for the person who is deeply, truly, interested in music. Such a one may not hear music for days or weeks, nor have any particular melody running through his brain; but in his sub-conscious mind there is such a reservoir of harmonies that flow and flow all the time, making him thoughtful, meditative, happy. He laughs or sighs like other people, but there is something besides, that shows in his countenance or manner, something that one instinctively feels is lofty; perhaps it is music running through his blood, singing all the while.

There are some who by Karma's decree have a father or a mother who recognize a little talent for music in the child and let him be taught, and by encouragement promote his musical development. This is like bestowing a priceless treasure on the one so favored, for now he enters upon the realm of one of the mysteries of the Eternal.

Once begun, there is no end. On and on goes the progress, revealing with each step an ever-widening horizon of beauty, love, happiness.

The musician goes inward, ever inward. All is being transformed and remodeled in his soul. The tears are music, the joys are music, the whole world is music; men and women are like harps on which to play; he can sway them from one extreme mood to another; and he? — he really owns the world, never to lose it!

On the other hand there are some who practise on a musical instrument for hours every day. Years roll by, but there seems to be no progress made, at least there is no appreciation of progress at the hands of other persons. Still, the musicians belonging to this class do not seem to be discouraged. They may grow old the while, but never relax in their aspirations. What for? Think you, perhaps, that all this one-pointedness, this expenditure of energy to attain to an ideal, will be lost when the man dies? Not so! Nothing is ever lost. Nature preserves everything. Every single effort leaves its imprint upon the soul in which the result finally inheres. When such a life has come to its end the people may say: "Poor musician! he labored all his lifetime and accomplished nothing!" But see! when a boy suddenly appears who at the age of eight years can play an instrument, surmounting the most difficult technique with great ease, almost as if he had known it before he commenced — what then? We begin to look around for the hereditary connexion; and here we see quite often that

neither his parents nor cousins or any relations have or had any trace of such talent.

How comes it then that the prodigy can do this without having to learn it like other people? May it not be that he has really learned it at some time, *in another life* and stored it away in his soul, and now, he simply manifests most naturally what is his own?

Truly, artists are not made out of nothing. They are made out of all these things that they previously, diligently and persistently, labored for. Every bit of it, every feeling, every emotion, and every touch of the heart, of the head, and of the hand that they now manifest is of their own making, without any miracle or extraneous grace. Thus is Genius for music cultivated.

GLIMPSES OF SCANDINAVIAN MYTHOLOGY:

by Per Fernholm, M. E., Royal Institute of Technology (Stockholm)



WHEN the fragments still left of Scandinavian mythology, scattered in the Icelandic sagas and tales, are carefully put together, they give a grand picture of the history of Earth and Man from the first dawn of the present great Day of evolution. Clear and scientific in the broad outlines, they will some day surely prove a gold-mine of useful knowledge for future researches into the past. Nor do they stop with the history of the past and its blending with the present, but go farther and picture the destruction of life as we know it in a purifying fire, and show how a new earth arises from the sea, whereon a new and lasting Golden Age will be enjoyed by Gods and men.

When Earth had assumed its shape and was ready to receive living beings, the Creative Wisdom permeated the elements and in the ensuing fermentation the cow Audumla appeared. Licking the salt rocks she liberated from the life-germs of the various elements a great and beautiful being endowed with a divine spirit. He became the father of the Gods who rule and protect the world of Man in this cycle.

Drops of venom from the Fount of Frost grew to another being, the giant Ymer, who nourished by Audumla's milk brought into being various giants, some good, but many evil and horrible. Among the good are the wise Mimer, the guardian of the Fount of Wisdom at

one of the three roots of the world-tree, Yggdrasil; and the three Norns, Urd, Verdande and Skuld — Urd, the Norn of the Present, being the guardian of the Fount of Life at another of Yggdrasil's roots.

Odin knew his mighty task as chief ruler of human life in this cycle. But he was not yet perfect and felt himself lacking in strength; therefore he went to Mimer to drink from the Fount of Wisdom. None, not even the Gods, can, however, win this precious drink without proving his worthiness, and here at the very outset we meet with the great example of self-sacrifice. Odin gave up himself to his greater Self, remained for "nine days and nights" in Yggdrasil without food or drink, looking inward to the roots of things, listening to the mystic song out of the depth. Purified and prepared, he was allowed to drink from the water of Wisdom and learned from Mimer nine wonderful and potent songs. And Odin grew henceforth rapidly in knowledge and creative power.

Presiding over the Gods and the various hierarchies in Nature he then began to make Earth a fitting habitation for man. That done, Odin visited Midgard with his two brothers, Höner and Lodur, and there on the shore they found two trees, "powerless and without destiny." Lodur loosened them from their connexion with earth, giving them power to move and act from inner impulses, and made them images of the Gods; Höner endowed them with a human Ego, having consciousness and will; and finally Odin gave them the most precious gift, the spirit.

In the childhood of the Earth men long lived in a golden age of unbroken peace, knowing of no evil. But there came a time when two beings among the giants, both adopted by the Gods as members of the Asgard family, appeared among men tempting them to evil things, the man Loke, and the woman Gullveig (the golden way, or stream), Gullveig being the worse. To strengthen the good in human hearts, enlighten them and prepare them for coming days of strife, the Gods sent to Midgard as Teacher Heimdall, the Shining One, the God of the pure and most sacred fire. He brought with him many things not before seen in Midgard, and as the ruler of the people he instructed them in cultivating the soil, in sowing the seed he had brought, and in preparing bread; in carving and forging, spinning and weaving, cutting runes and reading. He taught them how to tame animals for domestic use, to build houses and to form families and communities;

also the use of weapons in protection against animals. And further he informed them of the rules laid down by the Norns for a righteous life, and of the names and functions of the Gods. He showed them how to build altars and temples for worship, and brought to them the pure and undefiled fire produced by friction, the only one worthy of burning in the shrine of the Gods; and then he taught them the sacred songs that ever since have sounded from the lips of men in praise of divine powers.

But even now Gullveig began her wanderings among men and secretly taught them runes and songs which counteracted Heimdall's teachings. When the Gods became aware of this, they had her burned; but her heart was proof against fire. Loke found it, and swallowing it he brought into the world the monster-wolf Fenris, which feeds on all the evil thoughts and feelings among men.

Gullveig soon incarnated again and continued her ways unrecognized for a long period. When discovered she was burned a second time, Loke again finding her heart and giving life to the giantess of pestilence, Leikin. The same thing happened a third time, and then was born the Midgard-Snake, destined to grow rapidly and finally to encircle the whole earth.

While Gullveig spread ruin in human life, Loke caused enmity and strife among the powers of nature and even among the Gods. Many were the resulting wars in Asgard, besides the constant warfare against the giants; and always they were followed by wars in Midgard. At last the Gods were divided to such a degree that Odin, rather than cause the death of many of his nearest kin, left Asgard and the guidance of humanity in the care of the Vaner Gods, who otherwise presided over the regular course of the processes of Nature. When the giants learned this they thought it a fit time to gain supremacy not only over Midgard but even over Asgard itself. Odin knew this in good time, through his power of prevision, and he issued from his retreat "far in the East" to warn the Vaner Gods and offer them assistance. The fearful resulting war united the Gods once more, after which Odin was freely offered the high seat in Asgard, where, purified and perfected by experience and adversity he now rules with wisdom until the last day of the cycle.

Heimdall "died" in Midgard before the golden age was over, and he was followed by his son Sköld-Borgar. His son, Halfdan, became the first king, and led the people in all the battles that followed

in the new age, while constantly overshadowed by the Gods. On the other side the chief was Od-Svipdag, a most heroic and valiant champion. War after war raged, one of them being so frightful that a new generation had to grow up before new armies could be collected.

Svipdag is a most remarkable character, who journeys to the Underworld and obtains the "avenging sword" which nothing can resist, not even the hammer of Thor. The fate of the world seems to depend on his mind, when at the critical moment his love for the Goddess Fröja turns his steps to Asgard, in order to make peace with the Gods. He then lives mostly in Asgard with Fröja and is sent by the Gods on many difficult journeys, even to the Underworld to find whether Balder, the God of purity, who had died when strife came into the world, could not return from his safe retreat near the Fount of Wisdom.

The great Ice period is described as coming in Halfdan's days, the people being obliged to leave the Northern countries for more southern climes. But when the ice at last receded they went back step by step northward, fighting continual battles. Halfdan at last dies by Svipdag's sword, and is followed by his brave son, Hadding. And thus we reach the present age, which is depicted as one of supreme darkness. Seldom nowadays the Gods appear before men, for they are few who by a righteous and sincere life keep the link unbroken with the regions in the crown of Yggdrasil. The evil is increasing all the time; men have forgotten their divine birth, and they prostitute their divine powers. Yet above the veil of darkness the Gods rule as ever, helping wherever there is an opportunity; while elves and dwarfs and all the other nature sprites continue to fulfil their duties in the economy of nature, although no longer seen by men.

Much is said about the process of death. Man is made up of six principles, and death is a purification whereby the higher and purer elements, after passing through the second death, go to the bliss of the presence of the Gods. If man in life has developed his "inner body" by noble living, then he passes easily through the trials and the judgment of the Gods. If not, then he is held down by the demons of passion and lust and meets torture and suffering.

Of Reincarnation there is little in the form of direct statement, probably partly because carefully removed in Christian times, and partly because it forms an integral part of the whole conception of life found in all ancient sagas. Some of the heroes are, however, named

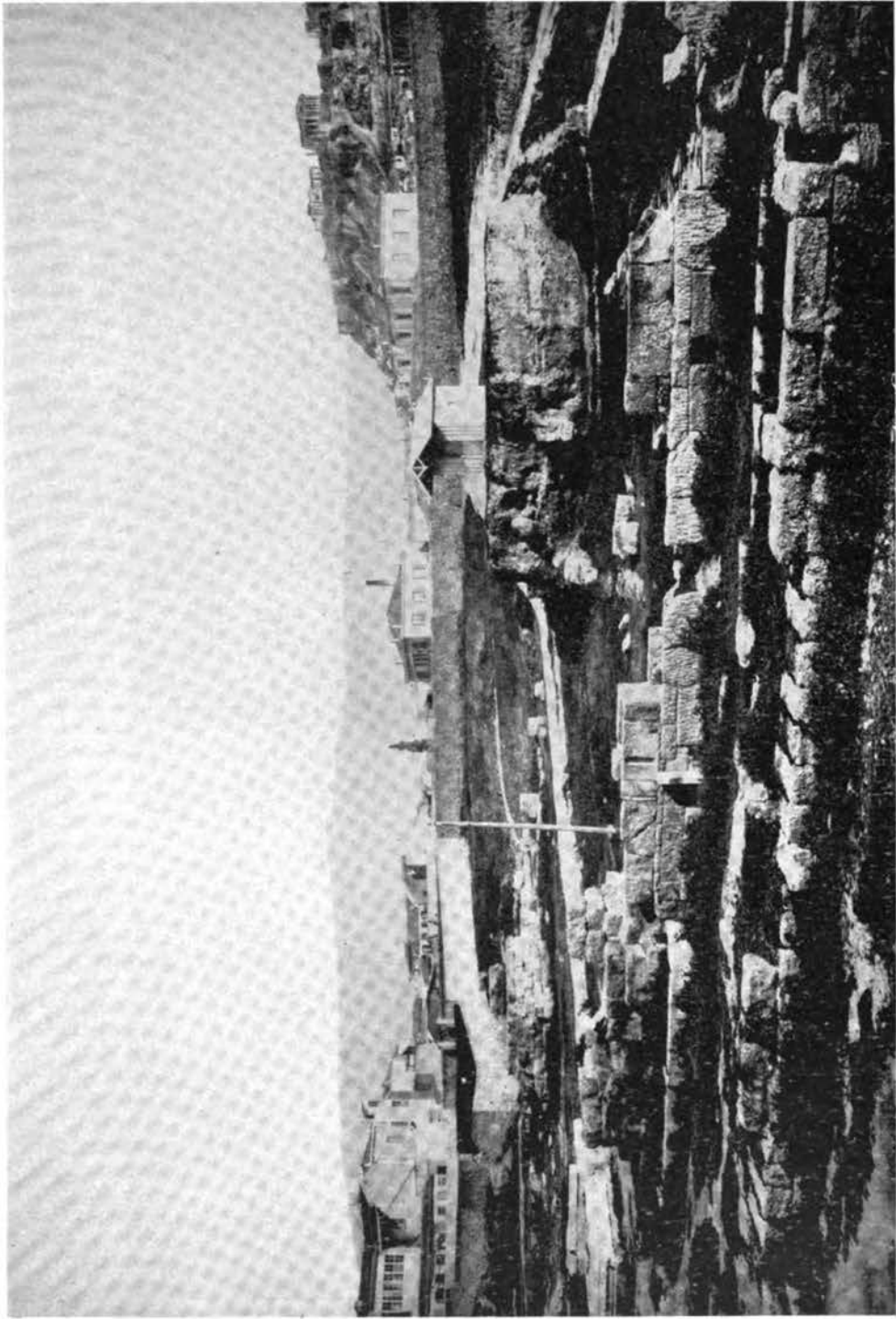
in more than one incarnation, showing the same soul in different garments. The noblest and the worst reincarnate almost immediately; for others some time has first to elapse.

In the efflorescence of time the hour will at length arrive for Ragnarök, the great purifying battle and fire, when evil will be destroyed in the final war between good and evil. The Gods assemble with their faithful, Odin leading, majestic, calm and wiser than ever, knowing that he and most of the Gods will have to buy the victory with their lives. The different groups on both sides are pictured with matchless boldness and vividness, and we see how each has to meet his fate. Odin is killed by the Fenris Wolf; Thor kills the Midgard Snake, but falls dead from its venom. The giants who have possessed themselves of the "avenging sword" use it in the battle, but at the same moment their fate is sealed. For this sword was so forged that if swung by a giant it would destroy the giant world.

At the close of the fearful battle the very foundations of the earth seem to tremble. Fires rise towards heaven, and amid flame and smoke and destruction — the Gods still living — Odin's sons Vidar and Vale, and Thor's sons Magne and Mode, ride to the Underworld, to Balder's peaceful land, where neither death nor destruction are.

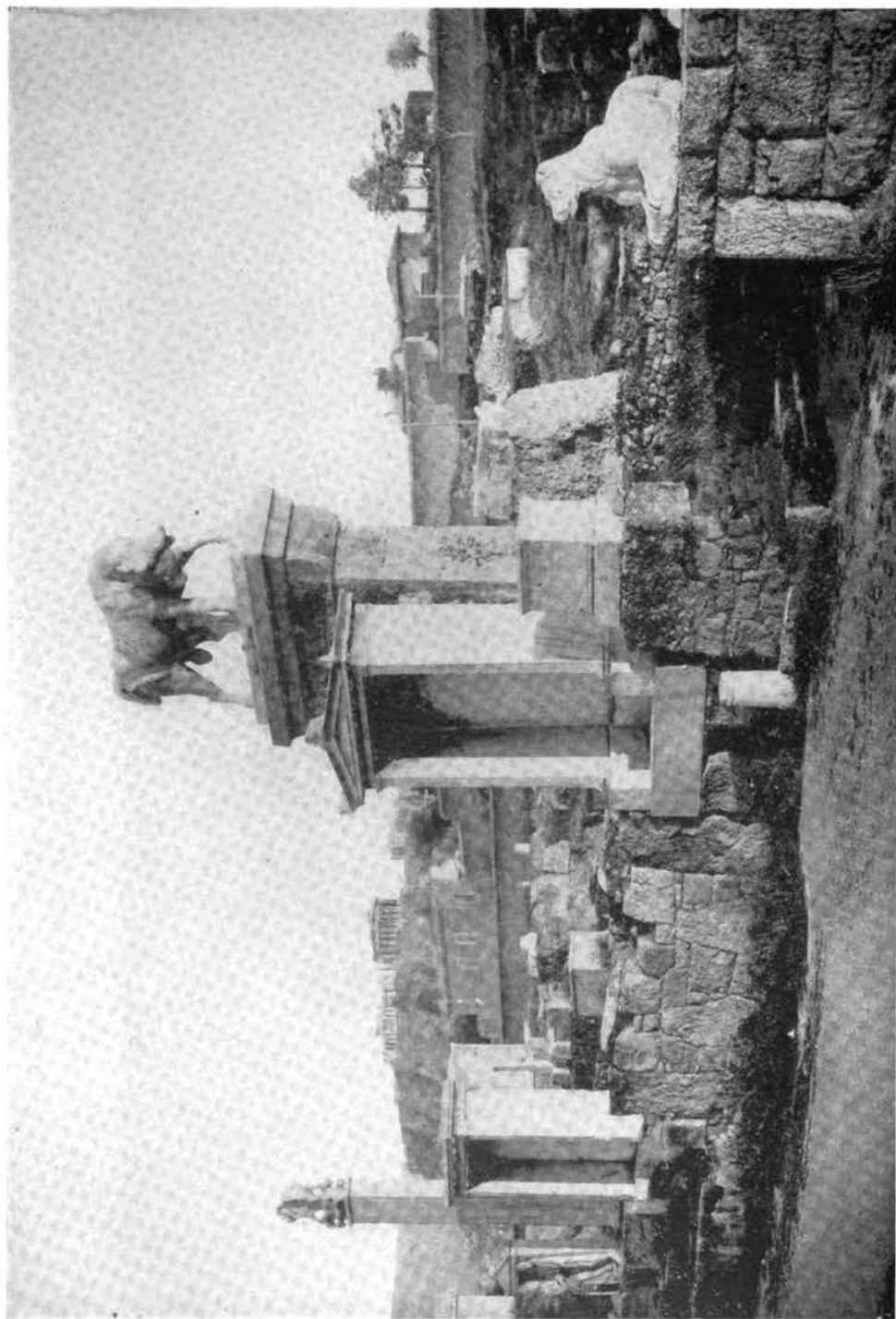
And the old earth finally sinks into the sea, dissolved into slag and ashes. The flames die. The air is purified by the fire, the sky is bluer than ever. From the sea arises a new earth, covered with luxuriant vegetation. It is the regions of the Underworld near the Founts of Wisdom and Life, the lands of Mimer and Urd, that now appear. Those founts, so long nearly dry, again flow copiously, and Yggdrasil is fresh and green. The days of golden life return to Gods and men. Balder assumes full sway, and the new earth is peopled from the two races who have been spared for that purpose, living in purity unstained along with Balder during the age of darkness. Even animals have been spared in the same way and enjoy the new Day. It is the happy Day of Balder the Pure and Righteous.

But even this is not the final scene, according to the Northern mythology. A mightier Being than even Balder will come after him, descending upon a still higher and more purified earth. It is the unnamed God whose servant Urd is, One whose spirit blendeth with all living things by virtue of the Fount of Wisdom — an omnipotent God, a God bringing highest peace, who will then "establish a worship that will endure forevermore."



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RUINS OF THE DIPYLON GATE OF ANCIENT ATHENS



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ANCIENT ATHENIAN TOMBS ALONG THE SACRED WAY

THE DIPYLON AND THE OUTER CERAMICUS:

by F. S. Darrow, A. M., Ph. D. (Harv.)



THE Dipylon or "Double Gate" (so named because it consisted of an inner and an outer gateway, separated by a court), was the principal entrance of classical Athens at the west end of the city. Probably, it was built under Perikles' directions on the site of the still older Thriasian Gate, but the extant remains which are shown in the accompanying illustration belong to a somewhat later alteration. The gateway itself, because of its size and position (it was at the lowest point of the city walls) was surrounded by massive fortifications. The inner wall with the upright stone, marking one of the boundaries of the Outer Ceramicus or ancient Potters' quarters just outside the city, was built by Themistokles, but the outer wall shown in the illustration was probably added by Perikles. About sixty yards to the west of the Dipylon, that is to the right of the illustration, is a smaller gateway, which is thought to be the Sacred Gate, used for the exit and entrance of the Procession of Mystics during the celebration of the Eleusinian Mysteries.

In ancient times three roads lined with tombs led from the Dipylon, namely, the Road to the Academy, the Sacred Way leading to Eleusis, and the Road to the harbor, the Peiraeus. Along the Road leading to the Academy were buried those who had died fighting for their country on land and on sea. The public burials were made at the end of each campaign, when the bones of the slain were placed in coffins of cypress wood, one coffin for each of the ten Athenian tribes, and an empty one, serving symbolically for the burial of those whose bodies could not be recovered. Citizens and strangers alike were permitted to join in the procession, and as the coffins were lowered, a speaker publicly appointed ascended a lofty pulpit and delivered an oration in honor of the dead.

Thukydides says:

The public cemetery is situated in the most beautiful spot outside the walls and there the Athenians always bury those who fall in war; but after the battle of Marathon the dead in recognition of their pre-eminent valor were interred on the field.

It was here in the winter of 431 B. C., while delivering his immortal funeral oration that Perikles declared:

It is difficult to say neither too little nor too much. I do not commiserate the

parents of the dead: I would rather comfort them. Those men may be deemed fortunate who have gained the greatest honor. To you who are sons and brothers of the departed I see that the struggle to emulate them will be an arduous one. The dead have been honorably interred and it remains only that their children should be maintained at the public charge until they are grown up; this is the solid prize with which, as with a garland, Athens crowns her sons, living and dead.

The tombs of many of the most famous figures in Greek history were in this public cemetery, including those of Harmodios and Aristogeiton, the Tyrannicides; Kleisthenes, the Law-giver; Perikles, the greatest Athenian Statesman; Thrasybulos, the Liberator, who overthrew the Thirty Tyrants; Chabrias; Phormio; Konon and Timotheus, father and son, "second only to Miltiades and Kimon for their brilliant feats"; and Lykurgos, the son of Lykophron, the Athenian orator and statesman, who finished the Dionysiac Theater in stone and built the Docks at the Peiraeus.

The public tombs which once lined the Road to the Academy seem to have been almost entirely destroyed, but many of the private tombs along the Sacred Way may still be seen *in situ*. Some of these, which have been well preserved (thanks to the fact that they were covered by a huge mound in 86 B. C. when the Roman Cornelius Sulla was besieging Athens), are shown in the second illustration.

THE THEOSOPHIC TORCH: by Grace Knoche

O the great benefactor who points the Way! To Triptolemus have all men erected temples and altars, because he gave us food by cultivation; but to him who discovered truth, and brought it to light and communicated it to all — not the truth which shows us how to live *but how to live well* — who of you has built an altar for this, or a temple, or has dedicated a statue, or who worships God for this? — *Epictetus*



THE final stitches are taken in the little garment which has stood for the evening's duty. It is folded and laid aside, to fill on the morrow a need as impersonal as the service that need inspired, silent tribute to a system of work so practical and so perfect in its conservation of energy that the world is already clamoring at Lomaland gates to be let into the secret. A pile of loved books — very tiny ones, *The Voice of the Silence*, the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ*, *Patañjali*, and the rest — lies beside the sewing-basket, jostling the newspaper, which, because of the temporary need of another, at present has to be given room. But I brush it aside

to take up one of the little writings — any one of them, from cover to cover, would hardly make up a newspaper page — thankful that if the frothy and distempered bilge-water of current crime and gossip *does* have to lie before me, I do not have to drink of it; grateful that even in the present heyday of lower psychological influences I am free to drink what I will, free to pick my associates from among the immortals — if I choose. And so we parry, and give and take, question on my part and answer on his — small wonder that H. P. B. paid tribute to his philosophy and W. Q. J. to his life, this grand old Roman whose company for an hour any one would be proud to have — Epictetus!

O the great benefactor who points the Way!

This, a tribute to the Helpers of Humanity by one who was humbly, yet with the courage of Hercules, trying to fire the mind of his age with the torch-gleam of a true philosophy of life — Theosophy in fact, but adapted to the conditions of his time, a fevered and cruel time, though with gleams of nobility and spiritual splendor here and there.

What a picture comes before one of this brave old Roman Socrates, banished in his last years from Rome by the Emperor Domitian — for the crime of being a philosopher! And then another picture — of the Epictetus as the Rome of Nero knew him, young but never strong, weakly, lame, the abused slave of Nero's profligate secretary; allowed by his owner to study philosophy because it chanced to be the fashion in wealthy Rome to number wise men among one's "possessions" as one numbered cocks and fine horses; Epictetus, a slave, often in chains, tortured at his master's whim — but a Torch-bearer of the Truth!

Although a disciple of Rufus, the great Stoic teacher of the time, Epictetus himself claiming no superiority to his teacher whom he lovingly quotes, the conviction forces itself upon one that the latter bathed in a wider ocean of truth than that of Stoicism as a doctrine. He quotes Socrates, Plato, Diogenes, far more than Zeno; he had no part in the tolerance of many Stoics to the idea of suicide. And we hear him down the ages fulminating against the Academics, the Epicureans, the Skeptics; declaring the Godhood, the Divinity, of man; immortality, the higher law, man's obligation to study human nature *in its duality*; Karma, the power of the Spiritual Will, the

royal road to happiness; and man's obligation to integrity, fidelity, compassion, reverence, gratitude, trust, love, wisdom and a noble use of power. What was he banished for? what is it that he said?

If Caesar should adopt you, no one could endure your arrogance; to know, then, that you are the son of Zeus — will you not be elated? . . . You are a superior thing; you are a portion separated from the Deity; you have in yourself a certain portion of Him. Why then are you ignorant of your own noble descent? When you are in social intercourse, when you are exercising yourself, when you are engaged in discussion, *know you not that you are nourishing a god, that you are exercising a god?*

But give me directions, you say. Why should I give you directions? Has not Zeus given you directions? What directions, what kind of orders, did you bring *when you came from Him?* To keep what is your own; not to desire what is not your own. Fidelity is your own, and integrity, and modesty and virtue; for who can take these things from you? who, excepting yourself, can hinder you from using them? Having such promptings and commands from Zeus, what kind do you still ask from me? Am I more powerful than he, am I more worthy of confidence?

If you would make anything a habit, do it; if you would not make it a habit, do not do it. . . . So with respect to the soul: when you have been angry you must know that not only has this evil befallen you, but that you have also increased the habit, and in a manner increased the habit thrown fuel on the fire. . . . For he who has had a fever, and has been relieved from it, is not in the same state that he was before, unless he has been completely cured. *Something of the kind happens also in diseases of the soul. Certain traces and blisters are left in it, and unless a man shall completely efface them, when he is again lashed in the same places, the lash will produce not welts but sores.*

It is circumstances (difficulties) which show what men are. Therefore, when a difficulty falls upon you, remember that God, like a trainer of wrestlers, has matched you with a rough young man. For what purpose? you may say. Why, that you may become an Olympic conqueror; *but it is not accomplished without sweat.* . . . Hercules, when he was being exercised by Eurytheus, never deemed himself wretched; but fulfilled courageously all that was laid upon him. But he who shall cry out and bear it hard when he is being exercised by Zeus, is he worthy to bear the scepter of Diogenes?

The philosopher's school, ye men, is a surgery; you ought not to go out of it with pleasure but with pain, for you are not in sound health when you enter: one has dislocated his shoulder, another has an abscess . . . another a headache. And shall I sit and utter to you little thoughts and exclamations, that you may praise me and go away, one with his shoulder in the same condition as when he entered, another with his head still aching, and a third with his fistula or his abscess just as they were? Is it for this that young men quit home and leave their parents and friends, their kinsmen and property, that they may say to you,

Wonderful! when you are uttering your exclamations? Did Socrates do this, or Zeno, or Cleanthes?

Diogenes well said to one who asked from him letters of recommendation, "That you are a man he will know as soon as he sees you; and he will know whether you are good or bad if he has, through experience, the skill to distinguish the good and the bad; but if he has not, he would not know though I were to write him ten thousand times." For it is just the same as if a drachma asked to be recommended to a person. If he is skilful in testing silver, he will know you (the drachma) for what you are. We ought then in life to be able to have some such skill as in the case of silver coin, that we may be able to say, like the judge of silver, Bring me any drachma and I will test it.

When Florus was deliberating whether he should go down to Nero's spectacles, and also perform in them, he asked Agrippinus for advice, and Agrippinus said, Go down. But why do you not go down? said Florus; and Agrippinus replied, I do not even deliberate about the matter; *for he who has brought himself to calculate the value of external things, is very near to those who have forgotten their own character.*

But if I do not take part, I shall have my head struck off. Go then, said Agrippinus, and take part; but I will not. Why? Because you consider yourself to be only one common thread in the tunic; it is then fitting for you to take thought how you shall be like the rest of men. But I wish to be purple, that small part which is bright, *and makes all the rest appear graceful and beautiful.*

Katherine Tingley said recently in one of her intimate talks on the subject of the individual responsibility of students in being given the opportunity to bring a deeper than the common touch into the production of *The Aroma of Athens*:

We are just now at a strange point in the cycle and in many ways are linking ourselves with the past.

May not one evidence of this be an easier recognition of the Theosophic Light that has been passed from hand to hand down the ages? Many have been its disguises, many and strange the lamps holding it, often obscured it has been, again nameless — but ever the one Light, the one Flame, shining upon and enlightening all men.

THE PYTHAGOREAN SOLIDS:

by **F. J. Dick**, M. Inst. C. E., M. Inst. C. E. I.



STUDENTS of *The Secret Doctrine* and of ancient teachings such as those of Pythagoras, the Kabala, and the sacred books of different races and epochs, are often puzzled by the frequent references to Number, and to elementary plane forms like the circle, triangle, and square. It may be surmised that these symbols refer to *meta*-physical forces of various orders concealed within the "atom" and within nature generally. For nature is built, obviously enough, upon some internal principles of structural harmony. Without discussing the many avenues of thought suggested by a study of the five regular solids, the main features of these forms may be briefly summarized.

In the first place, they may be all considered as generated by Twelve Points on the surface of the Sphere, at equal adjacent distances, or by six diameters of the sphere mutually inclined at angles whose tangent is 2, the number of the octave in music. Joining each of the twelve with every other point, we have 66 lines, of which 36 are internal. Six of the latter being diameters, there remain 30, intersecting at 20 points, which give the 30 edges of the internal DODECAHEDRON. The 30 outer, or external lines of the 66, form the edges of the ICOSAHDREDON.

Joining one set of alternate corners of the Dodecahedron by 12 lines, a CUBE appears. So far, there are 33 points defined, including the center of the sphere. Joining opposite corners on each Cube-face by 12 lines, *two* interlaced TETRAHEDRONS appear. These define, by their intersection, 6 new points and 12 new lines forming the OCTAHEDRON, beautifully poised in the heart of the Sphere.

Thus only 39 points, including the central point, are needed to define the Pythagorean solids, only one solid form being repeated, the Tetrahedron, which in fact is seen to repeat itself ten times. For between the interlaced Tetrahedron corners and the eight faces of the included Octahedron, eight smaller Tetrahedrons are seen.

The interlaced Tetrahedrons suggest the origin of the plane symbol — the interlaced triangles; but the full beauty of the symbol does not appear until we notice that the axis of symmetry of the Tetrahedrons coincides with the diagonal of the Cube, and that the orthographic projection of all these on a plane perpendicular to the diagonal gives a perfect hexagon with the interlaced triangles in the center.

The interlaced Tetrahedrons — one a reflection of the other — in fact define the eight corners of the Cube. The Tetrahedron is “3,” and the Cube is “4” (or 6). So we see one way in which the “three fall into the four,” and why it is a septenary, and a decad, as well as a three, or a four, according to the various aspects and interrelations considered of the electric, rotary, magnetic, or vibratory forces symbolized by the various lines.

Science has already reached the speculation that the hypothetical carbon “atom” has a tetrahedral form. Let us look at this Tetrahedron with the eye opposite the middle of an edge and in line with the center. The two opposite edges now form the Cross, composed of two equal lines, but separated by a space. One is reminded of an electric wire, and a magnetized needle placing itself at right angles to, although at some distance from, the current in the wire. Thus the opposite edges, whether as rotational vectors or in some other way, indicate a connexion with the dual forces of attraction and repulsion. The Tetrahedron, a triangular pyramid, may be a Fire-symbol. In any case the following passage is suggestive:

When the molecules of salt, clustering together, begin to deposit themselves as a solid, the first shape they assume is that of triangles, of small pyramids and cones. It is the figure of *fire*, whence the word “*pyramids*”; while the second geometrical figure in *manifested* nature is a square or a cube, 4 and 6; for, “the particles of earth being cubical, those of fire are pyramidal” truly — (Enfield). The pyramidal shape is that assumed by the pines — the most primitive tree after the fern period. Thus the two opposites in cosmic nature — fire and water, heat and cold — begin their metrographical manifestations, one by a trimetric, the other by a hexagonal system. For the stellate crystals of snow, viewed under a microscope, are all and each of them a double or treble six-pointed star, with a central nucleus, like a miniature star within the larger one. (*The Secret Doctrine*, II, 594.)

The number Five penetrates the whole system of the Five solids in a remarkable way. Thus there are 24 pentagons visible, and by joining other corners of the Dodecahedron, Five Cubes are seen, which of course produce Five Octahedrons, and twice that number of principal interlaced Tetrahedrons. Five has been said to be the Number of Life.

Confining ourselves to one rectangular system, we find Four axes of symmetry for the Tetrahedrons and Three for Cube and Octahedron. Thus there are really 73 principal lines in the complete system defined by the 39 points. A study of the three principal orthographic

projections shows that the circle should be divided into 3, 4, 5, 6, parts, and the products of these, or 360 degrees. Certain angles are found in abundance, such as 36, 60, 72, 90, 108, 144; and their combinations and products by 10 and 12, and their multiples, give figures bearing a strong resemblance to the various cyclic periods of eastern chronology. Periodic orbits are vibrations on a large scale.

Twice the perimeter of an Icosahedron-face divided by the perimeter of a Dodecahedron-face is 3.1416, the value of π used in all ordinary scientific and constructional work.

The actual error is so small that if both were accurately made of copper at the same temperature, the Icosahedron-face would only have to be brought rather more than one degree Fahrenheit below the temperature of the other for the π value to be absolutely correct. Accuracy of this sort is unattainable outside of specially equipped laboratories. So the Pythagorean solids may be said to "square the circle."

THE "BLACK AGE": by Ariomardes



LET us imagine a romance, such as most people must have heard, wherein some royal child is stolen away and reared amidst peasants in ignorance of his birth; and where some wise man comes and reveals to the youth the secret of his parentage. The young man forthwith steps out from his lowly life, and clothed in a new self-respect, begins to acquit himself worthily of his origin and destiny.

Thus has Theosophy declared to outcast humanity, "Thou art the king's son"; and in proof it has referred him to his ancestry. This is why H. P. Blavatsky, pointing out in the skein of history certain clues which scholars have hitherto overlooked, started that greater enthusiasm for archaeology which since her day has already borne such wonderful fruit.

In a dark age there is the danger that man might forget his divine origin altogether. The revelations of archaeology confirm the teachings of Theosophy that before the dark age of our historical period set in, there were brighter ages; and by showing what man has been, they are indicating what he may again be in the future.

The epochs and durations of the various ages are not uniform all over the earth, so that it cannot be said that the black age began, for the earth generally, at any definite time. The ancient Hindûs have their own chronology, showing the dates of the different ages for their race. We find in a very ancient work, the *Vishnu-Purâna*, a prophecy of the characteristics of Kali-Yuga or the "Black Age," from which the following extracts are taken:

Then property alone will confer rank; wealth will be the only source of devotion; passion will be the sole bond of union between the sexes; falsehood will be the only means of success in litigation; and women will be objects merely of sensual gratification. Earth will be venerated but for its mineral treasures; the Brahmanical thread will constitute a Brâhman; external types (as the staff and red garb) will be the only distinctions of the several orders of life; dishonesty will be the (universal) means of subsistence; weakness will be the cause of dependence; menace and presumption will be substituted for learning; liberality will be devotion; simple ablution will be purification; mutual assent will be marriage; fine clothes will be dignity. . . . Amidst allcastes, he who is the strongest will reign over a principality thus vitiated by many faults. — iv, ch. xxiv. (From H. H. Wilson's translation, vol. iv, pp. 226-228.)

Some of these details may be thought to apply more to the East, some to the West; we can surely recognize many of the characteristics of our own civilization. What is particularly striking is the way in which things which we regard as inevitable qualities of human nature are here spoken of with horror and classed among the iniquities. And there are signs in our contemporary literature that some of the standard human frailties are now being exalted into virtues. One of the signs of decadence mentioned is the fact that passion will be regarded as the sole bond of union between the sexes. And we have philosophers who would persuade us that passion *is* and always has been and always will be the bond of union! For some writers, passion, even in its most material form, is the origin and supreme fact of all union. Here, then, is the danger — that having allowed our ideals to drag down our practices, we afterwards suffer our practices to drag down our ideals, thus descending by a continuous and periodical process of leveling down.

It seems as if the saying that "property alone will confer rank" has some meaning for us today, as also the phrase "wealth will be the only source of devotion." What is said about falsehood in litigation reflects no discredit on our jurisprudence, but surely it describes much of what occurs in practice. That about the mineral treasures of earth

is very true; for we consider people simpletons when they fail to tear out the bowels of their homeland in order to coin them into "the only source of devotion." When the ancient scribe says that dishonesty will be the means of subsistence, he may seem to be going too far; but what does he mean by dishonesty? If it includes every form of insincerity and injustice, the statement may not be too extreme after all. The question, "Shall I do as the others do or let my family starve?" becomes every day more difficult to answer.

"Menace and presumption will be substituted for learning." This may allude to the fact that most people argue for the purpose of pushing their own ideas, losing their temper and resorting to tricks in order to attain this end; and that the attainment of knowledge is so often subordinated to the desire to compel assent or gain notoriety. "Liberality will be devotion," may be better understood if we substitute the word "munificence," as applying to large donations to churches and also to the prevalence of the charity of the purse rather than the charity of the heart.

A difficult subject to speak upon, in view of the mental chaos reigning today, is the hint that there can be higher motives for marriage than mere mutual attraction or worldly convenience. The quotation gives a rebuke to those who, seeing no farther back than the Black Age, argue that there never have been any higher ideals of marriage. We may point to the ancient Egyptian religion as an instance of a culture that is free from the erotic element; while in the quotation given above the erotic idea is expressly condemned. Clearly, then, that idea belongs to the age of decadence. The word "love" having now become practically useless from its association with passion, we must seek our clue to the real meaning of marriage in the word "duty." Regarded as a sacred rite involving vows of unselfishness and self-restraint, undertaken only in sober earnestness and with a vision undimmed by the colored mists of selfish romance, marriage might take its place among the blessings instead of among the problems of life.

In days when philosophicules try to define honor in terms of vanity, and devotion in terms of self-interest, it is beneficial to receive from antiquity a hint that may help us to understand that honor and devotion are the breath of the Soul. Pretended reformers, claiming a superior acumen and to be quite grown-up and out of leading-strings, may dissect before us the animal nature of man, pointing out

its sordid details and requesting us to believe that these represent our entire endowment. Some prominent writers, whose outlook upon life has somehow suffered from unfortunate circumstances, would have us accept depravity and neurotic conditions as inevitable concomitants of human nature; and, profanely invoking Freedom, they recommend open license as a means of purity! Signs like these justify one in thinking that the Black Age is casting the shadow of its pinions over the firmament of modern thought; and we are grateful for the smallest hint of the possibility of an age free from the all-absorbing morbidity and itching self-consciousness that seem to dominate every department of inquiry.

Will society ever again be so constituted that honor and reverence and duty shall be a universal atmosphere, a currency in which all share, a life-force that flows from man to man, a common possession in the maintenance of whose integrity all are involved — as we are now all involved in the maintenance of commercial credit and the upkeep of standards of outer respectability? Can we imagine a society wherein no man would dare to sully the purity of this inner atmosphere by any unworthy thought? If so, then we might call honor and morality real existences instead of mere abstractions; these words might then convey the genuine qualities they were meant to denote, instead of the spurious imitations which they now seem to stand for in the minds of those who try to express them in terms of selfishness and passion. It is well to think that such things have been upon earth; and it is easier thus to account for some of the deeds of antiquity whose signs remain. It is easier to see in religion the faint echo of a former knowledge and conduct, than to interpret it as an outgrowth of fear and charlatanry. We need a greater faith in human nature.

EGYPTIAN ART UNDER THE XXVIth DYNASTY:

by C. J.

THE statue of Neshoron, of which we give an illustration, is a very fine example of the work of the XXVIth Dynasty (B. C. 666 to 528). This was a period of great prosperity for Egypt, after long years of depression. Rawlinson says:

The entire valley of the Nile became little more than one huge workshop, where stone-cutters and masons, bricklayers and carpenters, labored incessantly. Under the liberal encouragement of the king and his chief nobles, the arts recovered themselves and began to flourish anew. The engraving and painting of the hieroglyphs were resumed with success, and carried out with a minuteness and accuracy that provoke the admiration of the beholder. Bas-reliefs of extreme beauty and elaboration characterize the period. There rests upon some of them "a gentle and almost feminine tenderness, which has impressed upon the imitations of living creatures the stamp of an incredible delicacy both of conception and execution." Statues and statuettes of merit were at the same time produced in abundance.

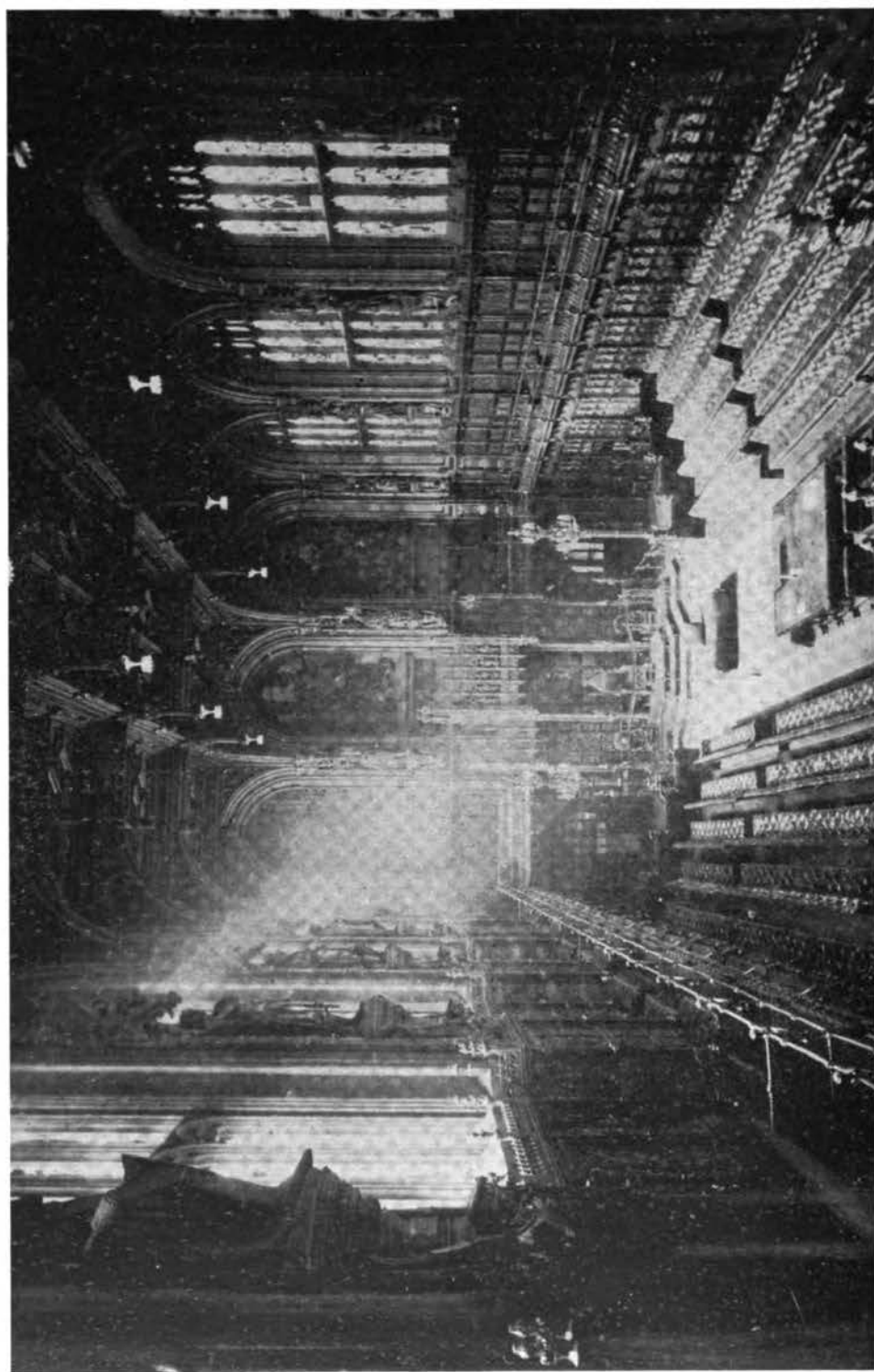
Under King Psametik I, the first king of the XXVIth Dynasty, a semi-Libyan devoid of Egyptian prejudices, foreigners, especially Greeks, were encouraged to settle in the Delta and to establish commercial relations on a large scale — a hitherto unheard-of innovation. The effect of this was a great change in the character of the Egyptians, perhaps not for the better. A mercenary army was enlisted, and the beginning of Egypt's downfall and subjugation drew nigh. In the reign of Apries (Uah-ab-Rā, the "Pharaoh Hophra" of Jeremiah xliv, 30) an unsuccessful attempt was made to restore the greatness of the ancient Egyptian empire. Apries, or Hophra, finding the Nebuchadnezzar of Babylon was unable to reduce Phoenicia to subjection, concluded a treaty with Zedekiah, king of Judah, in B. C. 588, promising him assistance if he would help him to attack the Babylonians. The war that followed resulted in the capture and destruction of Jerusalem, and the transfer of the Jews to Babylon. Apries failed to protect Zedekiah, though he appears to have done his best. He retreated before the victorious Babylonians, and with the fall of Palestine, the two great powers of Babylon and Egypt became conterminous. Within a few years Nebuchadnezzar had conquered Egypt, making it a tributary kingdom.

The statue of Neshoron is remarkable for the realism shown in the treatment of the face, which is obviously an excellent portrait. The feet are also treated in a naturalistic manner, but the rest of the figure is more conventional in accordance with the prevailing custom.



Lomaland Photo. and Engraving Dept.

STATUE OF NESHORON, A DIGNITARY UNDER KING APRIES
LOUVRE MUSEUM, PARIS



Lomaland Photo. and Engraving Dept.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS, LONDON

THE HOUSE OF LORDS, PALACE OF WESTMINSTER, LONDON: by R.

THOUGH such an important chamber, the House of Lords is only forty-five feet wide, forty-five feet high, and ninety feet long, yet it is very well adapted to its purpose. There is none of the crowding from which the House of Commons suffers when all the members wish to be present at some important debate. Like the rest of the Palace of Westminster, the House of Lords is built in the Tudor-Gothic style, but it does not date back to the fifteenth century. The old House of Parliament, a patched-up and unimposing building, was almost completely destroyed in 1835 — an important service to architecture being rendered thereby — and the new one was commenced upon the same site in 1840. It took twenty-seven years to build and it is generally admitted, in spite of many weaknesses, to be a worthy home for “the Mother of Parliaments,” and the most impressive modern Gothic building in Europe. One important though indirect result of the fire which burned down the old Parliament House was that public competition, almost unknown in England, was adopted as the safest way to obtain a good design. Sir Charles Barry, the architect, was greatly helped by the famous Pugin in the superintendence of the detail, which, as can be seen in the plate, is well-designed and executed, *for modern work*. Of course no modern imitation-Gothic possesses the life and vigor of the old; there is a mechanical feeling about it which can never be avoided in some degree; there is want of spontaneity, a rigidity and formal correctness, which is entirely absent in the old work. The House of Peers and the King’s Apartments occupy the western portion of the palace; the House of Commons the eastern.

Being so new, there are few important historical associations connected with the House of Lords, and in recent times the most thrilling scenes in parliamentary life have taken place in the other House, where the expression of the emotions has always been allowed freer play, and where the Government of the day has to meet its strongest opponents in debate, but a very impressive ceremony takes place when the Sovereign in person opens Parliament. He then takes his seat on the throne, which can be seen in the plate, and reads his speech from it before a brilliant audience. The British monarchy being a constitutional one, this speech is, of course, really an outline of the policy of the Ministry in office, and it usually says very little.

The composition of the members of the House of Lords consists of Lords spiritual (Bishops), and Lords temporal. The latter include the five dignities of Duke, Marquis, Earl, Viscount, and Baron. No new dignity has been created since the time of Henry VI, when the rank of viscount was established. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth there were only fifty-nine temporal peers, but the present number is about ten times as many. The principle under which a peer holds his seat is in the main the hereditary one, but there are a few peerages which are bestowed for life only. The peers who are judges, sitting as a judicial tribunal, constitute the Supreme Court of British Law, and the presiding peer of the whole House, the Lord Chancellor, is a lawyer, and always belongs to the party of the government in power. The Lord Chancellor's seat is known as the Woolsack; this peculiar term comes from a period in Elizabeth's reign when wool was the staple industry of England and its export was forbidden; sacks of wool were kept in the Chamber of Peers to remind them of its importance.

MUSIC NOTES: by Charles J. Ryan

RICHARD WAGNER'S autobiography, just published to the world at large, though it does not include the last twenty years of his life when he had attained success, has made a great stir among all who are interested in the study of human nature. It is an amazing self-revelation, and, from the Theosophical standpoint, a striking example of the duality of man. The popular conception of Wagner is amply confirmed by this "human document." But why should we waste our time, and perhaps feed our own sense of self-righteousness injudiciously, by dwelling on the failings of genius? Have not the great men given us, in their immortal works, that which is really worthiest of remembrance? Whatever his personal shortcomings were, Wagner never failed in his loyal devotion to his ideal in music-drama; he dared everything and suffered greatly in his protracted efforts to lead the incredulous world to listen to his novel and glorious revolutionary forms, which he knew to be superior to those of his time. The soul behind stands out in his immortal music, high above the limitations of his personality, for there was that in

him which had listened to the music of the spheres and which lived serenely apart from the jar and jangle of the petty life. That it is possible for an inspired Soul in touch with the Realities to force its way through all kinds of difficulties, even the greatest — the incarnation in a hindering personality — and to deliver its message of living beauty to men, seems to be the principal lesson this ill-advised autobiography teaches. It would have been better perhaps that it had never seen the light, for there are not many who have the understanding of the complex nature of man, the higher and the lower, which alone can interpret so unusual a character.

THE SPIRIT of revolution was in the air of Europe when Wagner was meditating upon the imperfections of the grand opera of his youth. He says, "The spirit of revolution took possession of me once forever." In 1842 *The Flying Dutchman* was brought out in Dresden, and in 1845 *Tannhäuser* appeared and set all musical Europe by the ears. For the rest of his life, till 1882, Wagner was at war with his fellow musicians and critics. His keen perception of natural beauty and artistic fitness is shown in the following passage from his *Life*:

One solitary flash of brightness was afforded by our view of the Wartburg, which we passed during the only sunlit hour of this journey. The sight of this mountain fastness, which from the Fulda side is clearly visible for a long time, affected me deeply. A neighboring ridge further on I at once christened the Hørselberg, and as I drove through the valley pictured to myself the scenery for the third act of my *Tannhäuser*. The scene remained so vividly in my mind that long afterwards I was able to give Despléchin, the Parisian scene painter, exact details when he was working out the scenery under my directions.

THE DEATH of Felix Mottl came as a sudden blow to all music lovers. It was known for a little while that the great Viennese conductor was in bad health, but not that he was dangerously ill. He was only fifty-five. His reputation was made at an early age; in 1885 he was conducting *Tristan* at Baireuth. Mottl was virtually the last of the great conductors who had received the true Wagnerian tradition by personal contact with the great composer. He was also distinguished among German conductors of his time by his liking and understanding of French music, and for the success with which he conducted French music before the most discriminating Parisian audiences. He was well known in New York; where his conducting of the Nibelungen Ring series made a profound impression. His

remains were cremated. At his funeral in Munich no clergy were present, but Richard Strauss gave an eloquent address.

"THERE are women in Boston," says the *Boston Herald*, "who are undoubtedly as good violinists as some of the younger members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and perhaps better. But the old prejudice that woman is necessarily inferior to man and for the same work should receive less pay, is still to be reckoned with." Miss Maud Powell is perhaps the only American woman violinist who has reached the highest success in this country, but there are many others who have spent many years at the best European Conservatories and who are quartet and solo players of distinction, and yet while a male violinist of fair quality can find employment, it is often difficult for women of equal ability to be admitted into the best orchestras. They have to become teachers, or to give up.

PADEREWSKI's eloquent patriotic address at the Chopin Centenary Festival has just been translated into English. He says: "Music is the only art that actually lives. Her elements, vibration, palpitation, are the elements of life itself." The great pianist is repeating exactly what Katherine Tingley said many years ago. In her Râja Yoga system of training, music is given a prominent position, and the effect upon the character has been very marked. To produce the best results and to avoid the undesirable ones which the ordinary musical training sometimes engenders, great discrimination in the method of teaching is necessary. In the Râja Yoga system of education music is taught in such a way that the interest is sustained without the egotism and vanity of the pupil being stimulated. Can this be said of musical training in general?

FRANCE is certainly the land of great opportunities. A café singer, M. Couyba, who, fifteen years ago was earning a precarious salary at a Montmartre restaurant by singing his own songs, is now Minister of Commerce in the new French cabinet.

ANCIENT CALENDARS: by Travers



MONG features of the Chinese calendar we find:

The connexion of the five planets and the sun and moon in a septenate called the Seven Regulators, with a corresponding septenary week, and in some cases a sabbath marked as inauspicious for doing work.

The Ten Celestial Stems, representing the Father Heaven or masculine principle.

The Twelve Earthly Branches, representing the Mother Earth or feminine principle; also standing for the twelve houses of the zodiac, which are of uneven size, and are denoted by symbolic animals.

The year is lunar, but its commencement is regulated by the sun, the new year falling on the first new moon after the sun enters Aquarius.

These features are supposed to have been "introduced," mostly from Chaldaea; but whether the Chinese got them from the Chaldees or the Chaldees from the Chinamen, the question as to how and by whom they were originated remains the same.

The subject of ancient calendrical systems is extensive, and no speculation can be of much account which has not been prefaced by an examination of the various systems. It would be pertinent, for instance, to see what is known about the calendars which have come down to us from the ancient Central Americans. These evince an accurate knowledge of the periods of the celestial movements, together with knowledge of another kind; for the Mexicans had both a civil and a sacred year. The former was 365 days, with 13 added every 52 years; the latter 260 days, with 13 months of 20 days each, each month divided into 4 weeks of 5 days each.

It is evident that the entire system from which all these various ancient systems of computation were derived was complex and profound, and that it comprised a mathematical knowledge having sound reason at the bottom of it, but whose keys have not yet been discovered. The competency of the computers is shown by their ability to ascertain with exactitude all natural cycles, such as those of the solar year and the eclipses, when such was their purpose; and this relieves them from the imputation that their secret and sacred years were due to ignorance and mal-observation. These cycles were not due to ignorance, but to a knowledge and a purpose which remains to be discovered by research free from both theological and scientific bias.

The septenate of planets is of course a very familiar symbol in ancient lore; the number seven was recognized as the principal key-number in cosmic architecture. The reason why the sun and moon are included among the number of planets is not due to ignorance; and it is evident that such an alleged ignorance is not compatible with the knowledge displayed in other particulars. It was due to the fact that the real septenate of planets was esoteric, an item of arcane knowledge, and that when the septenate was mentioned exoterically, the place of two secret planets had to be supplied, the sun and moon being introduced for this purpose.

The question whether the number of zodiacal signs was originally twelve or ten receives a suggestive hint from the fact that in the above calendar both a denary and a duodenary were used. The ten and the twelve are combined in some of these calendars by taking their least common multiple, 60, and using that number to designate a period of 60 years. Ten and twelve are likewise said to be combined by addition in the 22 letters of the Hebrew alphabet.

From such gleanings of archaic science as are accessible to us, we may infer that it consisted largely in a marvelous application of fundamental mathematical principles to mensuration and the measurement of time. The computers, so far from being ignorant experimenters, were very brainy people, as we find some of their descendants to be still. The still unexplained existence of the very ancient Âryan Hindû astronomy of the *Sûrya-Siddhânta* and other works, proves that, when exact calculation of natural cycles was the object, the calculators were fully as competent as ourselves. We must infer, then, that their secret and sacred cycles were based on the like competence and not upon ignorance.

As to mathematics, there are some who think that our great progress in that science may represent merely a partial recovery of what was known before; and that logarithms and the calculus may be but a fraction of what has been known. And there is much yet to be found out as to the relation between numbers and dimensions. It is hardly to be expected, however, that a culture so recent as our own should have reached the point that must have been attained by civilizations of such duration as those of the past.

THE MYSTERIES OF ELEUSIS: by H. T. E.



LEUSIS is sacred as one of the last, and to us best known, spots where the Ancient Mysteries survived in publicly recognized form until the days when corruption and dogmatism caused their withdrawal. The name wakes an echo in the recesses of our consciousness, for do we not belong to the same humanity as that which flourished when the Mysteries were recognized and venerated?

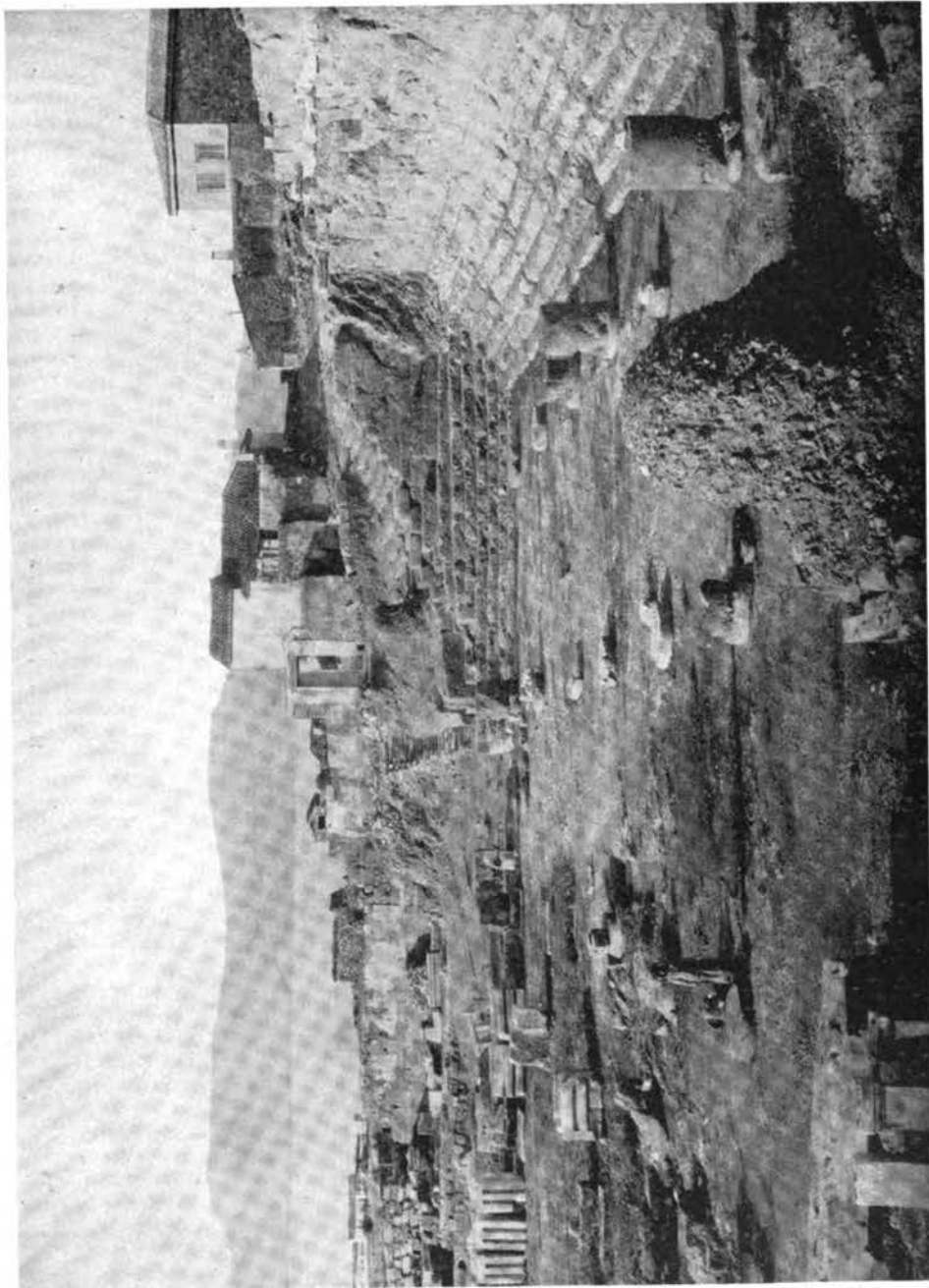
In considering the Mysteries we must choose between two hypotheses. Either the whole thing was a delusion and a fraud, or the Mysteries held and could impart knowledge inaccessible to the outsider and since departed from among men. To maintain the former theory we must discredit our own judgment and invalidate all human testimony on any subject whatever, by supposing that whole nations and ages of competent and highly cultured people were deluded. As so well argued by Thomas Taylor, relatively to the ancient oracles (*Century Path*, Sept. 25, 1910), such a theory is altogether preposterous. The only thing which stands in the way of our admitting in this particular case the true value of evidence is our own foolish vanity and juvenile insularity as regards the merits of our own culture. We are reluctant to admit that anything we do not know can be knowledge; any one who contradicts us must be wrong. A fine attitude to take! Yet of late years our confidence has somewhat wavered. For one thing we have found that our scientific universe is not so complete as we once thought it was and that we have merely been exploring an anteroom; but now we find ourselves on the threshold of a vast unexplored region. For another thing, we find a few little difficulties arising in connexion with the management of the affairs of civilized life, which makes us a little mistrustful of the efficiency of our knowledge. Little details like physical health bother us; there are insurrections of vice we cannot quell; our religion is decaying; our philosophy is composed mostly of doubts and questionings.

The Mysteries of Eleusis date from times to us prehistoric; but our historians have at last been forced to admit that the period of Grecian civilization covered by our history books was but the tail end of a period equal in culture and antiquity to those of Egypt and Chaldaea. The rites consisted of the Greater and the Lesser Mysteries, the former celebrated between harvest and seed-time, the latter in the spring. The inner teachings were kept secret by effectual means; for

the public there were "dramas," in which the exoteric teachings were symbolically presented. The institutions of all past times were based on what filtered out through many channels from the veiled Mysteries. The Drama can be traced back through the plays of Aeschylus and the choric dances in honor of Dionysus to the exoteric rites of the Mysteries. Our own religious symbolism is derived therefrom: our term "Christ," our sacraments, our Cross, etc., etc. The Mysteries are the eternal root of religions. For the gateway of knowledge is Man's own inner faculties, by which, when purified, he comes into direct relation with the mysteries of the Unseen. Hence the preliminary requisite for the candidate was always purification; his attainments were conditioned on his success in that respect.

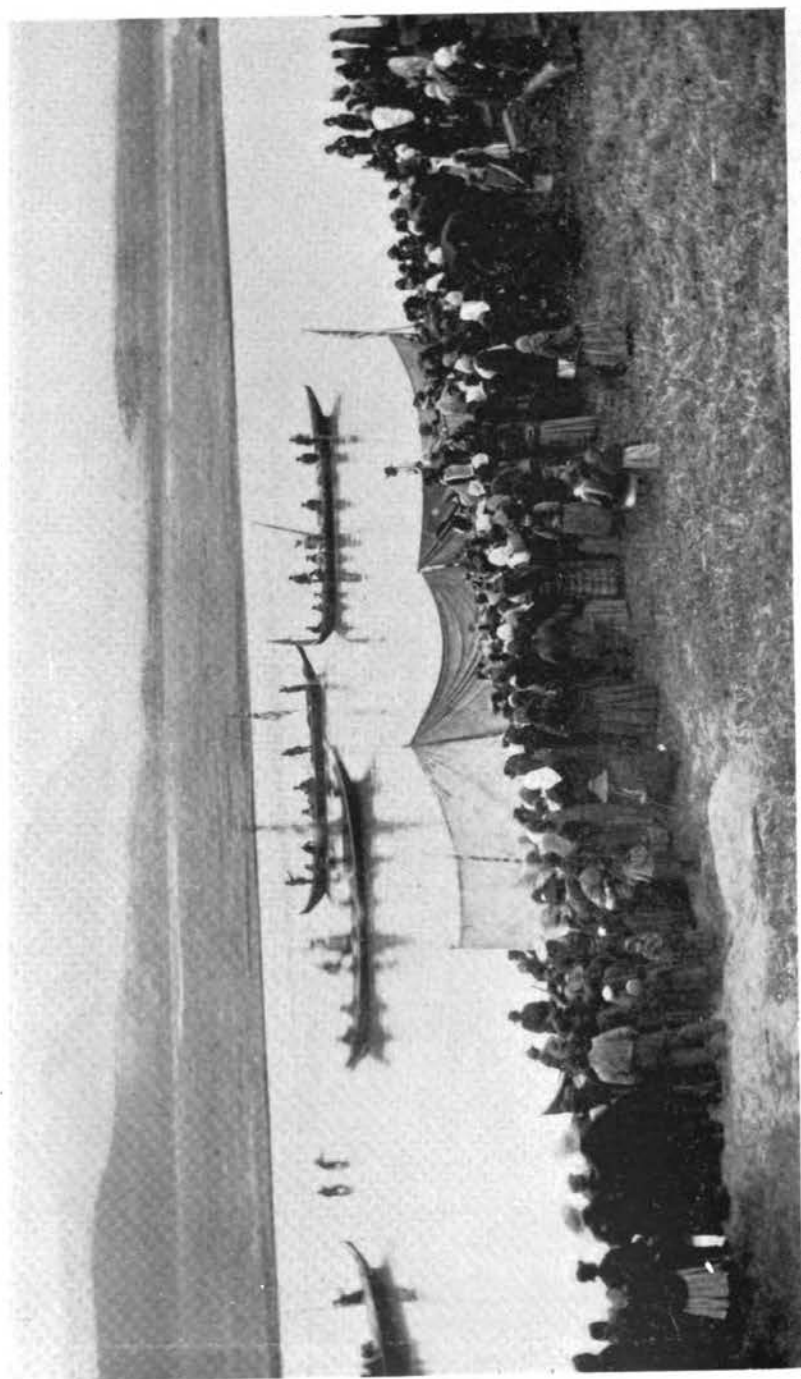
It is even so today; for none but the pure, who have given guarantees of unselfishness and integrity, can attain. Those who lust after knowledge without having thus earned the right to it fall into delusions — of which also the world today is not without illustrations. So great is the power of these words, "Mysteries" and "Eleusis," in the inner consciousness of man, that they are even now used by "magicians" as part of the paraphernalia which, together with rabbits and top-hats, they carry about in their carpet bags as a means of relieving the idle of some of their spare cash.

If anybody today thirsts after knowledge the old way is still open. He can either belong to *οἱ πολλοί*, the crowd, or seek to enrol himself of the elect. But the latter dignity is not a matter of privilege. He can neither be admitted nor refused, except according to his qualifications. The desire to join a movement for uplifting humanity is the key that will open the first door. Students of Theosophy will find that that condition has always been made essential; see H. P. Blavatsky's writings, as also those of her successors, W. Q. Judge and Katherine Tingley. He who desires to be initiated into the mysteries of his own Soul must first purify his heart and mind. Thus alone can he distinguish between the false and the true. Otherwise he must go by the erring light of his fallible judgment and accept teachings on the authority of the teachers. But the man who relies on the guidance of his own pure motives will not be imposed upon and will follow only such teachings as give him the light he seeks.



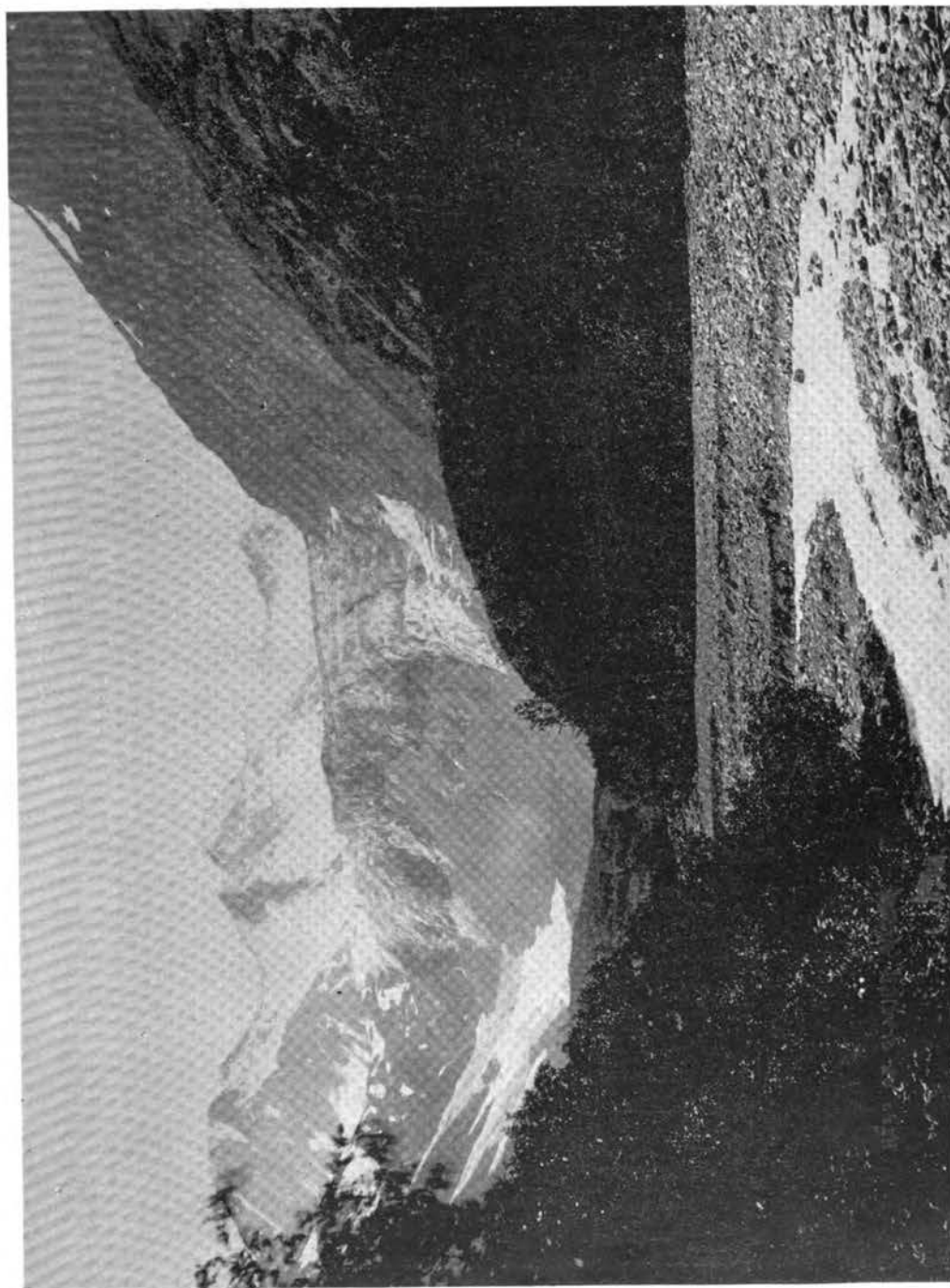
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PART OF THE RUINS OF ELEUSIS



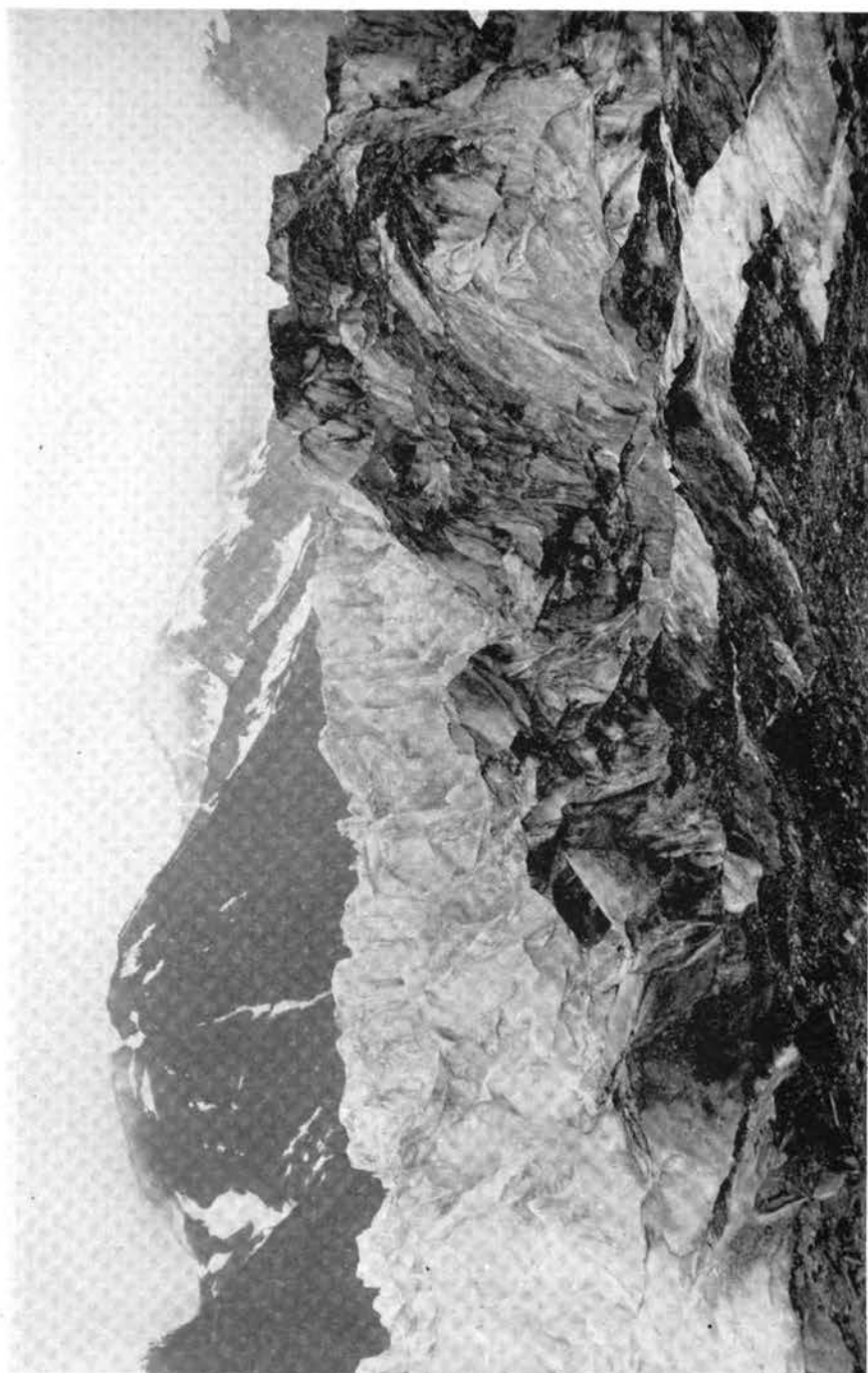
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HAINES, ALASKA



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AN ALASKAN VALLEY



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AN ALASKAN GLACIER

GLACIATION, PAST AND PRESENT: by T. Henry



THE stupendous effects of ice in ages long gone by have been elaborately studied by geologists, who have given us fascinating descriptions thereof. The enormous power of ice as an agent in transforming the land is shown by the study of its doings at the present day. Much has been done in this direction in the Alps, but in America we have Alaska, which, besides the prospects of material resources which it holds out to the future, is already affording a fine field for the observer of nature. Here we may see glaciers at work; and though the action of the ice-sheet at its bottom is hid from view, what goes on at the advancing margin is evident from year to year, and even from day to day. All the phenomena of moraines, the pushing forward of rocks and trees, the damming up of valleys to form lakes, the scraping up of boulder-clay, the rounding-off of the rocks, etc., may be witnessed; together with many details that could not easily have been inferred from a study of the sites of past glaciation. One of the most interesting of these effects is the way in which the glacier acts indirectly through the force of the huge waves it produces when it enters a river. Vast blocks from the ice-front fall off with a splash and send up a wave and a series of waves that sweep over the bank and into the forest beyond, achieving more erosion than ever rain or river did. The greater erosive effects follow on brief sudden movements.

In the *National Geographical Magazine* (Washington) for June, 1911, there is a most interesting article recording the field-studies of the National Geographical Society in Alaska. Many of the glaciers which they studied had advanced during the last year or two, and others had been retreating. The reasons why some should advance while others retreat were not satisfactorily determined, and further study must precede a decision in this respect. But earthquakes, of which there were twenty-six days in September, 1899, are assigned a chief rôle. The effect of an earthquake was to produce a sudden advance and great but brief transformations.

One of the largest glaciers in Yakutat Bay, the Nunatak, had changed a great deal since the year before. It had advanced decidedly, different parts of its front having come out 700 to 1000 feet up to June 17, 1910. From 1890 to 1909 the Nunatak Glacier receded steadily, going back over two miles and a half in this time. . . . The forward movement commenced between July 6, 1909 and June 1910. This was due to the accession of unusually large quantities of snow to the reservoirs of this glacier by avalanches during the twenty-six days of severe earthquakes of September, 1899.

The size of glaciers is illustrated by the following description:

On the lower Copper River is Childs Glacier, which is seriously threatening to destroy a steel railway bridge just completed. The rate of forward motion in Childs Glacier increased during the winter of 1909-10 so that part of the margin of the glacier changed its forward movement from nothing to two and as much as eight feet a day. . . . Childs Glacier is ten to twelve miles long, not much over a mile wide in the mountain valley, but it widens to over three miles in Copper River Valley.

Its front is a precipitous white wall 250 to 300 feet high, and is swept at the base by Copper River. . . .

In August, 1909, Childs Glacier was advancing at about its normal rate — four feet a day at a point near the north side and perhaps six or seven feet a day in midglacier. The melting and the many icebergs discharged from the terminal cliff at that time just about balanced this advance, so that the front of the glacier remained in about the same place. . . . During the winter and early spring of 1909-10, however, the glacier began to advance more rapidly, buckling up the ice of the frozen river. In June 1910 the ice-front had moved forward from 920 to 1225 feet, narrowing the river to 400 or 500 feet.

Every time the ice cliff was sufficiently undercut by the river, great masses of ice would cascade down the front, raising a gigantic wave in the river. . . . During the advance the waves washed up over a bank five to twenty-five feet in height and rushed back 100 or 200 feet into the alder thicket. Ice blocks, up to ten tons in weight were thrown in among the trees. Stones a foot or two in diameter were hurled into the thicket. Alders nine to eleven inches in diameter were stripped of leaves and bark and bent backward or broken off short, or uprooted or buried beneath the gravel and boulders and macerated trunks of other trees.

The river bank, which was cut back some in the preceding year was in 1910 being fairly eaten up by the iceberg waves which crossed the river, fifty to sixty feet by actual measurement having been removed along the bank of the stream facing the glacier.

It was a rare opportunity to see the visible forward movement of Childs Glacier into the forest. A series of lobes developed, though some of them were not persistent, and at the end of these lobes the day-to-day changes were most pronounced. Ice blocks were sliding down the frontal slope some of them being rolled many feet into the forest; trees were overturned, turf and grass were ploughed up and carried on the ice of the glacier. Yet one saw and heard little of a spectacular nature while traversing the ice-front. It was an irresistible steady movement, but slow, as the movement of the hour hand of a clock is slow. As impressive as anything was to find tons of ice resting where one stood to take a photograph the day before, or to find some great tree, 100 years old, prone on the ground with the butt beneath the glacier, where the day before the tree was upright with the ice just touching it.

A whole grove . . . was overturned between 1909 and 1910, . . . practically not a tree remaining which was not overturned or leaning. Peat bogs were rolled

up in great bolsters five or six feet high. Isolated trees in the peat were pushed forward a hundred feet or more without being overturned. . . . In the bay east of Heather Island marine deposits with shells are being pushed up above sea-level.

On the east margin of the glacier a lake was formed where there was only a marginal stream.

It is evident that in ice we have an agent which in the past has played a great part in cosmic changes and cataclysms, and may do so at any time in the future. When we consider the changes in climate to which the earth is believed to be liable, owing to certain cyclic changes in the gearing of its revolving pinions, the conviction becomes stronger. It is now generally admitted that the words "Ice Age" or "Glacial Age" should be spelt with a final *s* indicating the plural number; for if there was one there were many. What we study in the north of America and Europe is the effects of the last, or the last few, of these periodic phenomena.

GOD AND THE CHILD

"For in Him we live and move and have our being." — *St. Paul*

GOD and I in space alone
And nobody else in view:
"And where are the people, oh Lord," I said,
"The earth below and the sky o'erhead
And the dead whom once I knew?"
"That was a dream," the good God said,
"A dream that seemed to be true;
There are no people living or dead,
There is no earth and no sky o'erhead,
There is only Myself — and you."
"Why do I feel no fear?" I asked,
"Meeting you here this way,
For I have sinned, I know full well —
And is there heaven and is there a hell
And is this the judgment day?"
"Nay, all are but dreams," the great God said;
"Dreams that have ceased to be,
There is no such thing as fear or sin,
There is no you and never has been —
There is nothing at all but Me." — *Selected*

POWER: by Lydia Ross, M. D.



HIS hearers agreed that the pastor of their ultra-fashionable church had transcended himself that Sunday morning. This was no small praise, for his trained mind and wide experience, his analysis of men, his delicate wit, his eloquence, and the fervid poetry of his prayers made the congregation regard his ordinary efforts with patronizing pride. When he began with the beatitudes, in clear, resonant tones, his voice seemed to radiate a grateful calm through the softly lighted interior. Then he painted a graphic picture of the compensations of unselfish work and sacrifice, artistically coloring the whole theme with the glow of noble peace which comes to those who give themselves generously.

There was a responsive awakening in the cultured, ennuied minds of his high-bred audience which was like wine to the speaker. The interest which he had aroused reacted as a pungent mental stimulus. The very air seemed to scintillate with new thoughts which he swiftly grasped and clothed in vivid words.

My Lady Luxury, who had played the game of "slumming" for diversion, breathed a little deeper in her faultless gown. The commonplace creatures of work and weariness had never seemed quite the same kind of flesh and blood as the members of her exclusive set. The poor were interesting enough as authors' types or artists' models but she had not supposed they had any of the finer feelings. She assumed that the narrow ugliness of their lives could be no trial since they had never known anything else. How skilfully the minister was analysing things. After all, there was some comfort in religion when a man could preach like that. If the homely struggles of the weary, dulled mothers and fathers of poverty and toil had these compensating pleasures of sacrifice, they could not complain. It really was an indifferent matter, then, whether one gave alms or not, though of course, the fashionable charities ought to be sustained. She was not stirred to taste the higher sense of sacrifice so well described, but a complacent feeling of the fitness of things came over her. How absurd the less fortunate were to think this an unjust world. The toilers' backs were fitted to their burdens as hers was meant for soft purple and fine linen. This was not exactly what the minister was saying, but it suited her to regard him as the author of her translation.

The members of the pulpit committee in their pews secretly con-

gratulated themselves upon their foresight in having selected this candidate. The demands of the position were exacting, but he was equal to them — even his physique fitted the pulpit admirably. His culture and learning were a credit to even this patrician parish, which believed in having the best that money could procure.

Down the central aisle was the clear-cut, immobile face of a financier whose opinions in the money world were never discounted. His keen eyes rested upon the speaker in admiration. Personally he played the game of gold so intensely he forgot to calculate what life meant to the individuals who composed "the market." He was rather hypnotized with his own success: but he recognized his peer in this man who ruled in his own world of thought. Why, he was making the game of life appear so vivid and real that the whole financial play grew dull and artificial beside it. The listener's quick eye noted the alert, interested faces around him. Ah, it were indeed a great thing so to play upon the minds of men and women as to win this tribute of silent, rapt attention. The eloquent voice aroused in him no impulse of envy or of aspiration; but his own ability inwardly saluted this master of words who could so paint the atmosphere with sound.

A gratified flush crept into the minister's face as he looked over the audience. Was this not ready proof of the compensations of work? He had put his mind's best effort into this sermon, and there was not one in the great church who was not touched, mentally.

That sense of the unreality of the market-place followed the financier after the artistic music had ended the service. Later in the day he wandered along the country roads in the spring sunshine, thinking of the sermon. How dramatic it all had been and how perfect a performance! It seemed a part of the fresh spring day as the inviting green fields melted into his reverie and he followed the path with careless strides.

The wind gently stirred the branches and a delicate shower of fragrant petals fell at his feet, while a strangely familiar odor filled the air with its long-forgotten charm. Apple blossoms! How sweet they were! With delicious subtlety the perfumed breath from the boughs filled him with its own ethereal magic. Nature was playing a glorious game of sound and color and form and fragrance. Deep in his slumbering heart something stirred and fluttered and sprang up at the first touch of this enchantment. The power in the fragile petals swept the sordid earth from under his feet. The dear old apple

orchard of his boyhood was before him. Again he stood upon the threshold of joyous, strong, young life. The taste of sweet belief in an untried world was on his lips, the wine of high impulse tingling in every nerve. The harmony of life's song thrilled him into vibrant sympathy with its purity and beauty and his heart glowed with the faith which only youth knows.

Oh that he might crystallize the wondrous meaning of this perfumed vision of unfolding life into sound or color or form that would make the dreary world of men feel that this, this was the reality! His pulses throbbed with a longing for toil and struggle and sacrifice — no effort was too great, no price too much to pay, if only he might help to voice this living poetry. He would valiantly espouse this cause of beauty until mankind's glad belief should liberate the truth imprisoned in a selfish world. No lesser ambition should lure him from the task: this was the only thing worth while. Other champions might prove more able, and he might sadly fail; but oh, how he longed to lose himself in the glory of the attempt.

With uncovered head the financier stood disciple-wise among the trees. Long and deeply he drank of the redolent air, feasting his eyes upon the marvel of perfectly tinted petals and countless buds of promise still brighter in their tender curves. It was all too subtle for analysis, yet his heart recognized the meaning of the message so strangely sweet and strong. What revelation lay at the heart of this unfoldment, with its touch of the eternal spring which sleeps beneath all forms! Oh the power and inspiration and the rare, old-time enchantment of returning apple-blossoms!

SOKRATES: by F. S. Darrow, A. M., Ph. D. (Harv.)



SOKRATES was born in 469 B. C. and was put to death in 399 B. C. at the age of seventy. He grew to manhood among the splendors of the Periklean Age; took an active and honorable part in the Peloponnesian War; saw the Long Walls, extending from Athens to its harbor, Peiraeus, destroyed at the blast of Lysander's trumpet, and displayed the fearlessness and nobility of his nature during the Reign of Terror when the Thirty Tyrants ruled at Athens. Finally he was accused of heresy and was condemned by his fellow-citizens to drink the hemlock—the immemorial fate of great believers, to be condemned for unbelief by unbelievers.

Three dialogs of Plato depict the last month of his master's life, the *Apology*, the *Crito*, and the *Phaedo*. The *Apology* is a reproduction of the extemporaneous defense made by Sokrates at his trial. The *Crito* is a discussion between Sokrates and his old friend Kriton on the subject: Would it be right and just for Sokrates to accept Kriton's proffered assistance and escape? The *Phaedo* is a most beautiful and inspiring account of the last day of Sokrates' life, when in prison surrounded by a few devoted disciples, in discussing the nature and destiny of the soul he avowed his belief in its immortality, its pre-existence, and its rebirth.

The personality of Sokrates was strikingly unique. He was unusually robust and strong, capable of enduring fatigue and hardship to a surprising degree. He went barefoot throughout the year, even when campaigning at Potidaea and among the severe snows of Thrace. The same clothing sufficed him in winter as in summer. His diet was simple and temperate, and "he used to say in jest that Circe transformed men into hogs by entertaining them with an abundance of luxury, but that Odysseus through his temperance was not changed into a hog." Nevertheless, at festivals and banquets when joviality and indulgence were in order, Sokrates was able to outdo all the others. He consciously limited the number of his wants and repressed all artificial tastes. He was just, moderate, and above all independent in thought and action, absolutely regardless of danger when confident that he was acting rightly. His features were extremely ugly and grotesque: his nose was flat, his nostrils large, his lips thick, his eyes bulging; so that his companions jokingly compared him to the mythical old Satyr, Silenus. He purposely avoided politics and never held any

public office until 406 B. C., when for a single day, as chairman of the Prytanes, he presided at a meeting of the Popular Assembly and refused to put to vote the unconstitutional proposal that the victorious generals of Arginusae be condemned collectively and be executed for their alleged neglect of duty. Heedless of threats and protests, at the greatest personal risk Sokrates persisted in his noble refusal to listen to the clamor of the mob. He was so law-abiding, such an advocate of peace and stranger to violence, so diligent in the performance of the duties of an upright man and of a brave and righteous citizen, that despite his many enemies he was never summoned to appear in court until in his seventieth year he was accused of atheism and impiety. He was pre-eminently a teacher of ethics, a preacher of morality, a defender of right, an earnest believer in duty. He is the Prophet of Reason, who "more than any other one of the great teachers of religion sought to sanctify the mind and to give to common sense a sacramental power."

Three peculiarities mark Sokrates as a loyal member of that splendid band of brothers who possess that wisdom which in all ages, entering into noble souls, makes them prophets and reformers. First, he passed his long life teaching in contented poverty, and devoted all his energy to pointing out piety, self-control, and justice to all, young and old alike. Secondly, he was of a deeply sensitive, religious nature, and firmly believed that he had a divine mission to perform under the inspiration of his Daemon or Higher Self. Thirdly, he was intellectually original both in choice of subject and in method of teaching. Plato calls him "a cross-examining God."

His lecture-room was the street; his auditors were shoemakers, tanners, sailors, and other craftsmen; his philosophy was for the market-place. His disciples were young men whose minds he had quickened and whose lives he had elevated. He aimed to prick the bubble of pretension everywhere. . . . To Sokrates the precept inscribed on the Delphian temple, "Know thyself," was the holiest of all texts.

He accepted no salary for the instruction he gave and refused the many rich gifts which were offered to him, spending the entire day in conversing with all who cared to listen to him, treating without any distinction rich and poor, never withholding his assistance from any one who consulted him in the spirit of truth. As his words were both interesting and instructive, some regularly attended him in public, and these were commonly called his disciples of students, although neither

Sokrates nor his personal friends used the terms teacher and disciple because of the disrepute then attached to them as a result of the mercenary and casuistical teachings of the Sophists. Early in the morning Sokrates frequented the public walks, the gymnasia, and the schools. Then later, between nine and ten, he went to the market-place, when it was most crowded.

Sokrates' power of meditation was developed very exceptionally. Frequently for hours at a time the strength of his inner life made him entirely oblivious to the outer world. In proof of this it is recorded that while he was a soldier at Potidaea

One morning he was thinking about something which he could not resolve; and he would not give it up but continued thinking from early dawn until noon — there he stood fixed in thought; and at noon attention was drawn to him and the rumor ran through the wondering crowd that Sokrates had been standing and thinking about something ever since the break of day. At last, in the evening after supper, some Ionians out of curiosity (I should explain that this was not in winter but in summer), brought out their mats and slept in the open air that they might watch him and see whether he would stand all night. There he stood all night as well as all day and the following morning; and with the return of light he offered up a prayer to the sun and went his way.

Two nights before he died, when the date of his execution was not known by him or his friends, it was revealed to him by a vision "in the likeness of a woman, fair and comely, clothed in white raiment, who called out and cried: 'O Sokrates, the third day hence, to Phthia shalt thou go.' " Sokrates also declares:

In the course of my life I have often had intimations in dreams that "I should make music." The same dream came to me sometimes in one form and sometimes in another but always saying the same or nearly the same words: "Make and cultivate music," said the dream. And hitherto I imagined that this was only intended to exhort and encourage me in the study of philosophy, which has always been the pursuit of my life and is the noblest and best of music.

Also, Sokrates heard even in childhood a divine voice, which all through his life acted as a restraining influence whenever he was about to take a false step. This never urged him to adopt any particular line of action but always served as a prohibitory warning. He heard it not only on great but also on small occasions when it frequently prevented him from continuing what he had begun to say or do. Later writers refer to this as the Daemon or Genius of Sokrates, but he always spoke of it as a "Divine Sign, a Prophetic Voice," and obeyed it implicitly, referring to it publicly and familiarly to others. It had

continually forbidden him to enter public life, and after he was indicted it forbade him to take any thought of what he should then do or say, bidding him to trust that all would come out for the best. So completely, he tells us, did he walk with a consciousness of this bridle that whenever he felt no check he was confident that all was well. His enemies asserted that this belief was an offensive heresy, an impious innovation on the orthodox creed, atheistic and immoral. Hence they accused him of not worshiping the recognized gods but of introducing new and false divinities of his own. The truth is that Sokrates believed in One Divine Life, the One in All and the All in One, while he did not deny the existence of the popular gods but declared that the popular conceptions were erroneous and imperfect.

To appreciate the mission of Sokrates, the message he had to deliver, it is necessary to refer to the Oracle of Delphi, in which Apollo proclaimed to Chaerephon, an intimate friend and enthusiastic follower, that Sokrates was the wisest of all men of his time. This declaration exerted a very great influence upon the subsequent life of Sokrates in that it caused him to inquire continually, What is wisdom? and made him not only a philosopher but a religious reformer as well. In the words of Cicero: "Sokrates labored to bring philosophy from heaven to earth."

Sokrates taught:

There is no better way to true glory than to endeavor to *be good* rather than to *seem so*.

A man who is good for anything ought not to calculate the chance of living or dying; he ought only to consider whether in doing anything he is doing right or wrong — acting the part of a good man or of a bad. For wherever a man's place is, whether the place he has chosen or that in which he has been placed by a commander, there he ought to remain in the hour of danger; he should not think of death or of anything but of disgrace.

The difficulty, my friends, is not in avoiding death, but in avoiding unrighteousness; for that runs faster than death.

Let every man be of good cheer about his soul, who has ruled his body and followed knowledge and goodness in this life; for if death be a journey to another place and there all the dead are, what good can be greater than this? Be of good cheer about death and know this of a truth that no evil can happen to a good man either in life or after death.

To want as little as possible is to make the nearest approach to the Deity.

Knowledge is the food of the soul.

We ought not to retaliate and render evil for evil to any one, whatever evil we may have suffered from him. Neither injury nor retaliation nor warding off

evil by evil is ever right. Act toward others as you would have others act toward you. Forgive your enemies, render good for evil, and kiss even the hand that is upraised to smite.

Grant me to be beautiful in soul and may all I possess of outward things be at harmony with those within. Teach me to think wisdom the only riches.

If thou wouldst know what is the wisdom of the gods and what their love is, render thyself deserving the communication of some of those divine secrets, which may not be penetrated by man and which are imparted to those alone who consult, adore, and obey the Deity.

Sokrates, speaking of his life-work, says:

In this research and scrutiny I have been long engaged. I interrogate every man of reputation. I prove him to be defective in wisdom but I can not prove it so as to make him sensible of the defect. Fulfilling the mission imposed upon me, I have established the veracity of the god (Apollo), who meant to pronounce that human wisdom is of little reach and worth; and that he who like Sokrates feels most convinced of his own worthlessness as to wisdom is really the wisest of men, for the truth is, O men of Athens, the Deity only is wise. My service to the god has not only constrained me to live in constant poverty and neglect of political estimation, but has brought upon me a host of bitter enemies in those whom I have examined and exposed, while the bystanders talk of me as a wise man because they give me credit for wisdom respecting all the points on which my exposure of others turns.

Whatever be the danger and obloquy which I may incur, it would be monstrous indeed, if having maintained my place in the ranks as an hoplite under your generals at Delium and Potidaea, I were now from fear of death or anything else to disobey the oracle and desert the post which the god has assigned to me, the duty of living for philosophy and cross-questioning both myself and others. And should you even now offer to acquit me, on condition of my renouncing this duty, I should tell you with all respect and affection that I will obey the god rather than you and that I will persist until my dying day in cross-questioning you, exposing your want of wisdom and virtue and reproaching you until the defect be remedied. My mission as your monitor is a mark of the special favor of the gods to you and if you condemn me it will be your loss; for you will find none other such. Perhaps you will ask me, Why cannot you go away, Sokrates, and live in peace and silence? This is the hardest of all questions for me to answer to your satisfaction. If I tell you that silence on my part would be disobedience to the god, you will think me in jest and not believe me. You will believe me still less, if I tell you that the greatest blessing which can happen to man is to carry on discussions every day about virtue and those other matters which you hear me conversing, when I cross-examine myself and others and that life without such examination is no life at all. Nevertheless so stands the fact, incredible as it may seem to you.

I certainly have my enemies [the Pharisaical party and the High Priests of orthodoxy] and these will be my destruction if I am destroyed; of that I am certain; not that Meletos, nor yet Anytos, but the envy and detraction of the

world, which has been the death of many more — there is no danger of my being the last of them.

Later, after his condemnation, he added:

And I prophesy to you, my murderers, that immediately after my death, punishment far heavier than you have inflicted on me will surely await you. Me you have killed because you wanted to escape the accuser and not to give an account of your lives. But that will not be as you suppose; far otherwise. For I say that there will be more accusers of you than there are now. For if you think that by killing men you can avoid the accuser censuring your lives, you are mistaken — that is not a way of escape which is either possible or honorable; the easiest and noblest way is not to be crushing others but to be improving yourselves. This is the prophecy which I utter to the judges who have condemned me.

How true have the last twenty-three centuries proved these words to be! How many deaths and ruined lives have been accomplished by that same spirit of intolerance! It led the way from Gethsemane to Golgotha. It is responsible for the death of the martyrs in all ages. It lighted the fagots that consumed the bodies of Giordano Bruno and Joan of Arc. Yes, and hundreds of others. How just is the praise with which the Saint Mark of Sokrates ends the *Memorabilia* of his master:

Of those who know what sort of a man Sokrates was, such as are lovers of virtue continue to regret him above all other men even to the present date, as having contributed in the highest degree to their advancement in goodness. To me, being such as I have described him, so pious that he did nothing without the sanction of the gods; so just, that he wronged no man even in the most trifling affair, but was of service in most important matters to those who enjoyed his society; so temperate that he never preferred pleasure to virtue; so wise that he never erred in distinguishing the better from the worse, needing no counsel from others but being sufficient in himself to discriminate between them; and so capable of discovering the character of others, of confuting those who were in error and of exhorting them to virtue and honor, he seemed to be such as the best and happiest of men would be.

Then to side with Truth is noble, when we share her wretched crust,
Ere her cause bring fame and profit and 'tis prosperous to be just,
Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward stands aside,
Doubting in his abject spirit, till his Lord is crucified,
And the multitude make virtue of the faith they had denied.

Count me o'er earth's chosen heroes — they were souls that stood alone
While the men they agonized for, hurled the contumelious stone;
Stood serene, and down the future saw the golden beam incline,
To the side of perfect justice, mastered by their faith divine.—
They must upward still and onward, who would keep abreast of Truth.

Sokrates was early canonized as a Christian Saint, and Professor John Stuart Blackie (1808-1895) "Scotland's greatest Greek scholar," has taken the idea of his Latin refrain in the following poem from a rosary by an early Christian father beginning "Sancte Socrates, ora pro nobis:" — "O, Sainted Socrates, pray for us."

O SANCTE SOCRATES, ORA PRO NOBIS!

Dear God by wrathful routs
 How is thy church divided,
 And how may he that doubts
 In such turmoil be guided!
 When weeping I behold
 How Christian people quarrel,
 Ofttimes from Heathens old
 I fetch a saintly moral;
 And while they fret with rage
 The sore-distraught community,
 I look for some Greek sage
 Who preaches peace and unity.
 And thus I pray:
 O Sancte Socrates, ora pro nobis!
 Let faith and love and joy increase,
 And reason rule and wrangling cease,
 Good saint, we pray thee!

They pile a priestly fence
 Of vain scholastic babble,
 To keep out common sense
 With the unlearned rabble.
 A curious creed they weave,
 And, for the church commands it,
 All men must needs believe,
 Though no man understands it;
 Thus while they rudely ban
 All honest thought as treason
 I from the Heathen clan
 Seek solace to my reason.
 And thus I pray:
 O Sancte Socrates, ora pro nobis!
 From creeds that men believe because
 They fear a damnatory clause,
 Good saint, deliver us!

Some preach a God so grim
 That when his anger swelleth,
 They crouch and cower to him
 When sacred fear compelleth;
 God loves his few pet lambs,
 And saves his one pet nation,
 The rest he largely damns
 With swinging reprobation.
 Thus banished from the fold,
 I wisely choose to follow
 Some sunny preacher old
 Who worshiped bright Apollo.
 And thus I pray:
 O Sancte Socrates, ora pro nobis!
 From silly flocks of petted lambs,
 And from a faith that largely damns,
 Good saint, deliver us!

.

Such eager fancies vain
 Shape forth the rival churches;
 And each man's fuming brain
 God's holy light besmirches;
 And thus they all conspire
 The primal truth to smother,
 And think they praise their sire
 By hating well their brother.
 Such wrangling when I see
 Such storms of godly rancor,
 To Heathendom I flee
 To cast a peaceful anchor.
 And thus I pray:
 O Sancte Socrates, ora pro nobis!
 Let love and faith and joy increase,
 And reason rule and wrangling cease,
 Good saint, we pray thee!



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SOKRATES AND SENECA
(Berlin Museum)



Lomaland Photo. and Engraving Dept.

AVENUE OF ROYAL PALMS, CUBA



Lomaland Photo. and Engraving Dept.

CUBAN COUNTRY SCENE



FLORIDA PALMETTOS
ONE-HALF MILE AVENUE



A CASUARINA AVENUE
TREES 13 YEARS OLD

ROYAL POINCIANA HOTEL, PALM BEACH, FLORIDA
Photos by Puffer, New York and Palm Beach

A VISIT TO A LOUISIANA SUGAR PLANTATION:

by Barbara McClung



THE writer recently made a visit to a section of the country that still retains much of its own distinctive individuality and charm, most delightful in these days, when the various widely-differing regions of our vast commonwealth seem to be trying to become as much alike as possible, and the very word *provincial* is a name of scorn. We left New Orleans in the early morning and much time was consumed in crossing the Mississippi on a ferry. Soon after reaching the other side, the sugar plantations began, and our way lay through mile after mile of brown furrowed fields stretching, as flat as the sea, to the distant river levee, the only high ground in sight. What a glorious scene it must be in the spring, when the young green cane begins to sprout, or in the fall, when it stands drawn up full height, waiting to be cut! It is an extremely wet country, full of countless ditches and trenches, and there is something about the flat land and straight, intersecting canals that reminds one of Holland. As the train swept through one plantation after another, we could see in the distance, gleaming white homesteads, set in little islands of green live-oaks, cut off by a fence from the spreading sea of bare fields. Each plantation had its sugar-house, lifting four or five tall smoke-stacks in air, and its laborers' quarters — quite a little village of cabins or cottages, and sometimes, we ran close enough to see old-time darkies in actual red bandannas, staring at the train.

There is a class of French "poor whites" in this region, called "Cajins" — a corruption of "Arcadians" — and they are indeed a forlorn remnant of those unfortunate exiles who wandered all the way from Nova Scotia to the bayous of Louisiana. The writer's memory reverted in a flash to the fields of Grandpré, which she had visited only last summer, and to the vision of the lonely well-sweep and straggling line of ancient French willows, which once bordered the vanished village street. Strange to say, there is a noticeable resemblance between the flat, inlet-threaded meadows of the Minas Basin and the winding bayous around us. Occasionally the plantations would give way to swamps, where palmettos, bamboos, and cypresses with their weirdly beautiful trailing moss, were growing out of a watery, glassy floor, and it was hard to realize that if drained, these marshes would be quite as good soil as the rest. We saw a

solitary hunter, gun in hand, standing on a bit of tree trunk in the bog; how he could have gotten there without a boat or else wings, is a mystery.

The house at which we visited, realized in every way one's ideal of what an old plantation home should be. It is an immense square building with double galleries, tall white columns and green shutters; it faces the Mississippi, which, however, cannot be seen from the ground floor on account of the levee. The architecture is of engaging simplicity — four large rooms, each exactly twenty-five feet square, upstairs and down, with a hall eighteen feet wide between. At the rear is a long wing, perhaps a later addition, with the inevitable and delightful gallery around it. The house contains many treasures of beautiful antique workmanship and mementos of a by-gone time. Our hostess pointed with pride to an immense pair of glass candle shields, about two feet high, which had belonged to her grandmother. They stood on each side of the mantelpiece, over tall silver candlesticks, whose flame they could protect from all possible draughts. We slept in a high four-poster bed, with a canopy, lined with red pleated cloth, like the inside of a mushroom, which would have done credit to a lady of the ancient régime.

Though the sugar-making season was over on our host's plantation, he took us to one in the neighborhood that was still in operation. The equipment was of the most up-to-date kind — great iron claws to rake the cane from the cars to a sort of traveling trough, called a conveyor, which carries it up to the chopper: from whence it travels through several crushers until all the juice is squeezed out and the remaining pulp is as dry as tinder. This is carried off to be used as fuel or fertilizer. The cane juice goes from one boiling vat to another, being purified with lime and sulphur, and refined again and again, smelling more and more delicious at every stage of its progress. We watched the syrup being changed to sugar by a very interesting centrifugal process, and then shaken into barrels. Two barrels at a time were placed upon metal plates, and by means of an electric current, were made to dance gaily, shaking down the sugar as it fell until it was firmly packed. It was an absurd sight, and the writer was reminded at once of dancing furniture at a spiritualistic séance. We were surprised to learn that one-third of the ground has to be planted in corn to supply the stock; the crops are rotated so as to allow sugar-cane for two successive years, then corn the third, etc.

Our host and hostess and their family were true types of southern hospitality. The occasion of our visit was a wedding, and the old house was crowded to its utmost capacity, with new guests arriving on every train. Yet there was no stir of nervous excitement: everything moved with a tranquil gaiety, and we felt a delightful sense of informality as if we were a part of the household. Perhaps the strongest sense-impression which remains with the writer, is the memory of waking in the early morning and looking out, at the dawn-flushed sky beyond the white pillars of the verandah and the gray Spanish moss draping the live-oak trees. That tender, peaceful moment, full of color and soft brightness, seemed to seal upon the mind something of the poetry and the romance of the old South.

THE LORELEI: by a Student-Traveler



JUST where the river Rhine narrows and inclines, making a drop of five feet which causes the water to flow more swiftly, towers the Rock of the Lorelei, four hundred and fifty feet high and nearly perpendicular, at the base of which sunken rocks form a whirlpool in the rapidly flowing stream. At the top of the high rock in olden days, so the legend runs, a maiden sat and sang, and as she sang she combed her golden hair. And her song was so full of magic that boatmen on the river below, falling under the spell of her enchantment, as they listened to the song, forgot the dangers of the whirling waters and were dashed to pieces on the sunken rocks underneath.

Is the tale of the Lorelei a mere poetical personification of the whirlpool and rocks? If so, how account for the tale being universal? Who does not know the story of Ulysses and the Sirens? Virgil's Harpies had the faces of maidens, but ended in foul feathers and talons. And so with many another destructive enchantress in ancient myth. People seem to have loved to trace out in the topography of their native land its analogies with that internal region wherein the Soul goes its pilgrimage. In every land there were sacred mountains, healing founts, caves of the Sibyl, rocks of the Lorelei, etc. The eternal drama of the human Soul has been allegorized again and again, always with the same features, though the topography is changed to suit the race and time. Every man knows the luring enchantress,

for who has not been seduced by the captivating charms of promised pleasure, only to be mocked and punished?

And why these cheating experiences of the Soul? Are they the chiding hand of a God or the mocking malice of a fiend; or are we the sport of a Chance whose utter indifference outclasses alike the wrath of deity and the malice of devil? The answer is a common-sense one. Life is not a cradle of down nor a pleasure-garden. It is a drama full of incident, an enterprise full of adventure, a world full of people. In it we find the helper and the adversary; and if there are sirens and wicked giants, there are also the meed of victory, the bride won, the warrior's home-coming. Life is worth while, for the triumphs it contains; and it is because we aspire to the triumphs that we engage in the fights, though our lower nature, the mere varlet, may cry out at the discomfort. The Dragon, once defeated, becomes our ally.

If we would win beauty and truth, we must not seek in them mere balm for the senses, but rise in our strength and be worthy of them. What is worth having is not to be had for the taking.

Beauty rhymes with duty.

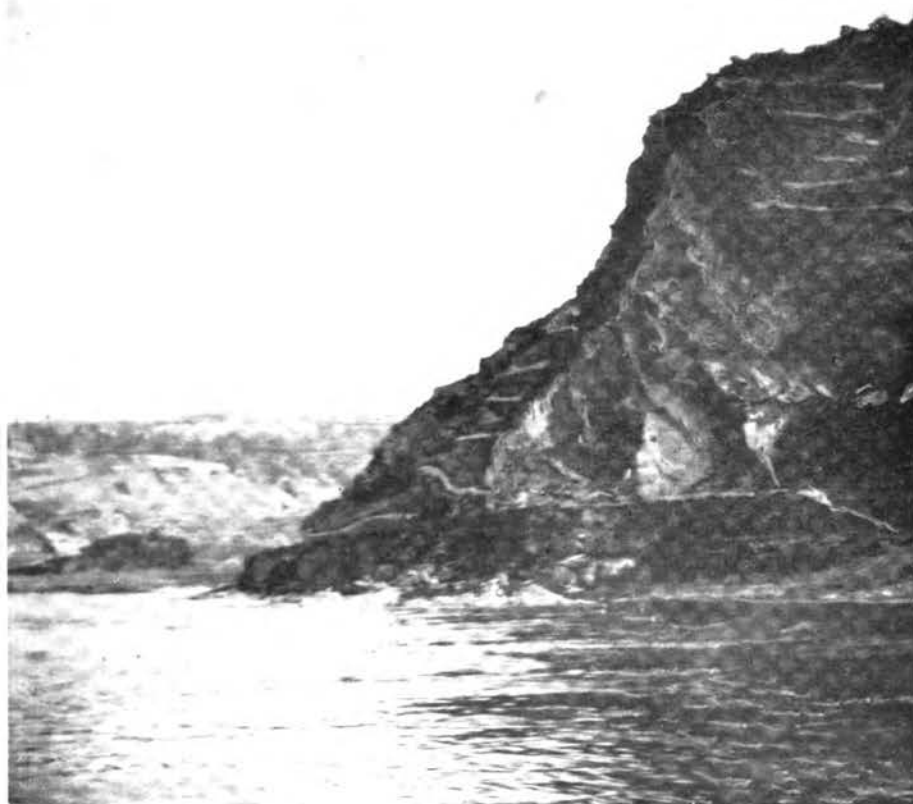
Truth rhymes with ruth.

Tarry not in the pleasure grounds of sense, heed not the sweet voices of illusion, thou who aspirest to wisdom — say the ancient teachings. It is the illusion produced by the senses and desires that we have to overcome, if we would not be dashed on the rocks of the Lorelei.

LORELEI

(Heinrich Heine)

<p>ICH weisz nicht was soll es bedeuten Dass ich so traurig bin, Ein Märchen von alten Zeiten Das kommt mir nicht aus dem Sinn.</p>	<p>Sie kämmt es mit goldenem Kamme Und singt ein Lied dabei Das hat eine wundersame Gewaltige Melodei.</p>
<p>Die Luft ist kühl und es dunkelt Und ruhig flieszt der Rhein, Der Gipfel des Berges funkelt Im Abendsonnenschein.</p>	<p>Den Schiffer im kleinen Schiffe Ergreift es mit wildem Weh' Er sieht nicht die Felsenriffe Er schaut nur hinauf in die Höh'.</p>
<p>Die schönste Jungfrau sitzet Dort oben wunderbar, Ihr gold'nes Geschmeide blitzet, Sie kämmt ihr goldenes Haar;</p>	<p>Ich glaube die Wellen verschlingen Am Ende Schiffer und Kahn, Und das hat mit ihrem Singen Die Lorelei gethan.</p>



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THE ROCK OF THE LORELEI



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THE WESTERN FOUR-TOED SALAMANDER
(*Batrachoseps attenuatus*)

THE WESTERN FOUR-TOED SALAMANDER:

by Percy Leonard



THE Batrachians occupy a place between the reptiles proper and the fishes. They are distinguished from the fishes by the possession of paired limbs furnished with four fingers and a thumb, and though their early days are passed beneath the water, breathing like fishes through their gills, yet when fully grown, almost without exception they breathe through well-developed lungs. There is a superficial resemblance between the reptilian lizard and the batrachian newt or salamander, and they are often confounded together in the popular mind. True reptiles, however, are easily distinguished from batrachians by their overlapping scales, quite different from the smooth moist skins of the latter. Reptiles breathe as we do by expanding the ribs and drawing the air into the hollow thus formed; but batrachians, lacking ribs, are obliged to swallow their air, and a glance at a toad or a salamander will reveal the incessant palpitation of the throat as the air is forced into the lungs. Reptiles are hatched, or born, as the case may be, perfect copies in miniature of their parents and never go through the tadpole stage. Batrachians are divided into two groups: the Salientia (or Jumpers), and the Urodela. The Salientia (or Jumpers) comprise the frogs and toads; and the Urodela include the numerous tribes of newts, water-dogs, efts, and salamanders.

The illustration shows one of the lowliest of the order of Urodela, the western four-toed salamander (*Batrachoseps attenuatus*). The legs are ridiculously small in comparison to the long, unwieldy body. That the tail is fat and cylindrical is only to be expected, because being a terrestrial salamander, it has no need of a flat tail for swimming like the water-haunting newts. Probably the bulky tail serves as a store of nourishment in reserve for use in time of famine, as does the hump of a camel under similar circumstances. Here at Point Loma these odd creatures may be found under stones in the damp cañons. In the absence of pools they cannot pass through the tadpole stage under water and so the various phases of tadpole transformation are gone through while in the egg. The males are glossy black; but the female figured in the picture has a light brown skin with irregular blotches of flesh color on the tail.

A male once captured by the writer exhibited a curious case of mimicry. He coiled up just like a rattlesnake and looked so venomous

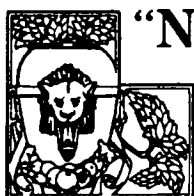
and threatening as to inspire terror in anyone who was unaware of his utter powerlessness to do an injury.

The abnormal humidity of the air enables this delicate animal to survive the rainless months of summer, and probably he never ventures from his shelter till the sun goes down and the dew provides a little moisture. The mere contact of his skin with a dewy surface would probably be as refreshing as a draught of water to a thirsty man; but the salamander, like the frog, does not drink: he simply "blots up" his water through the skin.

Thus the four-toed western salamander passes his uneventful days and nights. His pleasures are few and simple and his sorrows correspondingly light.

According to Theosophy, the inner Essence of every creature in this broad universe either is, was, or prepares to become, man; but the mind staggers in the attempt to conceive the enormous stretches of time before such dull, inert, insensitive beings will arrive at the human stage. But pain is a grand stimulant and spur to advance, and perchance when the salamander gets eaten by a snake or a stoat, he gains as compensation for the pangs of death some slight promotion to a higher order of batrachians in his next rebirth! So mote it be.

THE REAL MAN: by H. Coryn, M. D., M. R. C. S.



“**N**OW we know the real man,” is the usual comment when some heretofore respectable citizen is convicted of forgery and sent to jail: “*Now* we know his real character.”

Do we?

A fire breaks out in the prison and the forger reveals himself a hero, risking life without a second's hesitation for the rescue of his jailer or fellow-prisoners.

Do we *now* know his “real character”?

Later on, his confinement, throwing him in upon himself, provides opportunity for the manifestation of a marked vein of poetry, and from his prison he issues a volume which at once takes high rank in the literature of the day.

Some will now put away their *moral* standard of measurement, produce another, and remark that the “real man” after all turns out to have been a poet.

You can photograph half of a man's face, right or left, throw the picture over upon itself and get a whole face composed of two lefts, and another of two rights — often quite different.

We judge character in that way, taking any one aspect of it upon which we choose to dwell or which alone we see, and of that one constructing a whole. Thus the same man viewed by various knowers of him is a philosopher, a sharp lawyer, a skilful amateur actor, or an ever-ready helper and friend in times of trouble or perplexity. To his cook he may be solely a grumbler, and to his son at school a supply-machine whose crank is not always easy to turn.

To come back to the prisoner. The “respectable citizen” was evidently not the whole of him. Under stress he revealed the weakness and dishonesty which led to the forgery. Environment, the temptation, brought them to the surface. We need not say that his character changed. Nevertheless, as we all know, a change of character is possible — so thorough that after emergence from prison no stress of temptation and no assurance from discovery would provoke another theft. On the other hand we cannot conceive of his change from a hero into a coward, nor hardly of his loss of the poetic vein. Environment — the fire and the conditions of prison life — brought those traits out too. But, once out they are out.

Being in search of the essence of character, the *really* “real man,”

we cannot accept anything which may vanish or be surmounted, nothing which in the normal course of individual evolution, gone far enough, will for certain be surmounted. No man is essentially a thief, but he may be essentially a hero or a poet or both.

Consider the question in the light of evolution, the evolution of each of us. We sometimes make imaginary pictures of the ripened humanity of the far future, a noble flower of which there are as yet but indications of the bud. Let us add another touch. Let us recognize in that far humanity, however godlike, *ourselves*. Many, many births and lifetimes and deaths lie between this and that for all of us. But the lines of continuity are unbroken. It is we ourselves who shall be that splendid and radiant humanity. The evolution of the human race means the evolution of the present members of the human race. We shall "meet each other in heaven" because we are always children of the earth that will *be* that heaven.

We note that some qualities, such as a tendency to theft, have every encouragement to vanish. Sooner or later, in one or another lifetime, they bring about so much disgrace and pain or are found so incompatible with an ever increasing love of right and inner peace, that they are cast out and away, are outgrown and done with. The last dirty fiber is ripped out of the ever perfecting pattern.

On the other hand the germs of some other qualities will have a constant and in the long run irresistible tendency to grow, root and branch.

Shall we say "real character" of traits destined to grow or of those destined to disappear? So far we only use the words of so much as we can see of a man: a poor enough application. We talk of the "respectable citizen," and behold a thief. In the next change the thief "turns out to be a hero"; and whilst we are admiring the hero we are invited to read a volume of poetry.

We had better restrict the words "real character" to that which time shall at last unveil and develop, to the permanent germs and their ripened product; not to the spores and fungi which, however noticeable now, will sometime be entirely cleaned away. *There is no thief; there are men who thief* — at present, but who will cease to do so. *There are* poets and heroes; for these men will not only not cease to create and do, but will create and do more and more worthily as they go forward through time to the great light. There are some men whom *no* stress of temptation would force into theft. Are there any

men in whom *no* circumstances would evoke some smallest gleam of heroism?

Still we are not clear about real character. For there some qualities, for example courage and love of the race and sensitiveness to the supernal light, which time will perfect in *all* men. We must put aside all the elements, however splendid, in whose possession men will *resemble* each other and seek for what will be peculiar to each. Within the unity of essence, apart from common sensitiveness to the great light, there will be essential diversity. And it is to this finally appearing individuality, this uniqueness of each, that the words "real character" properly belong. In a few men only has this germ of true individuality yet achieved much manifestation.

The end of man, said Carlyle, is not a thought, were it the noblest, but a deed.

The aphorism cries aloud for completion. What sort of a deed would be that which had no thought behind it? The end of man is a deed faithfully manifesting a worthy "thought," and the mere writing down of a thought is often its sufficient and only possible manifestation. Even the careful nurture of a thought may be a deed. The universe is the ideation of the divine getting itself written down on the face of substance. Man's entire business is to aid that, to make manifest as much of the divine, the light, as he can come at or get aware of in his inner conscience or consciousness. If he constantly tries to live in that way, the divine will presently take turns and come at *him*. Inspiration is the final reward of aspiration. But the light has a separate and special ray or aspect of itself in store for each man, so that the *whole* of it can only shine through *all* men.

There is a part of the divine essence unborn as yet into the world, unmanifest. And there is a part of it which men and gods have wrought into the manifest, each according to his nature and comprehension of his duty. From the highest to the lowest departments of human life this way of work is possible, to search out duty and do it.

But "duty" has here a very full meaning. The soul of the Beethoven searches, and is illumined by, the divine essence, *whatever his name for it or thought of it*. Then he renders it or manifests it for the world. The craftsman might search it as he designed a wall-paper; he who did so, who worked that he might manifest it for men, would find his invention grow ever richer and readier. The divine has no *one* kind of manifestation or inspiration. The mother might search

it to learn the highest ways of conduct with her children, not even waiting for their birth; and their souls would in time show her what she had done for them. The gardener might thus work among his flowers and would find in them a new responsiveness. There is no one who has not some work which can be fruitfully done in this spirit of bringing forth for the world. This use of will in no metaphoric sense is the real magic. When all men and women work in this way the world will begin to be for the first time an expression of the divine plan, governed — through them and of their will and choice — by the divine. By that time work will have been raised to its highest terms and there will be modes of work as inconceivable to us now as the work of Beethoven to a savage. Each of us will have found *his* work—that is, will have found that aspect of the divine which he is uniquely constituted to deliver forth to the rest. No one can be spared. All will need all the others. All will stand unveiled as artists, creators, or showers-forth or thinkers-out of something good and necessary for the work of their fellows. We have ourselves made life dark and work monotonous, stifled the latent or nascent craftsman or thinker in ourselves and the others, and created forms of work that should never have been to do at all. Now we must live them through and be thankful that some few, the thinkers, the musicians, the poets, the artists, have in some sort broken through into a corner of their heritage and can serve us and lighten our lives and make the day nearer when we too can break through.

Here then is what we may mean by “real character.” It is the veiled creator or shower-forth. No man is what he seems. He is waiting for his own nature, and the divine in nature is waiting for him, to give him the ray he alone can transmit. Neither Händel nor Beethoven could have given us the music of the other; and the music of both was made possible by every bit of divine-serving and divine-revealing work that was ever done since man began. That principle holds throughout, in small and great. The humblest work, if it have one ray of the divine put into it, helps the whole world for all time to come. And no work need lack that ray, no life need lack such work.

REVIEWS

"Life of Leonardo da Vinci"
by Professor Osvald Sirén

by Carolus

WE have just received another important work from the indefatigable and accomplished pen of Professor Osvald Sirén, PH. D., of the Stockholm University. It is a study of Leonardo da Vinci's life and work, a most complete and thorough monograph of 468 pages, magnificently illustrated by hundreds of full-page and smaller reproductions, the majority taken from Leonardo's pictures, sketches and diagrams; the rest are mostly from the works of other painters which throw light upon the special points discussed; there are also some pleasing views of places referred to. The first edition consists of 700 numbered copies, beautifully printed on thick paper, and is in all respects but one a perfect example of what such a book should be; the one thing lacking is an index to the subject-matter and illustrations. This can easily be remedied in the next edition, for there is no doubt that another will immediately be called for, as the work will be invaluable to all lovers of art who wish to read the latest and most complete analysis of Leonardo's career and to learn the results of the most recent research. This edition is, of course, written in Swedish, but we understand that in response to the demand, it will soon appear in other languages, and so be made accessible to a much larger public. Dr. Sirén has spent a long time in Italy and elsewhere studying everything connected with Leonardo and his contemporaries, and this volume is largely the result of his original researches. It has been very favorably received by the most competent Swedish critics.

The monograph is founded upon a series of lectures lately given in the University of Stockholm (in which Dr.

Sirén occupies the chair of Art-history) and it has been the author's aim to show the great master as he appears in his works and writings, with as little of the "personal equation" of the writer visible as possible — to make Leonardo tell his own story — but at the same time, one cannot help feeling and approving of the warm glow of appreciation which inspires every word Dr. Sirén writes about his hero. His admiration for the master seems to have influenced his style, for there is a greater simplicity and clearness, and a more easy flow of words and sentences than we have observed in previous works from his able pen.

The book is arranged in four main sections. The first consists of extracts from the famous Italian art-historian, Vasari's almost contemporary life of Leonardo, translated into Swedish and freely commented upon and greatly expanded by Dr. Sirén. Many illustrations are given showing Leonardo's extraordinary knowledge of mechanics, engineering, architecture, fortification, anatomy, etc. Dr. Sirén finally demolishes one of our pet illusions, i. e., that Leonardo died in the arms of Francis I of France, by showing that King Francis was at St. Germain-en-Laye, attending the birth of a son, at the moment when Leonardo was breathing his last at Cloux in Touraine. It appears this was one of Vasari's occasional "decorations of the truth" for the sake of picturesqueness. Another myth was that Leonardo prostrated himself at the feet of the church at his last hour with tears and cries of repentance for the independence of thought for which he had consistently stood. In this connexion it is noteworthy that he studiously avoided introducing halos or nimbus round the figures in his religious pictures! Neither is there more than one example of the cross in any of his undoubted works, and that may have been added by another hand afterwards. His

object was plainly to accentuate the simple human and natural side in everything that he touched. Even the head of the Christ in *The Last Supper* has no radiance; the Teacher is painted just as he might have been seen by ordinary vision. The distinction of Leonardo's sacred figures depends upon the superior beauty and majesty of expression and bearing. This was a very daring innovation on Leonardo's part.

The second portion of Dr. Sirén's learned volume treats of Leonardo's pictures and sculptures in more detail; his scientific work is sufficiently dealt with in the earlier part of the volume, for after all, his fame depends mainly upon his standing as an artist. Special chapters are devoted, respectively, to the work of his youth: *The Adoration of the Magi*, the *Madonna among the Rocks*, *The Last Supper*, *The Battle of the Standard*, *Leda and the Swan*, *John the Baptist*, *St. Anne*, and his studies for equestrian statues, etc.

Dr. Sirén strongly accentuates the fact that Leonardo's leading motive was Movement. While he rivaled Michel Angelo in form, Titian and Giorgione in color, and Raphael in composition, his greatest efforts were concentrated upon the true rendering of life and action. His brilliant effects of light and shade, for which he was particularly noted, were skilfully used to emphasize the impression of vital energy which he felt to be the principal object of the true painter's art.

Dr. Sirén has most carefully weighed the evidence concerning the rival claims of the two or three replicas of the *Virgin among the Rocks*, one of which is in London and the others in Paris and Copenhagen, and he conclusively establishes the authenticity of the one in the Louvre, Paris. That one, the famous *Vierge aux Rochers*, is by far the most satisfactory in composition, and the faces and figures of the children are

much more beautiful than those of the others. The one in the National Gallery, London, is by Ambrogio Preda, who was a close imitator of Leonardo. The figures have nimbuses in that one, but not in Leonardo's. Dr. Sirén illustrates his argument with a large number of plates.

With respect to *The Last Supper* at Milan, it is satisfactory to learn that Professor Cavenaghi, who has just finished a long and extremely careful scientific examination of the work, has proved that it is far better preserved than was believed. It turns out that very little indeed has been repainted; the heads are quite untouched, and though greatly damaged and obscured in places, we really are able to look at the actual work of the master. This has been a great surprise to the artistic world.

The third part of the book deals with Leonardo's personality, and several good portraits of him are given. It is to be regretted that there is not one surviving that was taken when he was young, for it is related of him that he was almost divinely beautiful. In his old age his countenance is very impressive. Dr. Sirén discusses the moot question of Leonardo's alleged visit to Oriental countries, and he throws the weight of his opinion in favor of the journey. Certainly it is difficult to see how Leonardo could have given such accurate descriptions unless he had been to the places and undergone certain experiences. There are many gaps in his life which are yet unfilled by reliable evidence. When one reflects upon the extraordinary character and knowledge of the great man it seems not unlikely that he spent some time in the East receiving instruction which it was impossible to get in Europe.

The fourth part consists of a translation into Swedish of his *Treatise on Painting*, and it gives, as Dr. Sirén says:

a glimpse of a section through a soul-life filled with all that is possible or thinkable for a human being, of observation of nature, of experience of the world, of search for truth, and passion for beauty. One lays the treatise down with the grateful and humble feeling that one has stood before one of the greatest of our race, has met his eye and heard him speak.

We may learn almost more about him from this work and from his sketches than from his pictures, for as Dr. Sirén says:

What Leonardo painted and carved constitutes only a small part of his creative activity, a fragment of that great soul's universality. . . . Many of his designed works never reached expression . . . others were left half done, and those which were carried out, have, moreover, in no small degree, had the misfortune to be destroyed or corroded and defaced by time. Many of Leonardo's most important works which are spoken of by the old writers, seem to have disappeared without leaving a trace. The great work of his prime, *The Last Supper*, is little more than a shadow of what it once was, and the powerful monumental composition of his old age, *The Battle of the Standard*, was only carried out in paint to a partial degree, and now can only be studied through imperfect copies. The stately equestrian statues which truly denoted the culminating point of that branch of art did not reach final material expression either, and only live in rough sketches and sundry imitations, while of the noble architectural projects for domed cathedrals, for mausoleums and palaces, for entire towns, not even one has come to anything. . . . The art historian has to trust to preparatory studies, to copies or imitations, to reports, in order to get an idea of the appearance and quality of the works of the master. . . . For analysis we have to lean on sketches when the finished work fails us. It

cannot indeed be denied that herein lies a deplorable limitation and a special difficulty in the way of popularizing his work, but perhaps the limitation is not so great as many are inclined to assume. A great musical composer's preludes and fantasias may contain the beautiful motives of the entire symphony, even if the instrumentation is incomplete and the execution imperfect. . . . Leonardo has been placed before us as an ideal man, because his life and work are stamped by a sovereign balance which in our time is so greatly coveted and so rarely obtained.

To the degree that the author has succeeded in letting Leonardo express himself, free from all fanciful embellishments and arbitrary hypotheses—speaking to the reader through his own words and art—he will consider his mission fulfilled and his work to possess something more than temporary value.

There is no doubt that Dr. Sirén has done this and more than this, and we must heartily congratulate him upon the production of a most valuable contribution to the literature of art. It may interest our readers to know that engrossed as he is in his labors for the cause of the higher intellectual education, Dr. Sirén is able to find time to work strenuously for the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society of which he is a very active member.

Note. Just as this is going to press the startling news has arrived that Leonardo's great masterpiece, the so-called *Mona Lisa*, has been stolen from the Louvre, an almost unprecedented event. Its recovery will be anxiously awaited by the whole art-loving world of the two continents.

The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society

Founded at New York City in 1875 by H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge and others

Reorganized in 1898 by Katherine Tingley

Central Office, Point Loma, California

The Headquarters of the Society at Point Loma with the buildings and grounds, are no "Community" "Settlement" or "Colony." They form no experiment in Socialism, Communism, or anything of similar nature, but are the Central Executive Office of an international organization where the business of the same is carried on, and where the teachings of Theosophy are being demonstrated. Midway 'twixt East and West, where the rising Sun of Progress and Enlightenment shall one day stand at full meridian, the Headquarters of the Society unite the philosophic Orient with the practical West.

MEMBERSHIP

In the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society may be either "at large" or in a local Branch. Adhesion to the principle of Universal Brotherhood is the only pre-requisite to membership. The Organization represents no particular creed; it is entirely unsectarian, and includes professors of all faiths, only exacting from each member that large toleration of the beliefs of others which he desires them to exhibit towards his own.

Applications for membership in a Branch should be addressed to the local Director; for membership "at large" to G. de Purucker, Membership Secretary, International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California.

OBJECTS

THIS BROTHERHOOD is a part of a great and universal movement which has been active in all ages.

This Organization declares that Brotherhood is a fact in Nature. Its principal purpose is to teach Brotherhood, demonstrate that it is a fact in Nature, and make it a living power in the life of humanity.

Its subsidiary purpose is to study ancient and modern religions, science, philosophy, and art; to investigate the laws of Nature and the divine powers in man.

H. P. BLAVATSKY, FOUNDESS
AND TEACHER

The present Theosophical Movement was inaugurated by Helena Petrovna Blavatsky in New York in 1875. The original name was "The Theosophical Society." Associated with her were William Q. Judge and others. Madame Blavatsky for a time preferred not to hold any outer official position except that of Corresponding Secretary. But all true students know that Madame Blavatsky held the highest authority, the only real authority which comes of wisdom and power, the authority of Teacher and Leader, the real head,

heart, and inspiration of the whole Theosophical Movement. It was through her that the teachings of Theosophy were given to the world, and without her the Theosophical Movement could not have been.

BRANCH SOCIETIES IN EUROPE AND INDIA

In 1878 Madame Blavatsky left the United States, first visiting Great Britain and then India, in both of which countries she founded branch societies. The parent body in New York became later the Aryan Theosophical Society and HAS ALWAYS HAD ITS HEADQUARTERS IN AMERICA; and of this, William Q. Judge was President until his death in 1896.

It is important to note the following:

In response to the statement published by a then prominent member in India that Madame Blavatsky is "loyal to the Theosophical Society and to Adyar," Madame Blavatsky wrote:

It is pure nonsense to say that "H. P. B. . . . is loyal to the Theosophical Society and to Adyar" (!?). *H. P. B. is loyal to death to the Theosophical CAUSE and those Great Teachers whose philosophy can alone bind the whole of Humanity into one Brotherhood.* . . . The degree of her sympathies with the Theosophical Society and Adyar depends upon the degree of the loyalty of that Society to the CAUSE. Let it break

away from the original lines and show disloyalty in its policy to the cause and the original program of the Society, and H. P. B., calling the T. S. disloyal, will shake it off like dust from her feet.

To one who accepts the teachings of Theosophy it is plain to see that although Theosophy is of no nationality or country but for all, yet it has a peculiar relationship with America. Not only was the United States the birth-place of the Theosophical Society, and the home of the Parent Body up to the present time, but H. P. Blavatsky, the Foundress of the Society, although a Russian by birth, became an American citizen; William Q. Judge, of Irish parentage and birth, also became an American citizen; and Katherine Tingley is American born. America therefore not only has played a unique part in the history of the present Theosophical Movement, but it is plain to see that its destiny is closely interwoven with that of Theosophy; and by America is meant not only the United States or even the North American continent, but also the South American continent, and, as repeatedly declared by Madame Blavatsky, it is in this great Western Hemisphere as a whole, North and South, that the next great Race of humanity is to be born.

MADAME BLAVATSKY FOUNDS THE
ESOTERIC SCHOOL; HER LIFE-LONG TRUST
IN WILLIAM Q. JUDGE

In 1888, H. P. Blavatsky, then in London, on the suggestion and at the request of her Colleague, William Q. Judge, founded the Esoteric School of Theosophy, a body for students, of which H. P. Blavatsky wrote that it was "the heart of the Theosophical Movement," and of which she appointed William Q. Judge as her sole representative in America. Further, writing officially to the Convention of the American Societies held in Chicago, 1888, she wrote as follows:

To William Q. Judge, General Secretary of the American Section of the Theosophical Society:

My dearest Brother and Co-Founder of the Theosophical Society:

In addressing to you this letter, which I request you to read to the Convention, summoned for April 22nd, I must first present my hearty congratulations and most cordial good wishes to the Society and yourself—the heart and soul of that body in America. We were several to call it to life in 1875. Since then you have remained alone to preserve that life through good and evil report. It is to you chiefly, if not entirely, that the Theosophical Society owes its existence in 1888. Let me thank you for it, for the first, and perhaps for the last time publicly, and from the bottom of my heart, which beats only for the cause you represent so well and serve so faithfully. I ask you also to remember that on this important occasion, my voice is but the feeble echo of other more sacred voices, and the transmitter of the approval of Those whose presence is alive in more than one true Theosophical heart, and lives, as I know, pre-eminently in yours.

This regard that Madame Blavatsky had for her colleague William Q. Judge continued undiminished until her death in 1891, when he became her successor.

Madame Blavatsky, in 1889, writing in her Theosophical magazine published in London, said that the purpose of the magazine was not only to promulgate Theosophy, but also and as a consequence of such promulgation, "to bring to light the hidden things of darkness." She further says:

As to the "weak-minded Theosophists"—if any—they can take care of themselves in the way they please. IF THE "FALSE PROPHETS OF THEOSOPHY" ARE TO BE LEFT UNTOUCHED, THE TRUE PROPHETS WILL BE VERY SOON—AS THEY HAVE ALREADY BEEN—CONFUSED WITH THE FALSE. IT IS HIGH TIME TO WINNOW OUR CORN AND CAST AWAY THE CHAFF. The Theosophical Society is becoming enormous in its numbers, and if the *false* prophets, the pretenders, or even the weak-minded dupes, are left alone, then the Society threatens to become very soon a fanatical body split into three hundred sects—like Protestantism—each hating the other, and all bent on destroying the truth by monstrous exaggerations and idiotic schemes and shams.

We do not believe in allowing the presence

of *sham* elements in Theosophy, because of the fear, forsooth, that if even "a false element in the faith" is *ridiculed*, the latter is "apt to shake the confidence" in the whole.

... What *true* Christians shall see their co-religionists making fools of themselves, or disgrace their faith, and still abstain from rebuking them publicly as privately, for fear lest this *false* element should throw out of Christianity the rest of the believers?

THE WISE MAN COURTS TRUTH; THE FOOL, FLATTERY.

However it may be, let rather our ranks be made thinner, than the Theosophical Society go on being made a spectacle to the world through the exaggerations of some fanatics, and the attempt of various *charlatans* to profit by a ready-made program. These, by disfiguring and adapting Occultism to their own filthy and immoral ends, bring disgrace upon the whole movement. —*Lucifer*, Vol. iv, pp. 2 & 3

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE ELECTED PRESIDENT FOR LIFE

In 1893 there openly began what had been going on beneath the surface for some time, a bitter attack ostensibly against William Q. Judge, but in reality also against H. P. Blavatsky. This bitter attack threatened to disrupt the whole Society and to thwart the main purpose of its existence, which was to further the cause of Universal Brotherhood. Finally the American members decided to take action, and at the annual convention of the Society held in Boston in 1895, by a vote of 191 delegates to 10, re-asserted the principle of Theosophy as laid down by H. P. Blavatsky, and elected William Q. Judge President for life. Similar action was almost immediately taken by members in Europe, Australia, and other countries, in each case William Q. Judge being elected President for life. In this action the great majority of the active members throughout the world concurred, and thus the Society was relieved of those who had joined it for other purposes than the furtherance of Universal Brotherhood, the carrying out of the Society's other objects, and the spiritual freedom and upliftment of Humanity.

A few of these in order to curry favor with the public and attract a following, continued among themselves to use the name of Theosophy, but it should be understood that they *are not connected with the Theosophical Movement*.

KATHERINE TINGLEY SUCCEEDS

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE

One year later, in March 1896, William Q. Judge died, leaving as his successor Katherine Tingley, who for several years had been associated with him in the work of the Society. This Teacher not only began immediately to put into actual practice the ideals of Theosophy as had been the hope and aim of both H. P. Blavatsky and William Q. Judge, and for which they had laid the foundations, thus honoring and illustrating the work of her illustrious predecessors, but she also struck a new keynote, introducing new and broader plans for uplifting humanity. For each of the Teachers, while continuing the work and building upon the foundations of his predecessor, adds a new link, and has his own distinctive work to do, and teachings to give, belonging to his own time and position.

No sooner had Katherine Tingley begun her work as successor, than further attacks, some most insidious, from the same source as those made against H. P. Blavatsky and William Q. Judge, as well as from other sources, were inaugurated against her. Most prominent among those thus attacking Katherine Tingley were some referred to by Madame Blavatsky in the article above-quoted (pp. 159-60), who by their own actions had removed themselves from the ranks of the Society. There were also a few others who still remained in the Society who had not joined hands with the disintegrators at the time the latter were repudiated in 1895. These now thought it to their personal advantage to oppose the Leader and sought to gain control of the Society and use

it for political purposes. These ambitious agitators, seeking to exploit the Society for their own ends, used every means to overthrow Katherine Tingley, realizing that she was the greatest obstacle to the accomplishment of their desires, for if she could be removed they expected to gain control. They worked day and night, stooping almost to any means to carry out their projects. Yet it seemed that by these very acts, i. e., the more they attacked, the more were honest and earnest members attracted to the ranks of the Society under Katherine Tingley's leadership.

KATHERINE TINGLEY GIVES SOCIETY
NEW CONSTITUTION
SOCIETY MERGES INTO BROADER FIELD

To eliminate these menacing features and to safeguard the work of the Theosophical Movement for all time, Katherine Tingley presented to a number of the oldest members gathered at her home in New York on the night of January 13th, 1898, a new Constitution which she had formulated for the more permanent and broader work of the Theosophical Movement, opening up a wider field of endeavor than had heretofore been possible to students of Theosophy. One month later, at the Convention of the Society, held in Chicago, February 18th, 1898, this Constitution was accepted by an almost unanimous vote, and the Theosophical Society merged itself into the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society. In this new step forward, she had the heartiest co-operation and support of the vast majority of the members throughout the world.

THEOSOPHY IN PRACTICE

It is of interest here to quote our Teacher's own words regarding this time. In an article published in *The Metropolitan Magazine*, New York, October, 1909, she says:

Later, I found myself the successor of William Q. Judge, and I began my heart

work, the inspiration of which is partly due to him.

In all my writings and associations with the members of the Theosophical Society, I emphasized the necessity of putting Theosophy into daily practice, and in such a way that it would continuously demonstrate that it was the redeeming power of man. More familiarity with the organization and its workers brought home to me the fact that there was a certain number of students who had in the early days begun the wrong way to study Theosophy, and that it was becoming in their lives a death-like sleep. I noticed that those who followed this line of action were always alarmed at my humanitarian tendencies. WHENEVER I REMINDED THEM THAT THEY WERE BUILDING A COLOSSAL EGOTISM INSTEAD OF A POWER TO DO GOOD, THEY SUBTLY OPPOSED ME. AS I INSISTED ON THE PRACTICAL LIFE OF THEOSOPHY, THEY OPPOSED STILL MORE. They later exerted personal influence which affected certain members throughout the world. It was this condition which then menaced the Theosophical Movement, and which forced me to the point of taking such action as would fully protect the pure teachings of Theosophy and make possible a broader path for unselfish students to follow. Thus the faithful members of the Theosophical Movement would be able to exemplify the charge which Helena Petrovna Blavatsky gave to her pupils, as follows:

"Real Theosophy is altruism, and we cannot repeat it too often. It is brotherly love, mutual help, unswerving devotion to truth. If once men do but realize that in these alone can true happiness be found, and never in wealth, possession or any selfish gratification, then the dark cloud will roll away, and a new humanity will be born upon the earth. Then the Golden Age will be there indeed."

Here we find William Q. Judge accentuating the same spirit, the practical Theosophical life:

"The power to know does not come from book-study alone, nor from mere philosophy, but mostly from the actual practice of altruism in deed, word, and thought; for that practice purifies the covers of the soul and permits the divine light to shine down into the brain-mind."

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS

On February 18, 1898, at the Convention of the Theosophical Society in America, held at Chicago, Ill., the Society resolved, through its delegates from all parts of the world, to enter a larger arena, to widen its scope and to further protect the teachings of Theosophy. Amid most intense enthusiasm the

Theosophical Society was expanded into the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, and I found myself recognized as its leader and official head. The Theosophical Society in Europe also resolved to merge itself into the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, and the example was quickly followed by Theosophical Societies in other parts of the world. The expansion of the original Theosophical Society, which Madame Blavatsky founded and which William Q. Judge so ably sustained, now called the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, gave birth to a new life, and the membership trebled the first year, and ever since that time a rapid increase has followed.

INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS AT POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

In 1900 the Headquarters of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society were removed from New York to Point Loma, California, which is now the International Center of the Theosophical Movement. This Organization is unsectarian and non-political; none of its officers or workers receives any salary or financial recompense.

In her article in *The Metropolitan Magazine* above referred to, Katherine Tingley further says:

The knowledge that Point Loma was to be the World-center of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, which has for its supreme object the elevation of the race, created great enthusiasm among its members throughout the world. The further fact that the government of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society rests entirely with the leader and official head, who holds her office for life and who has the privilege of appointing her successor, gave me the power to carry out some of the plans I had long cherished. Among these was the erecting of the great Homestead Building. This I carefully designed that it might not stand apart from the beautiful nature about it, but in a sense harmonize with the sky, the distant mountains, the broad blue Pacific, and the glorious light of the sun.

So it has been from the first, so that the practical work of Theosophy began at Point Loma under the most favorable circumstances. No one dominated by selfish aims and ambitions was invited to take part in this pioneer work. Although there were scores of workers from various parts of the world uniting their efforts with mine for the up-

building of this world-center, yet there was no disharmony. Each took the duty allotted him and worked trustingly and cheerfully. Many of the world's ways these workers gladly left behind them. They seemed reborn with an enthusiasm that knew no defeat. The work was done for the love of it, and this is the secret of a large part of the success that has come to the Theosophical Movement.

Not long after the establishment of the International Theosophical Headquarters at Point Loma it was plain to see that the Society was advancing along all lines by leaps and bounds. Letters of inquiry were pouring in from different countries, which led to my establishing the Theosophical Propaganda Bureau. This is one of the greatest factors we have in disseminating our teachings. The International Brotherhood League then opened its offices and has ever been active in its special humanitarian work, being the directing power which has sustained the several Râja Yoga schools and academies, now in Pinar del Río, Santa Clara, and Santiago de Cuba, from the beginning. The Aryan Theosophical Press has yearly enlarged its facilities in answer to the demands made upon it through the publication of Theosophical literature, which includes *THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH* and several other publications. There is the Isis Conservatory of Music and Drama, the Department of Arts and Crafts, the Industrial Department, including Forestry, Agriculture, Roadbuilding, Photo-engraving, Chemical laboratory, Landscape-gardening, and many other crafts.

DO NOT FAIL TO PROFIT BY THE FOLLOWING

CONSTANTLY THE QUESTION IS ASKED, WHAT IS THEOSOPHY, WHAT DOES IT REALLY TEACH? EACH YEAR THE LIFE AND WORK OF H. P. BLAVATSKY AND THE HIGH IDEALS AND PURE MORALITY OF HER TEACHINGS ARE MORE CLEARLY VINDICATED. EACH YEAR THE POSITION TAKEN BY WILLIAM Q. JUDGE AND KATHERINE TINGLEY IN REGARD TO THEIR PREDECESSOR, H. P. BLAVATSKY, IS BETTER UNDERSTOOD, AND THEIR OWN LIVES AND WORK ARE SEEN TO BE ACTUATED BY THE SAME HIGH IDEALS FOR THE UPLIFTING OF THE HUMAN RACE. EACH YEAR MORE AND MORE PEOPLE ARE COMING TO REALIZE THAT NOT ALL THAT GOES UNDER THE NAME OF THEOSO-

PHY IS RIGHTLY SO CALLED, BUT THAT THERE IS A COUNTERFEIT THEOSOPHY AS WELL AS THE TRUE, AND THAT THERE IS NEED OF DISCRIMINATION, LEST MANY BE MISLED.

Counterfeits exist in many departments of life and thought, and especially in matters relating to religion and the deeper teachings of life. Hence, in order that people who are honestly seeking the truth may not be misled, we deem it important to state that the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society is not responsible for, nor is it affiliated with, nor does it endorse, any other society, which, while calling itself Theosophical, is not connected with the International Theosophical Headquarters at Point Loma, California. Having a knowledge of Theosophy, the ancient Wisdom-Religion, we deem it as a sacred trust and responsibility to maintain its pure teachings, free from the vagaries, additions, or misrepresentations of ambitious self-styled Theosophists and would-be teachers. The test of a Theosophist is not in profession, but in action, and in a noble and virtuous life. The motto of the Society is "There is no religion higher than Truth." This was adopted by Madame Blavatsky, but it is to be deeply regretted that there are no legal means to prevent the use of this motto in connexion with counterfeit Theosophy, by people professing to be Theosophists, but who would not be recognized as such by Madame Blavatsky.

It is a regrettable fact that many people use the name of Theosophy and of our Organization for self-interest, as also that of H. P. Blavatsky, the Foundress, and even the Society's motto, to attract attention to themselves and to gain public support. This they do in private and public speech and in publications. Without being in any way connected with the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, in many cases

they permit it to be inferred that they are, thus misleading the public, and honest inquirers are hence led away from the original truths of Theosophy.

The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society welcomes to membership all who truly love their fellow men and desire the eradication of the evils caused by the barriers of race, creed, caste, or color, which have so long impeded human progress; to all sincere lovers of truth and to all who aspire to higher and better things than the mere pleasures and interests of a worldly life, and are prepared to do all in their power to make Brotherhood a living energy in the life of humanity, its various departments offer unlimited opportunities.

The whole work of the Organization is under the direction of the Leader and Official Head, Katherine Tingley, as outlined in the Constitution.

OBJECTS OF THE INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD LEAGUE

1. To help men and women to realize the nobility of their calling and their true position in life.
2. To educate children of all nations on the broadest lines of Universal Brotherhood and to prepare destitute and homeless children to become workers for humanity.
3. To ameliorate the condition of unfortunate women, and assist them to a higher life.
4. To assist those who are or have been in prisons to establish themselves in honorable positions in life.
5. To abolish capital punishment.
6. To bring about a better understanding between so-called savage and civilized races, by promoting a closer and more sympathetic relationship between them.
7. To relieve human suffering resulting from flood, famine, war, and other calamities; and, generally, to extend aid, help, and comfort to suffering humanity throughout the world.

JOSEPH H. FUSSELL, Secretary

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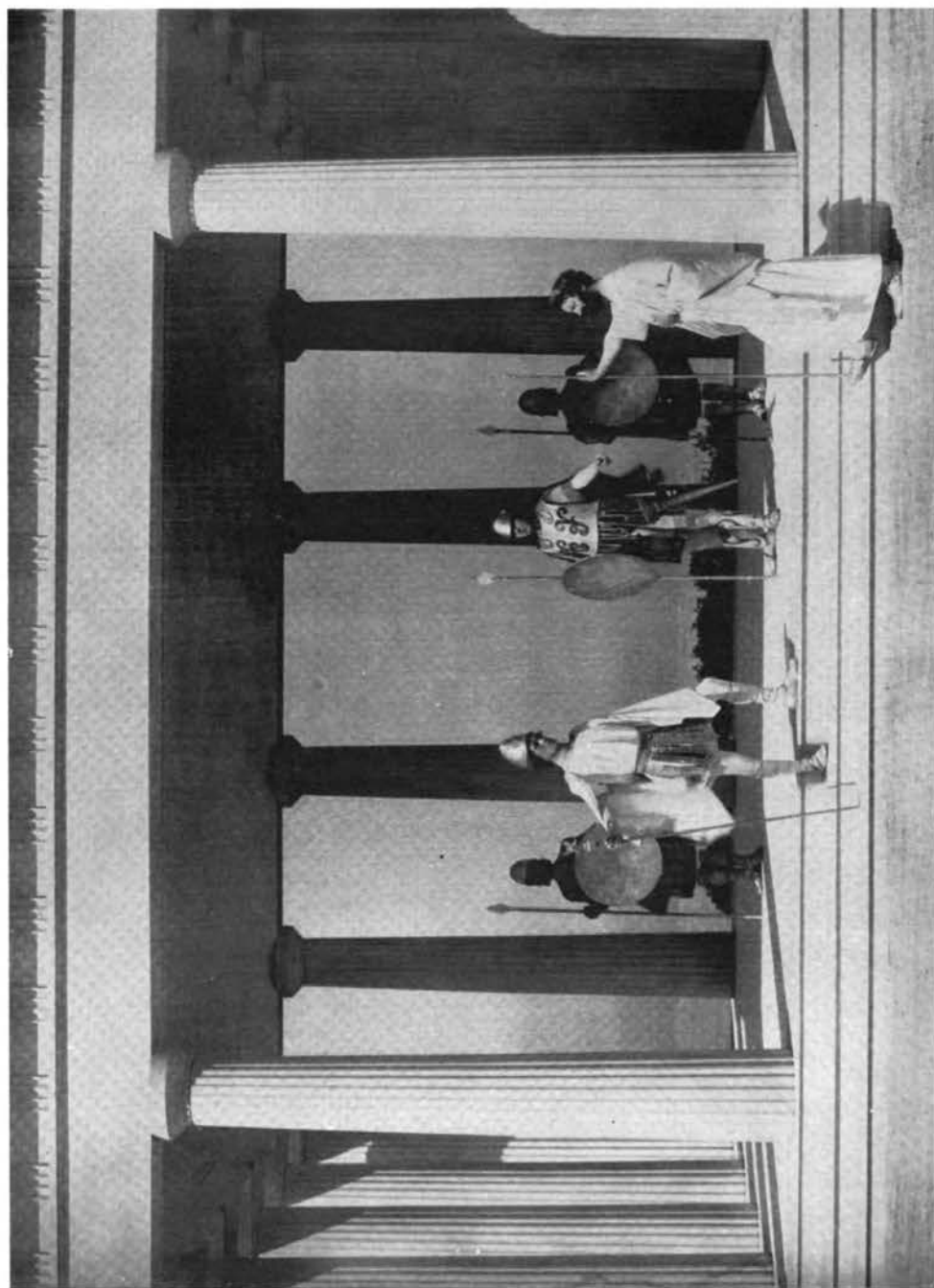
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THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

VOL. I

OCTOBER, 1911

NO. 4

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KARMA, REINCARNATION, AND IMMORTALITY:

by H. T. Edge, B. A. (Cantab.)



PEOPLE habitually discuss the past and the future of the human race with a zeal and interest that clashes strangely with their professed views on the subject of immortality; for what living interest could we have in the drama and prospects of a world if our appearance on the stage were actually limited to the term of a single mortal life? This constitutes the strongest kind of argument against the conventional views, theological or otherwise. It would seem that we are really conscious, though in a dim and undefined way, of our immortality — or, rather, of the immortality of our essence. The same conviction also arises when we consider the readiness with which people will face death, sooner than sacrifice some ideal of love or duty; a readiness quite inconsistent with professed beliefs.

While most of that which goes to make up a man has grown together during the period since his birth, and will fall asunder again when he dies, there is an immortal seed which was before and shall be again.

What is needed is to make our philosophy agree with our inner convictions, instead of contradicting them. If the consciousness of immortality in the young were preserved, and not destroyed by wrong teachings, the old would not have to spend so much time and energy in trying to solve problems that would never have arisen. We do not sufficiently realize what we owe to centuries of theological dogmatism and other forms of materialism; and consequently we underestimate the effect which would be produced if the rising generations were guided on higher, broader, and more generous lines of thought.

Theosophy justly claims that its philosophy enables us to interpret our own intuitions. Its teachings do not contradict our innate conviction of the justice of universal law. Theosophy may be called a science, inasmuch as it interprets nature, studying the effects and unraveling their causes, finding explanations that will account for the facts. It might also be called rationalism, since it imposes no dogmas but points out facts. But both science and reason must be understood in a vastly wider sense than the conventional one. Nature is not limited to her external manifestations; for the body is but the vesture of the soul within — whether in man or in the earth. Nor can the function of science be limited to physics.

The justice and harmony of a human life cannot be discerned if we regard that life separately — apart from its sequel and apart from that of which it is the sequel. This circumstance accounts for most of the strivings and strainings to reconcile faith with experience and to find a place for God in philosophy. But the idea of Reincarnation is so unfamiliar to Western culture and habits of thought that reasonable as it is it will take some time to win its appeal. The process of familiarizing this truth is rendered slower by the fact that much nonsense is talked about it, and reasonable inquirers thereby warned off. Yet it is possible to speak of Reincarnation in a sane and serious way.

What people most often forget is to distinguish properly between that which survives and that which does not, and this may lead them to expect proofs of a kind that cannot logically be demanded. They also confound memory with recollection, assuming, quite illogically, that where there is no recollection there can be no memory. But it is conceivable that memories may be stored up beyond our present reach, and yet be accessible to stronger efforts which we may be able to make at some future time. It may be true that we do not *recollect* our past lives, but we are not warranted in inferring that the memory is obliterated or that there never was any such record made. The recollection of past lives is a question of memory training; but it is probably unnecessary to say that anyone who should venture on such a task in the expectation of achieving speedy results by his own unaided efforts would be liable to disappointment and delusion. For this attainment lies a long way ahead of us on the Path.

If people were habituated from birth to regard their present life as only one of a series, a great benefit would accrue. The fear of death would disappear; in time it might come to be looked upon as a mere

incident. The haste to achieve disproportionate material prosperity would be seen to be needless. There could never be any ground for the philosophy, "Let us eat, drink, and be merry; for tomorrow we die!" But, more important still, confidence and courage would be restored. It would never be too late to mend; the oldest man might begin a new study or enterprise. Things left undone in this life could confidently be left for completion in the future. Failings not entirely overcome would be left behind, and a clean start would be in prospect. We do indeed already act as though we believed in Reincarnation; for old men begin new studies, and in many other ways people behave as though they were not going to die for good. Our intuitions are better than our philosophy; they tell us true, but we give them the lie; hence we marvel at our "inconsistency" or say that "God moves in a mysterious way," when it is ourselves who are moving in a mysterious way, our wonders to perform. How much more reasonable it would be, if we could give up these dogmas and mold our philosophy into harmony with our inner perceptions. And, speaking of dogmas, be it remembered that there are dogmas *and* dogmas; and one of the latter is that nothing is true unless it can be shown to follow from certain arbitrary rules of reason.

Another mistake made in thinking of immortality consists in regarding it merely in relation to *time*. Yet the Soul exists all the time; and while the personality is living its temporal life, the Soul, free from the limitations of time and sense, is living its eternal life. Hence we may truly be said to be experiencing immortality while in the flesh; and though we but faintly realize it, we do so in different degrees, some people more than others.

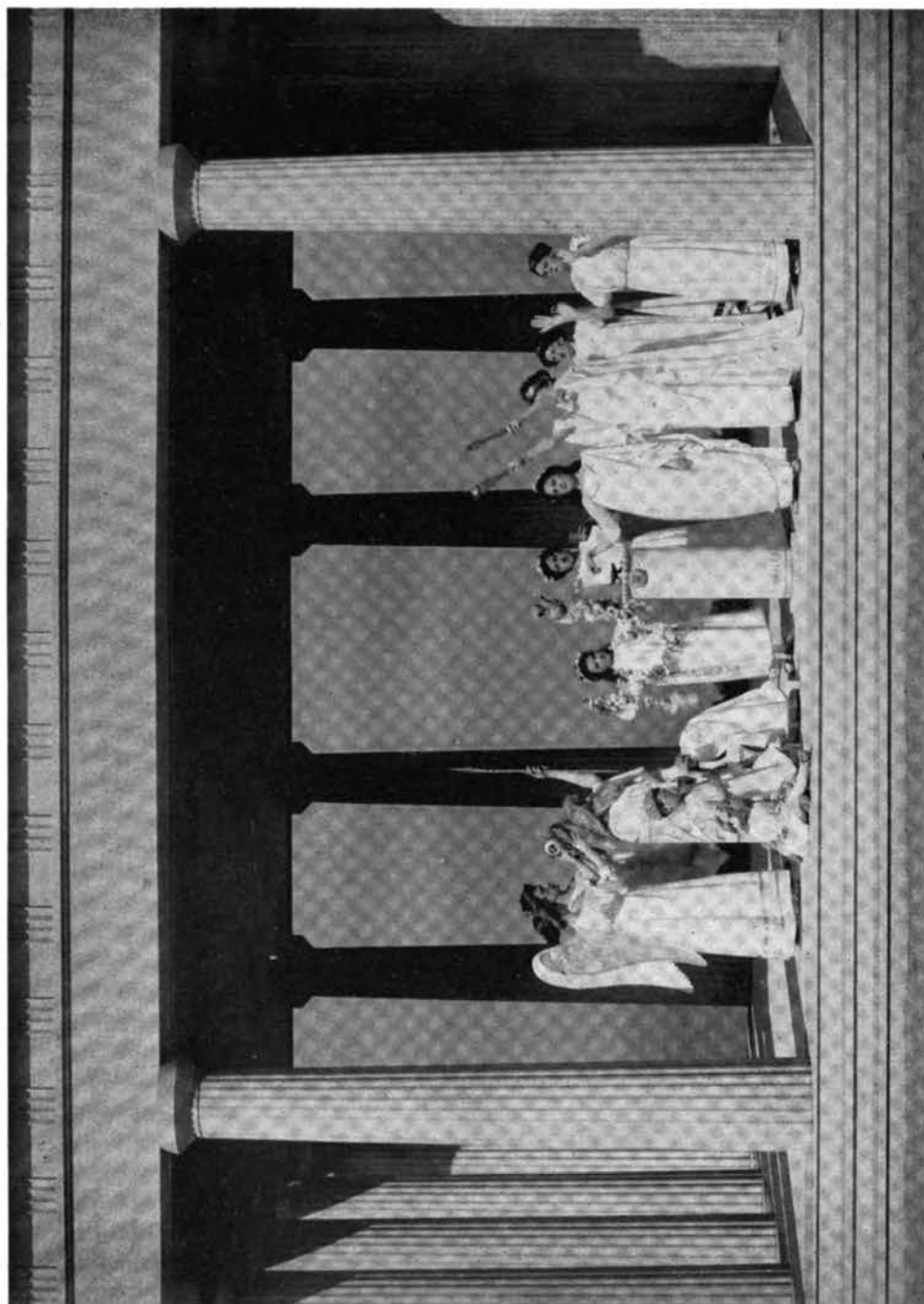
A useful comparison is that between death and sleep, between a lifetime and a day. During the period of a day we pass through successive phases similar to youth, maturity, and old age. At night we cheerfully lay down our work, confident that we shall resume it. Each day is determined to a large extent by preceding days, and is in its turn the parent of following days. In every day our free initiative works amid conditions imposed by our actions on preceding days, and here we find an analogy with the workings of the law of Karma during a lifetime. If we but regard a lifetime as a longer day, the analogy will clear up many difficulties.

Continuing this analogy further, we find that as regards the successive days of our lifetime, our mind is conscious of them all; in fact

our mind is in the same position with regard to the days as the Higher Mind is with regard to the successive lives. Knowing this, we do not make the mistake of scolding Providence for conditions which we know we have created ourselves. The only difference, in the case of a lifetime, is that we are not yet cognizant of the continuity of our existence, and find ourselves in circumstances whose origin we have forgotten. Yet these circumstances are the logical consequence of past actions. The opportunities we enjoy and the drawbacks under which we suffer were made by ourselves.

It is maintained by Theosophists that the doctrines of Karma and Reincarnation are perfectly adaptable to ordinary life; that they are not mere theories such as a scholar might amuse himself with; that they represent actual facts and constitute an interpretation — indeed the only logical interpretation — of things as they are. It may be regarded as certain that these tenets will eventually become generally adopted; there is great vitality behind them, and the human mind is at present in a fluid condition, during which it is rapidly assimilating new ideas. The future may be forecast by a comparison of present ideas with those of a few years ago. The important thing is to provide that the pure teachings, and not any absurd travesty of them, shall prevail.

It is a solemn and oft-repeated truth that no real reform in human circumstances can be made unless the characters of the people are reformed. And how can these be reformed so long as there is such a chaos of beliefs and non-beliefs, theological dogmas that teach us to fear ourselves, so-called “scientific” theories that magnify our animal nature and animal heredity? What is needed is views of life based upon common sense, views which dignify man and inspire him with self-confidence of the right kind. The Theosophical teachings as to Karma, Reincarnation, and the sevenfold nature of man can achieve this; but they need to be seriously studied, and above all made the basis of action. Theosophist is who Theosophy does.

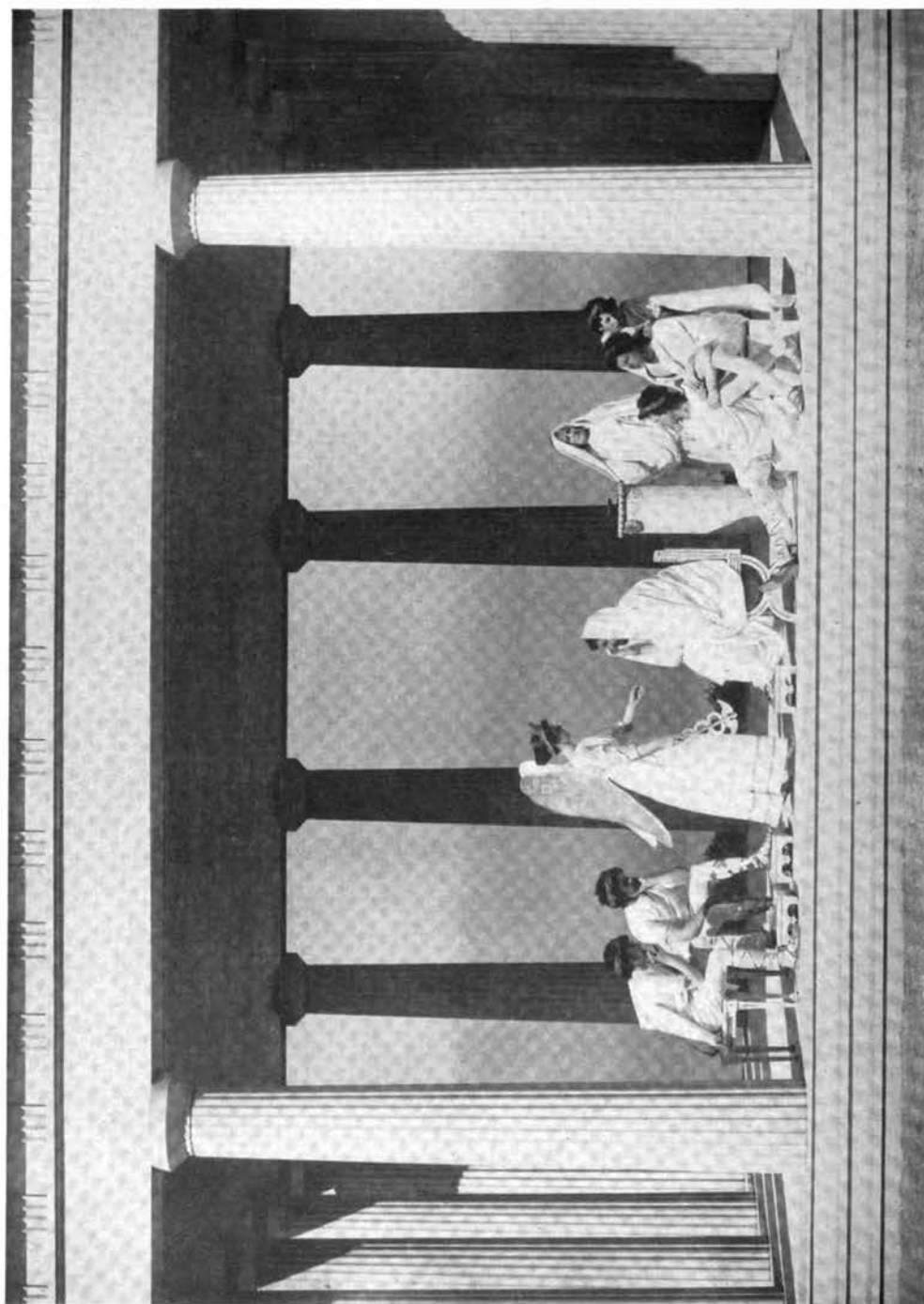


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THE CROWNING OF HOMER

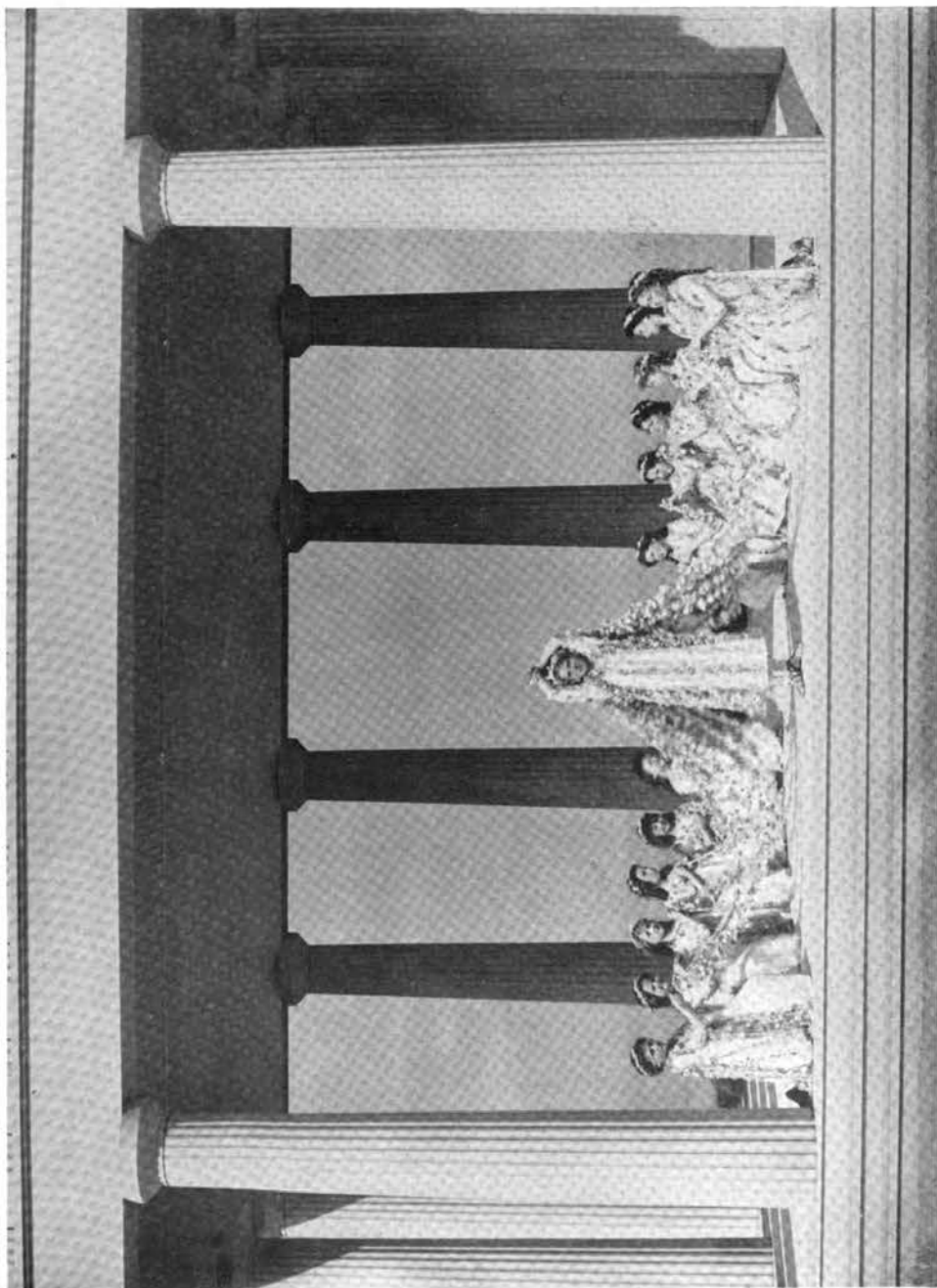
A TABLEAU PRESENTED IN THE GREEK THEATER, INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS
ON APRIL 17, 1911, IN THE GREEK PLAY "THE AROMA OF ATHENS"



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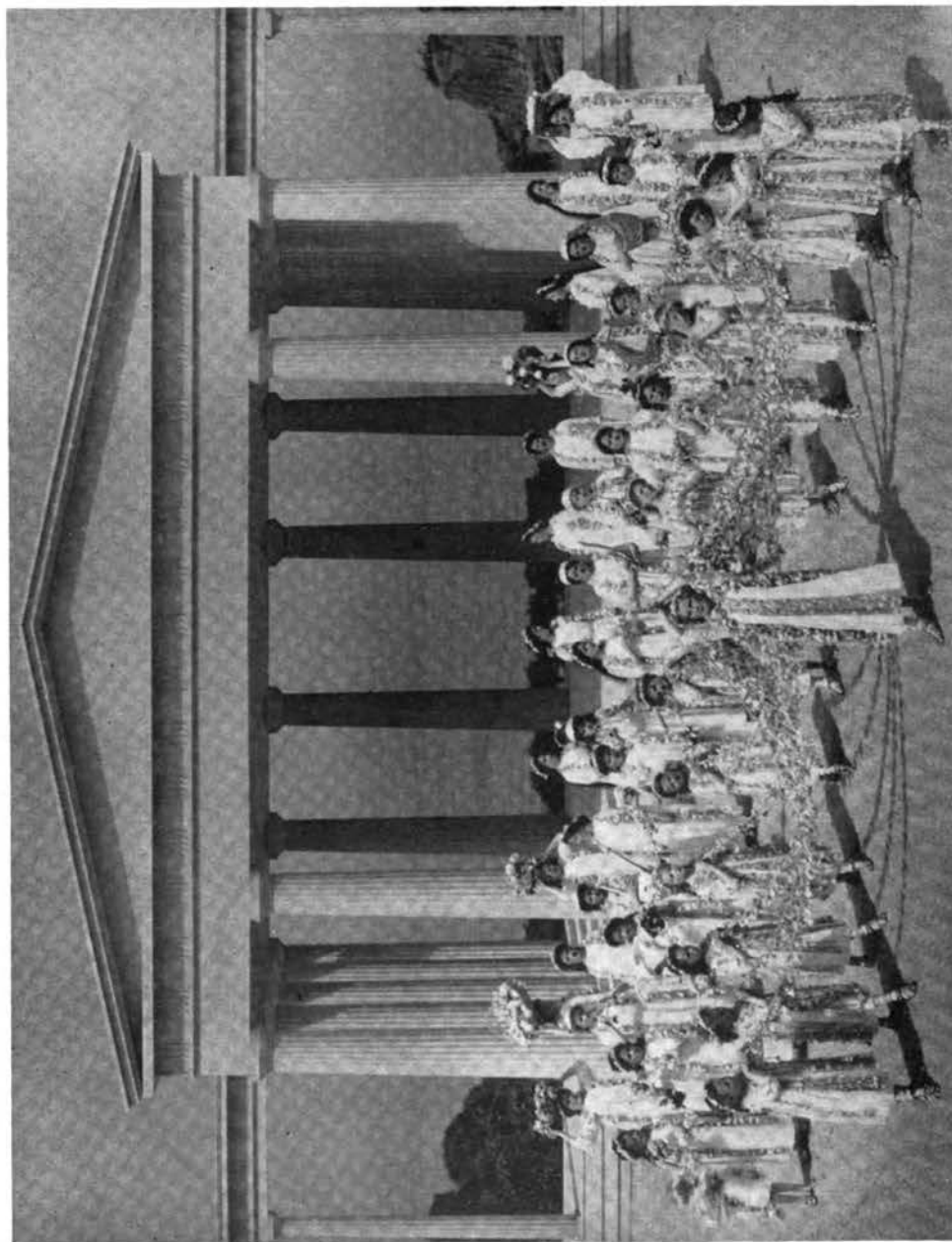
IRIS ADVISING PRIAM TO RANSOM HEKTOR'S BODY
ANOTHER TABLEAU PRESENTED IN "THE AROMA OF ATHENS"



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CHILDREN'S SCENE IN "THE AROMA OF ATHENS"



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ANOTHER CHILDREN'S SCENE IN "THE AROMA OF ATHENS"

POETRY AND CRITICISM: by Kenneth Morris

I



MATTHEW ARNOLD will have it that the function of Poetry is the Criticism of Life; and the work of a poet will be important, according to him, only in so far as it throws light on human life and character. But in the work of all poets there is a kind of cream that may be skimmed off (*provided that there is a cream*, and that it was not all sky-blue wretchedness from the first); and when it has been so skimmed, one may say that the poetry is the cream, and the criticism of life the skim-milk. "Such and such a lyric, by so and so," says your poet or poetry-lover, "is of equal value with Hamlet or the Odyssey, all three being absolute in their beauty." "Gammon!" says your man of the world in letters; "there is the criticism of life to be thought of. How shall ten lines be equal to ten thousand?" Which is right? The second will get all the votes; which is no great argument, perhaps. The epic took longer in the writing; but one never knows what may lie behind the lyric. The didactic or philosophic poem, the work full of this criticism, will influence the thought of the world; and if thinking is to be the judge, it will win unquestionably. But the lyric will be singing itself through thousands of minds, in the sunshine, in the mines, over the washtub, heaven knows where: without noise, it will shed its brightness through a million eyes, its sweetness on a million tempers, its clearness and magic on a million imaginations. To the writer of the most perfect lyric, I am not sure that we do not owe as much gratitude as to the writer of the greatest epic or drama: I am almost positive that we owe him more than to the best writer of criticism of life; though it be a dozen lines against a dozen volumes.

Most of the English-writing poets have been also, and many of them mainly, philosophers; writing their thought in verse form, and perhaps sprinkling it from the spice-box of pure poetry, and perhaps not. Often and often we find stories or philosophic disquisitions in verse, that might have been told as well in prose; although it has been said rather wisely that nothing should have verse form that could be told honorably without metre. There is a class of idea that journeys leisurely and step by step through the mind; this should be reserved for prose. There are other classes that have the sweep and charge of cavalry, and you build epics and all heroic poetry of

them; others that soar singing like the skylark, or that wander from bloom to bloom droning out a magical and honey-laden monody, secrets of a learning incomprehensible to the minds of men. These will be the right stuff for your pure lyrics, these bees and birds in the golden regions west of thought. Their revelations are more esoteric than philosophy; they home to deeper places.

But one cannot deal with all poetry or all life in one article; and it is the intention here to consider narrative poetry alone. Narrative poetry, when it is anything more than a ballad, is epic: and epic is heroic poetry; not by any convention, I believe, but in accordance with deep-seated law. There is room for nothing personal or limited here; for no dissection of personal characteristics, no consideration or criticism of problems of exterior life. Those things all belong to prose; poetry proclaims the actions and perceptions of the soul. Heroic or epic poetry tells of the soul as hero, warrior, redeemer; as Sigurd going out against Fafnir, Arthur ferried in a dark barge to The Island of the Apples; as Satan unconquered in the lake of flame; as Christ on Golgotha, or Prometheus on Caucasus. It has to show forth the glory, the indomitableness, the magnanimity of the soul, dwelling in those lofty regions and letting who will come to it for general strength and inspiration. It is the Mountain; it will not descend from itself for any Mohammed. For this reason is its aloofness, its tendency to concern itself with periods *apparently* in the far past, but really in the eternal. That atmosphere all narrative poetry must retain, under penalty of sinking into berhymed or bemetred prose; or into the ballad — which, indeed, can be good, at its best, but not supremely good. Yet how many stories there are, beautifully written in verse, which are neither epic in spirit nor ballad in form; which are, if the truth should be told, novels strayed from their proper fold of prose, valley wanderers by no means at home on the mountain.

One thinks, for example, of such a work as Mrs. Browning's *Aurora Leigh*. If she had only written it in prose! With that faultlessness of expression, that delicate insight and unerring justness of criticism which mark it, it would have become a classic; we should have said, "Why, this is a prose poem, a literary treasure among novels." But being in verse, it remains, however beautiful, only versified prose; and it is to be feared that we neglect it; to be feared, but hardly to be wondered at. If she had only written it in prose!

Or one thinks of nearly all Tennyson's narrative poetry. The aim, one feels, was nearly always criticism of life, the life of all these myriads of personalities; not poetry, which is the illumination of the hidden life of the soul. It was for this reason that *Idylls of the King*, although flaming up here and there with such poetry as has not been excelled in any known literature, perhaps — yet fails as a whole to be a great poem. The Nineteenth Century was too insistent, and the troubles and problems of the day. Milton, dealing with matters beyond the crystalline and the brink of time, achieved the epic; but even Milton, coming down to Eden, heaven, and the familiar things of dogmatic theology, attained only to be . . . Well, well, all honor to him; he deserves that all that should be lost and forgotten. Poetry and personality cannot be blended; they are a veritable God and Mammon.

Then there are those charming stories of Tennyson's: *Dora*, *Enoch Arden*, *Almer's Field*, *The Princess*. He dignified them all with his own high gift of style; stamped on every line his own noble and melodious manner; adorned them all richly, and with consummate taste, with the best color of English rural life. Yet they remain essentially of the nature of prose; and we should not have been lured into thinking them poetry, but for the wonderful genius with which Tennyson handled them. The matter is the matter of the novel; and the style — what a wonderful style it is! — is rather the polished style that reflects light, the style of prose, than the white-hot luminosity of the genuine epic.

Let us take, for example, *The Princess*, perhaps the most romantic and beautiful of this series, the one it takes the greatest temerity to speak of as not really poetic. Its aim is to throw light on, or to consider, or discuss, a certain present-day problem, that of the "emancipation of women"; and who shall say that that might not be done in prose? Is poetry to throw no light on our modern problems, or on contemporary problems, then? Turn to your Milton for an answer:

Dare ye for this adjure the civil sword
To force our consciences that Christ set free,
And ride us with a classic hierarchy
Taught ye by mere A. S. and Rutherford?
Men whose life, learning, faith, and pure intent
Would have been held in high esteem with Paul

Must now be named and printed heretics
By shallow Edwards and Scotch What-d'ye-call!
But we do hope to find out all your tricks.

Poetry? By heaven, yes! And on a contemporary problem? Look at the title of it: "On the New Forcers of Conscience under the Long Parliament"; and the date given, too; 1646. But does he discuss? Does he consider? Indeed he does not. He flames forth from the standpoint of the soul; he is still God's Warrior, and you dare not mention truce to him. So those prosaic names, that "mere A. S. and Rutherford," "shallow Edwards," and above all the ridiculous "Scotch What-d'ye-call," become flaming and terrible poetic utterances on his lips; he blasts with them the fools that dare stand up against the liberty and supremacy of the soul. But suppose, instead of this terse, burning sonnet so entirely free from the atmosphere of argumentation, he had written a long story designed to thrash the matter out from the standpoint of pure reason? Some one might do so; and the work might be one of great value; but it would not be poetic; it could not be Miltonic; it would be a novel with a purpose, not an epic poem.

There are problems and problems; those which poetry may specifically handle, are, I think, the same yesterday, today and forever. Who is to hinder her handling what problems she likes; will *you* set down rules for her? Heaven forbid! it were more profitable to build a fence about the cuckoo. But the fact remains that she will touch these, and will not touch those others. Charm you never so wisely, she will not come from her own ground. For all your birdlime of earnestness, of enthusiasm, of excellent purpose, it is some masquerading jackdaw you will have captured, not the Bird of Paradise; unless it is the trees of Paradise you have limed. Poetry hardly deals with any historic period, old or new; she leaves those to the historians, and has a period of her own, which is eternal. What then, you say, of those "New Forcers of Conscience in the Long Parliament?" This! that that parliament is so long that it has been sitting any time this two thousand years, and is sitting now, in all our towns and villages. "New Presbyter is but old Priest writ large"; A. S. and Rutherford, Shallow Edwards and Scotch What-d'ye-call — they all preach in a thousand pulpits every Sunday. For they are prototypal figures, and plot and persecute wherever there is bigotry or ecclesiastical dominance. Against them, and, so far as one has

been able to discover, against them *only*, does poetry ever come forth armed, enangered, utterly ruthless. It is she that has pity and pardon for the Magdelene and the publican; but a whip of bitter small chords for those that have made her Father's house into a den of thieves. Do you doubt it? Then find some passage where anger is expressed, not in rhetoric, not in mere fustian bombast, but with the sublime music and undertone, the ring of genuine poetry; perhaps an anger without mercy, a declaration of utter war; and see whether it is not directed *always* against this same ecclesiasticism.

But we set out to discuss the epic; and here we have wandered off to consider a sonnet with particular gusto; a grave digression, surely? I think not. You shall not judge a poem's right to the epic name by its length. This little sonnet is an epic too, with Milton on Pegasus for hero; and A. S., Rutherford, Edwards, and What-d'ye-call for four-headed Chimaera. I think the very archaeus of the epic is the eternal battle of the world; and that all epics have their root in that, and are great and regal in proportion to their nearness, inwardly and spiritually speaking, to it. Tennyson knew it when he set out to write in his *Idylls of the King* a record of the Soul at war with sense; only perhaps he knew it too personally and consciously; and lost the grand epic symbolism in his quest after actual *criticism* of life.

II

But to return to *The Princess*. Here, the objective is not to set forth eternal verity, but to discuss, perhaps throw light on, a problem of our own day; a social, in a sense, rather than a spiritual problem. What figure can stand for the battling soul, and what for the principle of evil? There are epic places in the *Idylls of the King*, where this symbolism stands forth majestically, and style and glory correspond. We have the story of that "last, dim battle in the west" and the passing of Arthur thereafter; clean, antique, touched with the infinite and with eternity; therein, if you will, is the epic atmosphere. But here it is the benevolent, thoughtful Tennyson that is speaking, troubled by the evils that he sees around him; not Tennyson the great Bard on fire with ultimate and secret truth. You see, there was the duality there; and both sides of it are honorable, to be revered and loved. If criticism has a work to perform in discriminating between the two, she does no dishonor to the thinker in separating him from the poet. We have to ask what there is in this work, *The Princess*, that might entitle it to be considered poetry, in the highest sense.

The style? Style is there, undoubtedly. Every line has been molded, heightened, shaped, polished, chiseled. But let us compare it with the style of poetry, and we shall see the difference. Here is one of the most fiery passages; one in which you can feel that the invitation was to the supreme, super-personal compassion to enter in:

“O brother, you have known the pangs we felt,
 What heats of indignation when we heard
 Of those that iron-cramp'd their women's feet;
 Of lands in which at the altar the poor bride
 Gives her harsh groom for bridal-gift a scourge;
 Of living hearts that crack within the fire
 Where smoulder their dead despots; and of those —
 Mothers — that, all prophetic pity, fling
 Their pretty maids in the running flood, and swoops
 The vulture, beak and talon, at the heart
 Made for all noble motion; and I saw
 That equal baseness lived in sleeker times
 With smoother men: the old leaven leaven'd all:
 Millions of throats would bawl for civil rights,
 No woman named: therefore I set my face
 Against all men, and lived but for mine own.
 Far from all men I built a fold for them.”

So speaks the princess of the story; profusely, if with great dignity; bitterly, but argumentatively: it is a heightened, an exalted prose style; but it has not taken that leap into infinity which is the mark of the poetic grand manner. For a contrast, consider this; the work of another Victorian bard; one not greater than Tennyson, but here with his poet's blue mantle upon him, robed with the infinite. He, too, is smitten with compassion for certain women; and the flame leaps up from the blow in this wise:

Here, down between the dusty trees,
 At this lank edge of haggard wood,
 Women with labour-loosened knees,
 With gaunt backs bowed by servitude,
 Stop, shift their loads, and pray, and fare
 Forth with souls easier for the prayer.

God of this grievous people, wrought
 After the likeness of their race,
 By faces like thine own besought,
 Thine own blind helpless eyeless face,
 I too, that have nor tongue nor knee
 For prayer, I have a word to thee.

It was for this then, that thy speech
Was blown about the world in flame,
And men's souls shot up out of reach
Of fear or lust or thwarting shame —
That thy faith over souls should pass
As sea-winds burning the young grass?

It was for this, that prayers like these
Should spend themselves about thy feet,
And with hard overlaboured knees
Kneeling, these slaves of men should beat
Bosoms too lean to suckle sons,
And fruitless as their orisons?

It is the first and the last verses quoted that count; and I think much might be learned from a careful comparison of them with the passage from *The Princess*. Tennyson has made a catalog, in the manner of prose, of the sorrows of women; his mind traveling with passion, but with a certain artistic, conscious discrimination, from China, India, Arabia, to the hustings of Victorian England (for it is that, in reality). The style of prose we say; well, the style of rhetoric: picture by picture has been chosen with a view to make the case strong, to impress who should hear it. "Ida's answer . . . Oration-like," says Tennyson, knowing well what he was writing. Swinburne, in the supreme manner of poetry, has burned upon our vision that solemn, terrible picture, bare, unornate, unforgettable, of the women at the wayside crucifix; "slaves of men" beating "bosoms too lean to suckle sons": and with the picture there is that impression of augustness, that sense as of the presence of a great avenging angel, or perhaps, of the majesty of the Law. The attitude of the Princess Ida towards the evils that she condemns, is one of personal protest; she dwells on the same plane as they do, albeit in the brighter regions of it; she is a human personality, and speaks with a human and quite personal voice. But the anger of Swinburne here, the condemnation that he deals out, is not personal: the words are such as might be spoken by a god from his throne. They come from a loftier place than the thing condemned occupies, as though they were a sentence passed from the tribunal against whose decrees there is no appeal. So they are indeed. For this is Poetry, which is the voice of the Soul; and the Soul is deific, sovereign, aloof; and it does look down and pass sentence on the things of this world — a sentence damnatory

or compassionate, but based on the evidence of direct vision and certitude, never on argument and the weighing up of pros and cons.

Look at those last lines again; with what sure intensity the whole tragedy is revealed! Compassion, in her own manner loftily *disdainful*, we might almost say, is suddenly focused; nine-tenths of the story are left untold, but the one-tenth that remains has the whole cry, the whole tragedy in it of a world blighted by lies: it is "dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn," and, *mirabile dictu*, with the "love of love," or compassion, in a breath.

We get that same strange glorious blending of compassion and scorn — pride or scorn, one does not know what to call it; it is neither of those things in reality, but rather the native accent of divinity in the voice of the soul — we hear that same majestic blending of compassion and haughtiness pre-eminently in a line from the *Purgatorio* which Arnold justly gives as one of the most perfect examples of the Grand Manner of poetry, the highest style than can be impressed on written or chanted words; the line: *Che drizza voi che il mondo fece torti*, "Which straightens you whom the world made crooked." We see here, I think, as in the passage from Swinburne, the same impatience of words and details; the same godlike aloofness; the same pity too compressed, too burning and intense, to reveal itself fully or tenderly: the feeling has passed beyond the limits of the power of tenderness, we might say, to be tender: it is such a super-passional passion of tenderness, suppressed, governed, boiling, that it must be stern, swift, momentary — or nothing. Is it not the very naked voice of the august divinity hidden within us? — the greatest fashion that can be burned and infused into the brute stuff of language; because ringing with the dominance of that hidden Master? It bears the mark of compassion, because compassion is the inevitable attitude of the soul outward from itself; and it bears the stamp of sublime titanism — that thing that would be scorn, were it bitter and hostile, and that would be mere majesty, might it remain passive and in repose — because the soul is a god, and knows itself to be a god, and breathes out the atmosphere of godhood. Here it is in Milton, again:

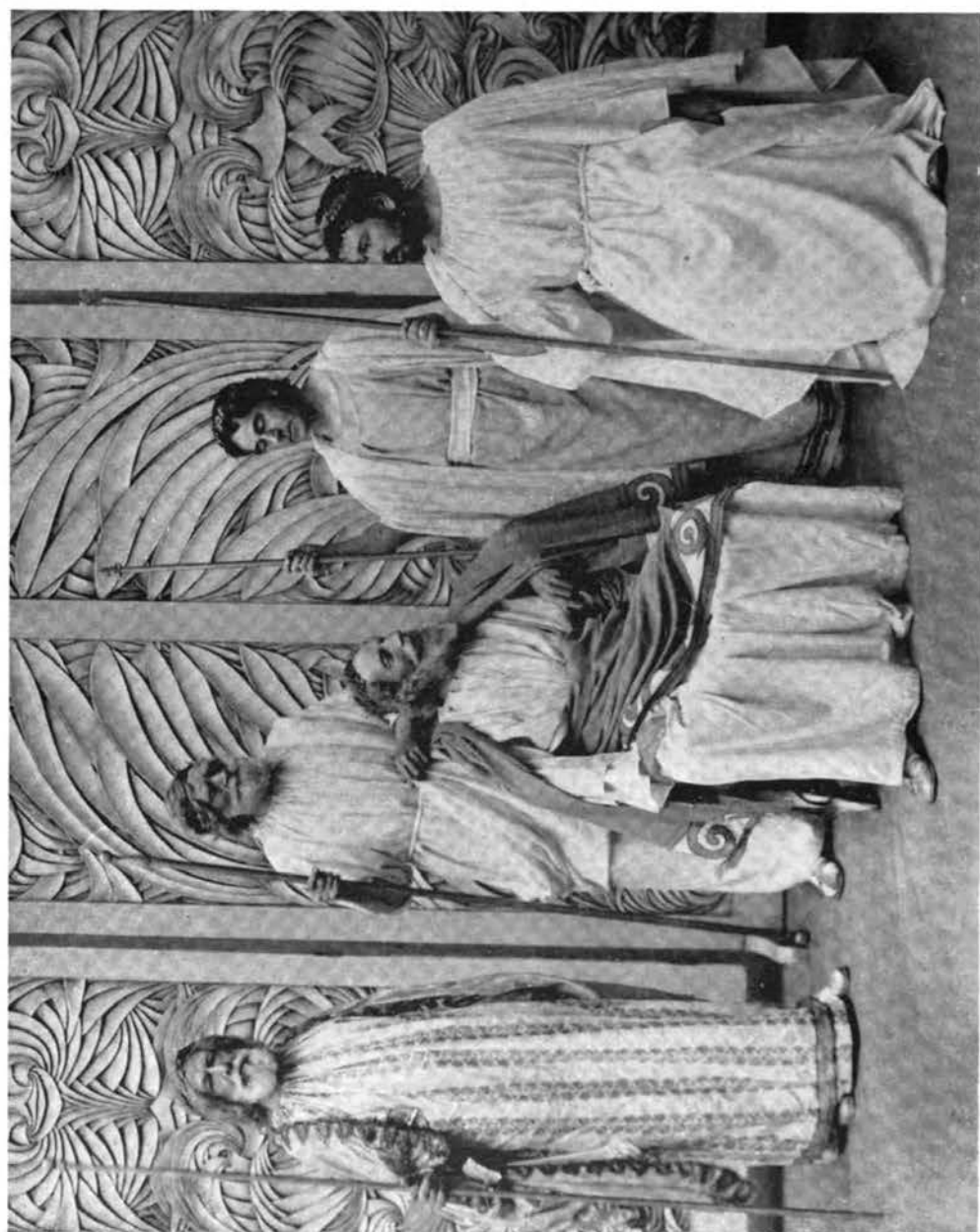
His form had not yet lost
All her original brightness, nor appeared
Less than archangel ruined:



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PHEIDIAS, EURIPIDES, AND ARISTON
GROUP IN "THE AROMA OF ATHENS"

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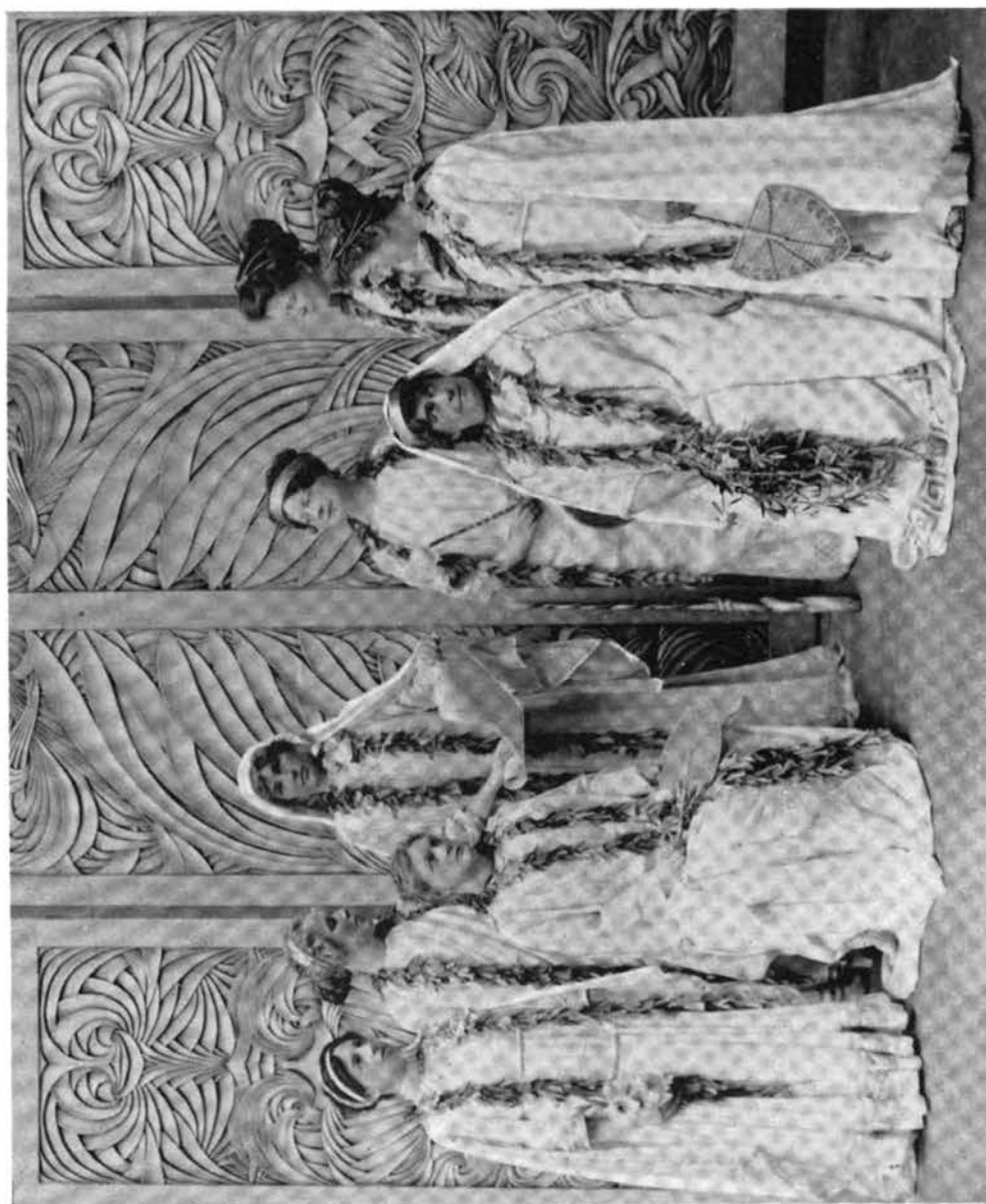
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KRITON, THUKYDIDES, PHEIDIAS, ARISTON, AND HIPPONIKOS

(READING FROM LEFT TO RIGHT)

"THE AROMA OF ATHENS"

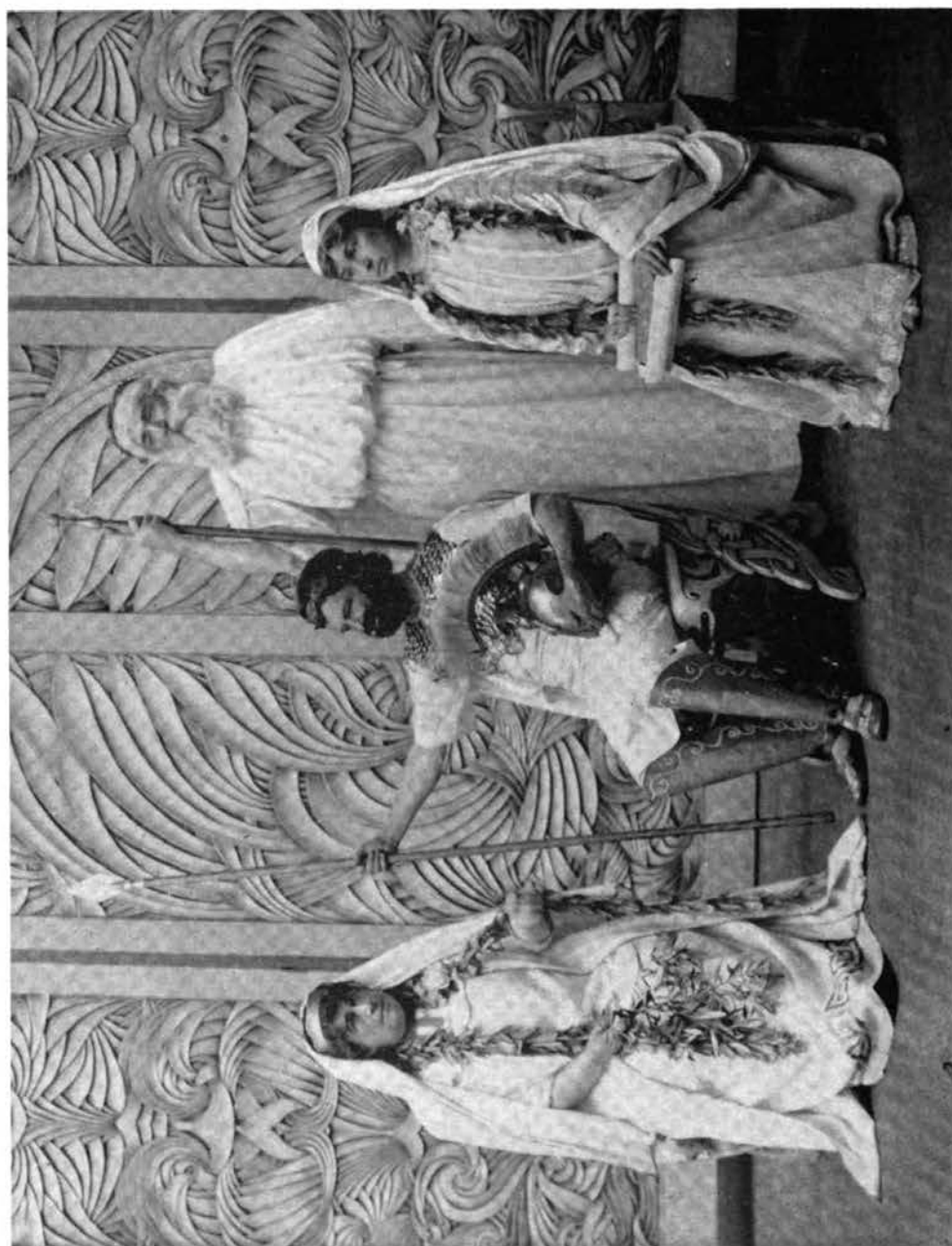


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HIPPARETE, PERIKTIONE, POTONE, ASPASIA, ACATHOKLEIA, DIOTIMA, DEINOMACHE,
AND MYRTO (READING FROM LEFT TO RIGHT)

"THE AROMA OF ATHENS"



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DIOTIMA, PERIKLES, AND ASPASIA, SEATED
"THE AROMA OF ATHENS"

and of course, it is Milton and Dante who are the supreme masters in modern literature of the Grand Manner; as poets, the greatest of the poets.

Now it will be said that there is compassion in the passage quoted from *The Princess*; and undoubtedly there is; but is not the effort all to manifest it, to make it plain to every one that it is there, to lead it from picture to picture that will feed and excite it? We may say that it is a voice from below upward, an inspiration; it has the style and atmosphere of a great endeavor of the personal self towards the soul: whereas in the other cases, it is the comment and utterance of the soul itself. *There*, there is no effort to manifest compassion; the effort is all to suppress and control it. The effort is like the metal walls of a bomb, without which the explosive would only fizzle and waste. The poet — Swinburne, Milton, or Dante — had no doubt of his dynamite; it was too mighty, too awesome a thing; all *he* must do is to make the bomb walls strong, strong, strong. So, in reading, we get the effect, and are blown up — to the altitudes of consciousness. Tennyson, being also a poet, and therefore knowing the nature of dynamite; but writing here, not poetry, but mere criticism of life in the guise of poetry, puts what he can, out of his memory, of dynamite into his work: infuses what he may of the atmosphere of compassion into it. Swinburne and Dante and Milton have a Niagara to deal with, and they must make the channel of it as small as they may; they must dam it as well as they can, or heaven knows where they and the world would be swept to — mere incoherence and blind fury perhaps, or silence. Tennyson (in this case) has to deal with an irrigation scheme, and must make his channels as wide and deep as he can, and coax the waters of the world into them. Then, too, see how he deals with that other quality. He knew well enough that it is integral in the Grand Manner of Poetry, and he will weave it in here, if he may. So we have:

Far from all men I built a fold for them:

And prospered; till a rout of saucy boys
Brake on us at our books.

There is no doubt what quality that is; scorn, indignation, separateness, bitterness, hostility. It is a personal imitation of loftiness, the compassionate element has quite vanished from it; there is all the difference in the world between it and the fierce pity of —

these slaves of men should beat
Bosoms too lean to suckle sons,
And fruitless as their orisons:

or the sudden stern mercy implied in —

la Montagna
Che drizza voi che il mondo fece torti:

or the serene, august luminance of compassion shining through —

His form had not yet lost
All her original brightness.

Or, since the compassion is out of it, we might compare it with those many lines from Milton that convey only the sense of the grandeur, without the compassion, of the soul; lines such as these:

An old and haughty nation, proud in arms;

or:

Standing on earth, not rapt above the pole,
More safe I sing with mortal voice, *unchanged*
To hoarse or mute, *though fallen on evil days,*
On evil days though fallen, and evil tongues,
In darkness, and with dangers compassed round;

or:

Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench
Of that forgetful lake benumb not still,
That in our proper motion we ascend
Up to our native seat; descent and fall
To us are adverse:

— these speak of the majesty of the soul; but the other only of the bitterness of the personality.

But you will say, Tennyson was putting words into the mouth of a very human, limited personality; and so the piece is more artistic as it is, and would be inappropriate otherwise. These are the words she actually would have said. True. The personality does speak in prose. Prose is the language of personality; and no doubt it was first invented when first the souls rayed out personalities from themselves; no doubt poetry is the older, as it is the more august. So the style used in *The Princess* is suitable, well-chosen, artistic; it fits the subject admirably; which proves that the subject is essentially a prose one. For prose — history, philosophy, criticism — examines and criticises life from without; but poetry illumines it from within. Prose considers and passes judgment on the external, the seeming,

the current: Poetry dwells within the holy of holies and her whole burden is the story of the Soul.

If she looks outward at all — and she does that too, at times — it is from her own standpoint, and in the eternal manner. She does not then criticise; her tones do not mince nor falter. The bardic schools had a law, that the office of the Bard was solely to extol what was noble; there were other orders, not sacred like the bardic, whose business was to satirize or to amuse. One can see that such a law must have come from a time when that one force which, as was said above, alone can move poetry to anger absolute, was not in evidence: for, except that they must fight that force, that old law holds for the bards now. So poetry, looking down into this world, criticises no one and nothing. She exalts whom she will; she mantles humanity with godhood: and whom she will — the antihumanists, the plotters against the freedom and beauty of the soul — she thunders upon.

Swinburne, looking at the roadside crucifix ghastly in its deification of decay and death, criticises *that* — nay, scourges the idea it symbolizes, the soul-fettering dogmatism; pours on it the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn, if you like — but it is because the awful vision of the real Crucified burns up before him; the tragedy of the ages, the enslaved, thwarted, hindered, persecuted *Soul of Man*. Dante beholds the severe mercy of the Great Law, “that straightens us, whom the world has made crooked.” Milton, vainly endeavoring to be orthodox, to write within the limits of the dogmas, justifying the ways of his strange deity, and holding up Satan for our abhorrence, gives way to the great spirit of the Poet within him time and again; and shows, time and again, the sublime pathos of the Soul, Unchanged, though fallen on evil days. Nay, but they do not tell of these things; they make them live; they are revelations shown before us; so that our own eyes have seen, and the universe has undergone transfiguration, and ourselves. For Poetry is no little thing, no mere refinement. It is magic; it is the life of the Gods; it is the secret and spiritual nature of things. Without it, this Universe like a rotten bough, would break off from the Tree of Life. Without it, there would be no Tree of Life. It is the living sap, the greenness, the subtle vigor, and the beauty of the Tree.

“THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES”:

by H. Coryn, M. D., M. R. C. S.



EGEL, commenting upon the Pythagorean doctrine of number as the basis of all things says:

Numbers have been much used as the expression of ideas. This, on one side, has a look of depth. For, that another meaning is implied in them than they immediately present, is seen at once; but how much is implied in them is known neither to him who proposes, nor by him who tries to understand. . . . The more obscure the thoughts, the deeper they seem; the thing is, that what is most essential, but also what is hardest, namely, the expression of one's self in definite notions — is precisely what the proposer spares himself.

Upon which Stirling remarks:

But the curious point is that Hegel himself adopts this very numerical symbolism, so far as it suits *the system!* It is only, indeed, when that agreement fails, that the agreement of Hegel fails also. The moment it does fail, however, his impatience breaks out. The one, the two, the three, he contentedly, even warmly and admiringly accepts, nay, “as far as five,” he says, “there may well be something like a thought in numbers, *but* on from six there are simply arbitrary determinations!”

Especially, said Hegel, there is meaning in *three*, the Trinity. The Trinity is only unintelligible when considered as three separate units; its divine meaning appears when we take it as a whole.

It would be a strange thing if there were no sense in what for two thousand years has been the holiest Christian idea.

It would be stranger if one of the profoundest thinkers that ever lived, a teacher whose grandeur of character made him almost an object of worship to his pupils, had selected his symbols to “spare himself” the labor of clear conception (or had let them conceal from himself the confusion of his own thought). According to Hegel we must respectfully see philosophy in the Christian Trinity; in the Pythagorean Dekad, none.

Pythagoras wrote nothing. And his teaching was esoteric, delivered under pledge of secrecy. The essence of the echoes that reach us amounts to this: that numbers and ratio are the soul of things; that the soul itself is a number and a harmony.

Is there any possible reading of this from which it might appear profoundly true and illuminating?

We sometimes estimate savage intelligence by the power of count-

ing, of adding units. From one point of view the power does not seem to go very far with ourselves. We cannot in one act of perception count more than a very few dots irregularly placed on a sheet of paper. If more than that few they must have some arrangement. Nine must be perhaps in three threes, twelve in four threes or three fours. But even before twenty is reached, no arrangement will permit one act of perception to accomplish the numbering. There is merely a considerable number, and actual unitary counting — of units or groups — is necessary to know how large it is.

But now let there be a sufficient number of dots to suggest to the eye say a flower form or a frieze pattern, and let them be so arranged. Before that arrangement they were a mere horde of *ones*; in their definite arrangement they have a *meaning*, excite an idea, a state of consciousness. Is not the advent of this meaning, the perception of this form as a whole, a new and transcendental kind of counting? Number in this sense, is form; and the form is form and not inchoateness, chaos, just because of its meaning; that is, because of the state of consciousness it excites in us.

You can count the ticks of the clock — as ones. If they were four times as fast you could perhaps still count them. As they became more rapid than that they would pass beyond the power of counting. As they became still more rapid they would presently cease to be units at all *and become a musical note*. Now they excite what might be called an idea, a state of feeling peculiar to that number per second. Is not the perception of that number *as a note* a kind of counting? Let the number per second be now suddenly doubled. Are we aware of the ratio of this new number to the previous one? Yes, but as a rise of an octave in the note, not as a counted doubling. To this corresponds another state of feeling, partly due to the new note as it is, partly due to its relation to the old one. It is a perception of ratio appearing in consciousness as aesthetic feeling.

Set this clock to beat twice as fast again, and having listened a moment so as to get the sense of the new note, stop it. Set a second clock to beat *five* for the first one's four. Listen so as to get the sense of it and then stop that clock also. Set a third to beat *six* for the first one's four and do the same.

Now start them all at once. You cannot by counting ascertain that whilst one beats six the other two are respectively beating five and four. But your appreciation of the fact takes the form of *hear-*

ing the musical chord do, mi, sol, c, e, g, the common chord in its first position. Is not the perception of that chord, the acceptance of that state of feeling, really a recognition of the ratio, a highly transcendental counting? In the feeling you have the *meaning* of the numbers and of the ratios between them. It is those numbers themselves viewed from a high standpoint.

The same might be said of every other chord. Listening to music is perceiving ratios of vibratory speed between the successive notes and chords, transcendental counting. The feelings aroused are what those ratios *mean*. The meaning, the feeling, of the composer gets out into expression through those numbers and ratios. Number in the ordinary one-plus-one sense is the body of music; number in the transcendental sense is its soul.

We cannot in the ordinary sense count ether-touches on the optic nerve. But when they reach a certain number of trillions per second we suddenly perceive the *meaning* of that number — which we call the color red or the sensation of redness. When the rapidity is seven-fourths as many we get the sensation violet. But there is more than a sensation; the colors have an *aesthetic* and emotional value. And when colors, that is rates, are juxtaposed in certain ways we get *art* and the value may become *spiritual*.

But no two people are affected in exactly the same way by the same piece of music or of art work, though the souls of both may be touched. Since, as we have seen, the highest aspect of number and ratio is *spiritual meaning*, we can already see something in the Pythagorean saying that the soul is a number and a ratio or harmony. In its self-consciousness it has a spiritual meaning for itself; it means something to itself; it understands itself. And so each soul, each with its own special nature or meaning, reacts a little differently to the spiritual meaning of numbers and ratios coming to it from without.

Nature herself, thought the Pythagoreans, is instinct with spiritual meanings. Whilst the soul is embodied and limited by the senses she cannot ordinarily or easily get these meanings direct. They have to be clothed or bodied in those masses of units and ratios that are color, sound, and form. She touches these ordered aggregations (numbers them, understands them) on three planes: first as sensation; then as aesthetic feeling; then, perhaps, in their spiritual meaning. The musician, as he composes, does receive direct a bit of nature's spiritual meaning and then aggregates such numbers and

ratios of vibration as will express it. And if his music, carrying this meaning, be so sounded as to affect plates of sand or other fine powder, forms will result such as nature herself makes — perhaps in the same way, though we cannot hear the sound for its subtlety — forms of flowers, trees, groves, and what not. For any of nature's meanings may get out along the ways of sound, color, or form. We can conceive that the whole of evolution is guided by number, ordered number, ratio. The electrons in an atom and the atoms in a molecule and the molecules in a cell or crystal are not only so many in number but definite in arrangement, in form. They *mean* something; they express in arrangement and in successive changes in arrangement a unitary spiritual idea of nature's, and in that is the force of evolution. If the units disintegrate and scatter so that we speak of death, the idea, the real life, remains and embodies again in a new harmonized mass of units. The idea is the magnet that attracts and arranges them and incarnates among them. It is their spiritual number, the cause of their countable number and scientifically ascertainable arrangement.

Number, therefore, in the highest sense, is not the same as a heap, a mass, an anyhowness; it is an order expressive of a spiritual meaning. In the highest sense it is that spiritual meaning itself even before expression in an ordered mass of items or vibrations. And in this sense the soul is a number and nature the synthesis of numbers; both finding expression, the one in the soul's several garments (one only known to science) and works; the other in what we call "nature." Pythagoras will yet find his full vindication in philosophy. He is of the future, not the past.

DOES NIRVÂNA MEAN ANNIHILATION? by T. H.

IT is sometimes said by superficial students that Nirvâna means total annihilation; while more accurate scholars point out that it means the extinction of the impermanent part of our nature, whereby the permanent prevails. This is well brought out in the following quotation from *The Kashf al-Mahjûb*, the oldest Persian treatise on Sûfiism, translated by Reynold A. Nicholson.

Annihilation is the annihilation of one attribute through the subsistence of another attribute. . . . Whoever is annihilated from his own will subsists in the

will of God, as the power of fire transmutes to its own quality anything that falls into it . . . but fire affects only the quality of iron without changing its substance.

It is evident that what is annihilated is the *personality*, which, according to the teachings, is an erroneous conception preventing the manifestation of the real Self. Thus the doctrine of annihilation is seen to be a consistent part of a logical teaching and not the untenable idea which some critics have represented it to be. The fact that most of us in our present state of development look with reluctance at the idea of losing our transitory personality does not invalidate the truth of the teaching; for the teaching relates to the destinies of the permanent Spirit, in which the wishes of our erring, transitory personality play but little part. Were we washed clean, standing forth in robes of light, as most religious believers hope to be at some time or other, we might consent in will and understanding to this teaching; seeing then that the personality is indeed a delusion and a source of woe, whose annihilation is even to be desired.

In the meantime, and for immediate practical purposes, we can consider annihilation as a process applicable to the development of our character; substituting, however, a less harsh word — say neutralization. There are in our character many elements which we should wish to reduce to nothing; there are many false selves which obtrude themselves on us, claiming a share of our life and crowding out the better phases of our character. The elimination of these, in order that the better elements may shine forth unobscured, is a process of purification. Why, then, may not Nirvâna be so considered? To what extent have our prejudices on the subject been aroused by the mere use of an inadequate word in translation? Nirvâna is extinction of the *false*. “Ring out the false, ring in the true!”

CATHEDRALS IN ANCIENT CRETE: by a Student

GREAT as is the reverence which we have for our religion, we scarcely realize how much more ancient and venerable it is than is usually supposed. But archaeology is doing much to enlighten opinion on that point. For instance, we read in *The Discoveries in Crete*, by Ronald M. Burrows, that

It was long ago suggested that the Roman Basilica, which formed the earliest type of Christian church, was derived both in structure and in name from the

"Stoa Basilike" or King's Colonnade at Athens. This was the place where the King Archon, the particular member of the board of nine annual magistrates who inherited the sacred and judicial functions of the old kings, tried cases of impiety. It had further seemed possible that the building as well as the title was a survival from some earlier stage, when a king was a king in more than name. What we have found at Knossos seems curiously to confirm this suggested chain of inheritance.

At one end of a pillared hall, about thirty-seven feet long by fifteen wide there is a narrow raised dais, separated from the rest of the hall by stone balustrades, with an opening between them in which three steps give access to the center of the dais. At this center point, immediately in front of the steps, a square niche is set back in the wall, and in this niche are the remains of a gypsum throne. . . . We seem to have here . . . a pillar hall with a raised "Tribunal" or dais bounded by "Cancelli" or balustrades, and with an "Exedra" or seated central niche which was the place of honor. Even the elements of a triple longitudinal division are indicated by the two rows of columns that run down the Hall. Is the Priest-King of Knossos, who here gave his judgments, a direct ancestor of Praetor and Bishop seated in the Apse within the Chancel, speaking to the people that stood below in Nave and Aisles?

The antiquity and universality of the doctrinal basis of Christianity forms the subject of frequent remarks in Theosophical writings, as it is a topic much to the fore in religious circles just now. But here the question is of ecclesiastical architecture; and that too, as we see, is ancient and pre-Christian. Little do many people seem to suspect that the grand cathedral, with its nave and aisles, its transept, its chancel, and its altar, are founded on such ancient models. While such facts are for the most part unknown or deliberately ignored, there are some Christian writers who admit them, but are disposed to regard Christianity as a capstone to the entire edifice of ancient wisdom, a final and complete revelation. Whether or not Christianity really occupies or *can* occupy such a commanding position is of course a question of fact; the proofs must be practical; by results we must judge.

Mere claims will not replace actualities, nor would claims be needed where actualities were present. If Christianity can maintain such a position, it will doubtless win the respect it so yearns for.

THE WORLD OF WOMANHOOD: by Grace Knoche



THERE are subjects which even thought floats round and round, as a bird above her nestlings or incense over the flame which gave it birth — subjects which the brain-mind hesitates to touch directly, so reverential is the appeal they make to the inner and the best in heart-life. Words seem out of place. Even reason before them pauses, makes obeisance, and dowered with glamor, passes on, as one might pass who stands for a moment in the presence of a new light. There are events, though they are few, that so enshrine within themselves the deeper sacredness of soul-life that words seem poor and mean as carriers of their *largess*. The heart feels intuitively that silence, "the great Empire of Silence," alone could hope to attune human lives to the voice of them.

Deep answereth unto deep, but sometimes not by the Marconi messages of the soul. There are times when from deep to deep the mystic, intangible bridge that is to be builded must use living words for its piers and masonry. But they must be *living* words, golden-tongued words, words glowing with the lambent touch of flame re-kindling flame. They must be vital, electric, surcharged with the mighty currents of compassion and that love that layeth down its life for a friend; heart-messengers of Wisdom herself they must be, and even then can build no bridge royal enough for Wisdom's whole mighty *entourage* to pass over when the Event is such as recent days have brought forth in the world of womanhood — the *world of womanhood*, bear in mind, which is a larger, more soulful realm than the *world of women*, merely.

Yet words are the only masonry-stuff at hand, and so build we must with them. Hearts that respond to the finer harmonies of life and nature, and minds that have touched understandingly to a degree the great problem of woman's work and woman's true place in life, will quicken and respond.

At Isis Theater, San Diego, on the evening of Monday, February 19, and again on February 27, *Anno Fraternitatis Universalis XIV*, Katherine Tingley looked into the eager, upturned faces of more than a thousand women, respectful, waiting, aspiring, dead-in-earnest women. Both meetings had been called for women only. As I glanced over pit and gallery while the strains of music announced that the meeting was about to begin, the words which Mr. Judge once used

in reference to right action and the altruistic life, seemed to sing out in tones of unmistakable triumph from the very bosom of the air: "It is better than philosophy, *for it enables us to know philosophy.*"

Nothing in this world of unity can be rightly judged if conceived of as an isolated something, just a fragment. "A primrose by the river's brim" is far other than "a yellow primrose . . . and nothing more" to the rational, open mind. It is a part of all the rich nature-environment which, when we think of it *in parts*, as some mosaicist might think of his design, we call river and bank and forest-wildness and sedge and shimmer and sky. The distant mountain is no mountain, merely, but part of a noble panorama, its base melting into gentler slope and foreground at just what point no living soul can say, its heights suffused in sunshine, its edges softened and purpled and cooled and warmed in the shimmering atmosphere, its stature rising grandly undefined against the misty, illimitable Beyond of azure or gold or gray. No more can the artist in color say "Here, definitely *here*, the foreground or distance end and the mountain begins," than the artist in life can say, "Here we will mark off and limit *truthfulness*, and next to it, *virtue*, and beyond the next hard dividing-line, *compassion*, and a goodly collection of such separate items we will call *character.*" Ah no, life is no rag-bag of scraps and shreds and patches, nor is nature. It is one grand whole and no part can be understood, or even seen *as it is*, unless looked at and studied in its relation to all the other parts which with it constitute the whole.

So also with historic truth. The mountain-peaks of history, rising as they do above the plain and level of general human action, never rise separate to the philosopher's vision from all that lies behind them, nor are they ever wholly unsuffused by the glow or the dimness that speaks to the prescient mind of glories or of disillusionments ahead.

There could be no question, in the minds of those whose duties led them both before and behind the scenes of action at the two meetings referred to, that the twentieth century call for women had come. Katherine Tingley, in inaugurating this work, issued a challenge to all the nobler possibilities of womanhood. Those who could look beyond the present into the dim aerial distance and adown the vistas of the past, knew the Event for what it was and made no mistake in prophesying wonderful things for the future from the glow of promise which fell upon it. It was part of the past, yes, but a nobler than the common part; one felt that it had somehow swung out from old

limitations, as some great glorious member of a star group might be conceived of as swinging out into space, into a greater orbit and an orbit of its own. It was as a new note sounded in the long, ascending gamut of woman's evolution, a gamut in which there are, here and there, glorious notes, royal notes, with echoing overtones of soulfulness and strength, but which has, alas! its burden of discord to carry, as well.

There has been no unity of soul in past efforts, as a whole, and the keynote struck by Katherine Tingley had a ring of newness, somehow, on very real lines. Which does not mean that women have not worked together, often in large bodies, as we see them doing today. But both their aims and the quality of result that grew from these showed that real unity on lines of soul-strength and soul-effort has been lacking. For example, we have today the apparently united body of women who are storming council-chambers and invoking hand-to-hand battles with policemen; and yesterday we had their prototypes in old Rome, excited groups of fad-ridden women who even barred the approaches to the Forum as an argument in support of their demands for political equality — and Roman homes going to pieces by the hundred for lack of true womanhood at the helm. Oh, if women would read history *in a new way!*

Efforts characterized by a certain outer binding-together, while of real inner unity there was none, there have been in all ages. But, strange to say, until the inauguration of Theosophical work for women in this year of the twentieth century, the true note has been sounded, in most cases, by some one woman who was more or less *unhelped* by the women about her. History inspires us with the virtues of Alcestis, that peerless wife; of Antigone; of that perfect exemplar of motherhood, Cornelia, mother of the Gracchi; of the queenly Thusnelda; of Cleopatra, Semiramis, and Zenobia; and let us not forget the peasant girl of Domremy, whose simple purity and absolute self-forgetfulness did more for the "woman movement" of the ages than even her generalship did for France.

Yet these are isolated types. Barring Sappho and her woman pupils, Birgitta of Sweden and her wonderful work for and with the women who flocked to the home centers that ecclesiastical enemies fortunately did not prevent her from establishing, history has little to say as to women who have *worked together* for some truly spiritual cause, in which the noblest they had was placed on Humanity's altar.



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PHEIDIAS
"THE AROMA OF ATHENS"



Copyright by Katherine Tingley, 1911

KRATINOS IN CENTER, EURIPIDES TO LEFT,
ATTENDANT AT RIGHT
"THE AROMA OF ATHENS"

“MAGNETONS,” FORCE AND MATTER: by H. Travers



MAN of science has presented to the Paris Academy of Sciences a paper in which he attempts to prove from the results of certain experiments that the atoms of magnetic bodies, such as iron and manganese, contain definite quantities of an elementary magnetic *substance*, which he proposes to call “magneton.” This is regarded as a sequel to the new way of regarding electricity; for in the electrons we now seem to find a means of defining electricity in terms of a unit of substance. Electricity, light, and other physical forces, have at different times been defined either as kinds of matter or as modes of motion. At the present moment, many people think, we are passing from the kinetic to the corpuscular view again. But it is more likely that our present studies will end by giving us a more accurate and adequate notion of the nature of force on the one hand and matter on the other. We shall see more clearly that force and matter are inseparable, and that in our use of these words we are merely making mental abstractions for the purpose of calculation. What was at one time considered to be inert matter was later found to be teeming with energy; so that this kind of matter, instead of being inert substance, was found to be the result of forces acting in some finer kind of matter. This finer kind of matter — hypothetical so far — was denominated “ether”; and should we succeed in examining this ether, we should probably find that it too is the result of forces acting in a still more recondite form of matter — a sub-ether, as it were. At all events we should have no choice but to describe it in that way. In the same way force must always be inseparably associated with mass, for the quantity denoted by the term “mass” is included in the definition of force. Thus the question whether electricity, magnetism, etc., are “forces” or “forms of matter” loses its meaning, since (strictly speaking) they cannot be either but must be both.

The experiments mentioned seem to have shown that there is a definite physical unit of quantity for magnetism, just as the negative electron is said to be a definite unit of quantity for negative electricity. In this case we should have arrived at the conclusion that magnetic substances are those to whose atoms or molecules are attached these magnetic atoms.

As to the kinetic theory of electricity, light, and other physical forces, we certainly know that kinetic effects attend the manifestation

of these forces; and where there is no physical matter present we have predicated an ether to serve as a substratum for these kinetic effects. But is that the same as saying that electricity and light *are* modes of energy or forms of motion? Later research has shown us that these physical forces are attended, not only by kinetic effects, but also by those other effects which we denote by such terms as "mass," "inertia," or "substance." Again, are we entitled to say that electricity, light, etc., *are* substances, or forms of matter? It would seem more reasonable to say that both energy and mass are to be classed among the effects or accompaniments of electricity and light, electricity and light themselves being something that is neither energy nor mass but parent to both.

In brief, the life or *vis viva* of the physical universe escapes observation and analysis, while its various effects, appearing in the forms which we describe as light, heat, electricity, etc., are defined by us in terms of our two mental concepts "mass" and "energy." The farthest limit to which physical observation has reached, or seems likely to reach, is that of minute and extremely active particles, whose motions are attended with luminous, thermal, and electric phenomena. To put the matter in a nutshell: we find that the so-called inert matter of the universe is composed of what are to all intents and purposes small beings, very much alive and endowed with proclivities. Given our electron or magneton, we are obliged to take for granted its innate properties of energy, etc., for we have no means of explaining them except by reducing them to smaller factors of precisely the same kind — and this is no explanation. That is, we have to assume the universal presence of active and purposeful life — for that is what it amounts to, whatever names we may give. And behind all this manifestation of life there of course lies *mind*; otherwise we must suppose the existence of causeless and purposeless life — a conception which is highly arbitrary and unnecessary.

Science has a great future before it, but at present it is laboring under limitations due to the restriction of its sphere. A large portion of its proper domain having been usurped by theology and wild deductive philosophy, science has confined itself to such limits as give it a free field. But if the careful and logical methods of true science could be applied to all departments of investigation, knowledge would take a great leap. Of late years we have seen many foolish attempts to establish a "higher science," many of them associated with

"psychism" and similar eccentricities. All this naturally arouses the antagonism of true men of science and causes them to shun the possibility of association with such movements. Take the psychical research movements, for example; is it not evident that in many cases these are destined to achieve delusion rather than any useful truth? Or take hypnotism: how can such a dangerous pseudo-science be adequately studied without the grave risks which its knowledge brings upon society in the shape of credulous folly and a cover for cowardly vice?

It seems evident that science is too unorganized and indiscriminate at present, and that when it extends its boundaries so as to include the larger fields it will also have to raise its standards. Scientific work, if valuable, should be treated like other valuables — that is, protected. This can only be done by intrusting it to worthy and competent people; from which we see that the character of the professors becomes an important matter. This principle is recognized in many of our departments; for we do not intrust the performing of surgical operations nor the care of lunatics to all and sundry. Why then should other departments be thrown open, allowing dangerous drugs and dynamite to pass into the hands of weaklings and criminals? Above all, why should the far more dangerous powers of hypnotism and so forth be made thus free to all?

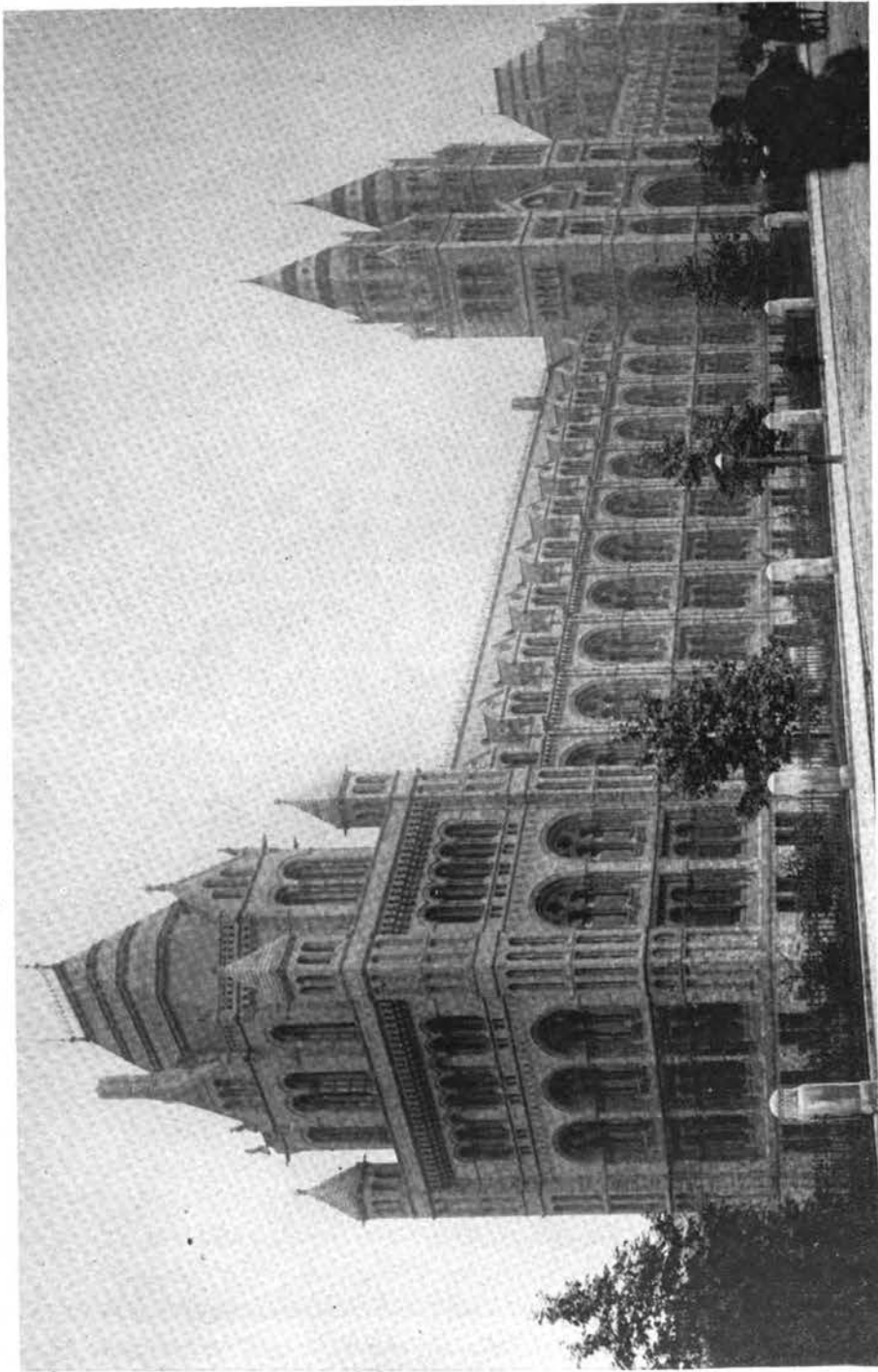
In brief, knowledge is as inseparably connected with conduct as force is with matter. He who attempts to separate them and to pursue knowledge independently of duty and conduct, does not achieve knowledge; he achieves only partial knowledge or harmful knowledge. The fair bride is won only by the pure and valiant knight. One of the most important adjustments which our views have to undergo is that of recognizing the proper relative positions of religion and science. They should be one and not separate. But before this can be done there is much rubbish to be cleared away from the foundations.

THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM, SOUTH KENSINGTON, LONDON

THE British Museum was completed as recently as 1847, yet hardly thirty years elapsed before it was found to be too small to hold the continually accumulating specimens, and an enlargement had to be made. To preserve and properly exhibit the enormous collection of natural history objects a commodious building was erected at South Kensington, near the well-known Museum of Science and Art. It was finished in 1880 and stocked with the old specimens from the British Museum and many new ones; the crowded rooms from which the old specimens were taken being immediately filled with other objects which had been waiting for exhibition.

The Natural History Museum was designed by Waterhouse, and there has always been a strong difference of opinion as to its architectural beauty, at least externally. The interior design and decoration is generally approved. The large towers are 192 feet high, and the length of the building is 675 feet. The ornamental decoration is composed of terra cotta, and consists of bands and dressings of animals and other natural objects.

The interior consists of a great central hall with long side galleries and basement. The eastern galleries are devoted to the geological, mineralogical, and botanical collections; the western to the zoological collections. The great hall is an index or typical museum, arranged with such specimens as to give a general idea of the scope of the subject of natural history. The historical development of those species of whose past there is definite knowledge, the effect of seasonal changes upon the colors of certain animals and birds, protective resemblances and mimicry, etc., are here displayed. Among the most interesting and rare fossils are the gigantic kangaroo of Australia (six times larger than the present representative, which is placed near it), the gigantic armadillo of Buenos Aires and its modern dwarfed descendant, the huge megatherium from Buenos Aires compared with the sloth of today, etc. The collection of stuffed birds shown in natural positions and with the correct surroundings always attracts admiring attention from the general public. In a commanding position on the first landing of the main staircase there is a fine statue by Böhm of the great naturalist, Charles Darwin. The Natural History Museum faces Cromwell road, a street of palatial residences, called after one of Oliver Cromwell's sons, who lived in a house once existing there.



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NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM, SOUTH KENSINGTON, LONDON



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A BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF PART OF GENEVA, SWITZERLAND
SHOWING THE END OF THE LAKE OF GENEVA, THE RIVER RHÔNE,
AND "OLD GENEVA" IN THE CENTER



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NEAR CHAMPÉRY (VALAIS), SWITZERLAND
THE ROUTE DU COL DE COUX; AND LA DENT DU MIDI

WAS H. P. BLAVATSKY A PLAGIARIST?

by Henry T. Edge, B. A. (Cantab.), a Pupil under H. P. Blavatsky



THIS article, written by an old pupil under H. P. Blavatsky, and voicing the feelings of other students, is a vindication of the memory of that great teacher against certain charges brought against her. The charges are many and mutually inconsistent; so that if brought together they would confute each other and the various critics might be left to settle their own quarrel. Thus H. P. Blavatsky is accused both of inventing her teachings, and also of plagiarizing them from other people; her works are said to be at once a stale rehash, and a new fad. But, as any one of these charges may appear alone and thus gain a plausibility it would not otherwise have had, it is both the desire and the duty of those who uphold the truth about H. P. Blavatsky to show up the absurdity of the attacks.

The particular charge in question just now is that of unoriginality. It has been based on a quotation from the Introduction to H. P. Blavatsky's great work, *The Secret Doctrine*, which is as follows:

I may repeat what I have stated all along, and which I now clothe in the words of Montaigne: Gentlemen, "I HAVE HERE MADE ONLY A NOSEGAY OF CULLED FLOWERS, AND HAVE BROUGHT NOTHING OF MY OWN BUT THE STRING THAT TIES THEM."

The attempt to construe this into a charge of plagiarism signifies the wish to depreciate H. P. Blavatsky's writings, as being so stale and unoriginal that it is not worth while reading them. But, if this were so, why did the critics deign to notice them at all, instead of suffering them to sink into the rapid and perfect oblivion which awaits all works that are actually open to such a charge? Evidently there was a desire to prejudice the mind of the inquirer, so that he would be deterred from reading the works for himself and thus forming his own opinion. In short, the arguments of these critics, not resting upon fact, would have been disproved by such a reading; and therefore they have preferred to rest their statements upon mere assertion.

Of course the genuine truth-seeker will always derive his opinion from his own investigations; and if he finds anywhere the help and knowledge for which he is seeking, he will not hesitate to accept it from any doubts as to the popularity of the author. Rather he will base his opinion of the author upon his or her works. But as the conditions of life render it necessary for us to a great extent to be

dependent upon the judgments of professional literary people, it is possible for any prejudice that may exist in that quarter to inflict much injustice by lending the weight of authority to false representations. We may find, for instance, some standard work, having great influence and repute, treating of H. P. Blavatsky and Theosophy in a way that would lead one to think the writers had studied these subjects; whereas the contrary is the case, and the apparently scholarly treatise is actually a misrepresentation of fact, amounting to throwing dust in the eyes of the inquirer.

The inquirer, the sincere seeker for knowledge, is therefore referred to *The Secret Doctrine* itself, where he may ascertain what the author really does say in her Preface and Introduction and where he may study the actual teachings she thus introduces. Her attitude is both plain and frank; there should be no difficulty in understanding it, and its sincerity is apparent to anyone who has studied the book enough to see whether or not the writer has justified her claims. In the Preface we read:

These truths are in no sense put forward as a *revelation*; nor does the author claim the position of a revealer of mystic lore now made public for the first time in the world's history. For what is contained in this work is to be found scattered throughout thousands of volumes embodying the scriptures of the great Asiatic and early European religions, hidden under glyph and symbol, and hitherto left unnoticed because of this veil.

Here the charge of having invented a new system is met by the express affirmation that the materials are gleaned from ancient sources; while the charge of unoriginality is rendered pointless. A plagiarist is one who gives out the teachings of others as his own, and the charge of unoriginality is not usually brought against writers who set out with the deliberate and announced intention of quoting and expounding other writers. As H. P. Blavatsky herself says, in the very passage from which the words of the critic were selected, it would be as reasonable to charge Renan with having plagiarized his *Life of Jesus* from the Gospels, or Max Müller his *Sacred Books of the East* from the Indian philosophical writings.

And what shall be said of the insinuation that *The Secret Doctrine* is merely a compost, a stale and profitless rehash? That it is equally absurd. A nosegay is not a mere heap of flowers, nor does a heap of stones make a temple. The riddle of ancient knowledge is not solved by merely collecting the scattered fragments. Anyone may bring together a lot of colored threads, but only a weaver and

artist can make them into a beautiful and symmetrical fabric. The question is, What has H. P. Blavatsky made of her studies of the world's mystic lore? What use has she made of her quotations and references? Has she succeeded any better than other writers who have delved in the same soil? Is *The Secret Doctrine* really but one more of those numerous compilations that find a speedy and eternal tomb on dusty shelves?

On consulting the Preface we find that the author has made the claim that she has been able to weave the tangled threads into a symmetrical whole, to put the various fragments in their right places, and to apply a key that will unlock mysteries. In proof of her claim she refers the reader to the book itself. This is the only test she demands; surely not an unreasonable one!

It is written in the service of humanity, and by humanity and the future generations it must be judged. Its author recognizes no inferior court of appeal. — *Preface*.

Other authors who have compiled voluminous works on ancient lore have signally failed to render them profitable to the student. They have either been mere compilers having no definite purpose other than the production of a learned book, or they have been overruled by some theory or fad which they have sought to prove. But H. P. Blavatsky has pointed out the real clues and for the first time made sense of what was chaotic. To quote her words again:

What is now attempted is to gather the oldest tenets together and to make of them one harmonious and unbroken whole. The sole advantage which the writer has over her predecessors is that she need not resort to personal speculations and theories. For this work is a partial statement of what she herself has been taught by more advanced students, supplemented, in a few details only, by the results of her own study and observation.

It is not easy to see how a plainer and franker statement could have been made. The indebtedness to other sources is freely admitted; and, as the reader can see, all references to sources are fully given in the text. The author mentions her own teachers, but not for the purpose of lending a fictitious authority to her statements. For these statements do not need any such support, consisting, as they do, of appeals to reason, to the weight of testimony, and to accepted authorities in the different branches of learning. The reference to her teachers was made simply in modest and honorable disclaim of credit which the writer felt was due to others. As to the teachings

thus received and thus transmitted by her, they are to be judged on their merits, and should neither be accepted or rejected on any other principle. Information is information, however gained; and a man lost in a forest, who has actually been conducted out of it, does not need any testimonials to the trustworthiness of his guide. If *The Secret Doctrine* can really solve problems, answer questions, and remove doubts, that fact alone is sufficient for the genuine truth-seeker; and the author's statement as to the source of her knowledge will be taken for what it was intended for — a due acknowledgement of gratitude and indebtedness.

If H. P. Blavatsky's work is of the kind which these critics wish to make it out to be, surely the student may be trusted to find out that fact for himself; but if it is not of this kind, then the statement that it is, is a misrepresentation — founded possibly on ignorance, but in any case unworthy of a scholar. She claims that she has *pointed out* many things that have hitherto *escaped the attention* of scholars. And this is a statement which can only be tested by investigation; anyone presuming to affirm or deny it without such investigation is either a simpleton or a bigot. The pointing out of truths is not an act of dogmatism, since the person to whom they are pointed out is left perfectly free to use his own judgment (if he has any) as to whether that which he has been shown is true or not, whether it is what he was looking for or not.

H. P. Blavatsky did not write for recognition, but she has succeeded in the object for which she did write — that of arousing thought, calling attention. She desired to startle the world of thought; and this she has certainly done; for her opponents cannot let her alone. Moreover a kind of acknowledgement is to be found in the large and increasing number of facts, denied in her day but since admitted by scholars. It is true that for these revised views credit is not given to their originator; but that must be left to posterity when time shall have obliterated selfishness and ignorance. The question of originality may be settled by calling H. P. Blavatsky a pioneer. The lands into which she has led us are indeed ancient and many a foot has trod them of yore; yet to the modern world they were virgin forests.

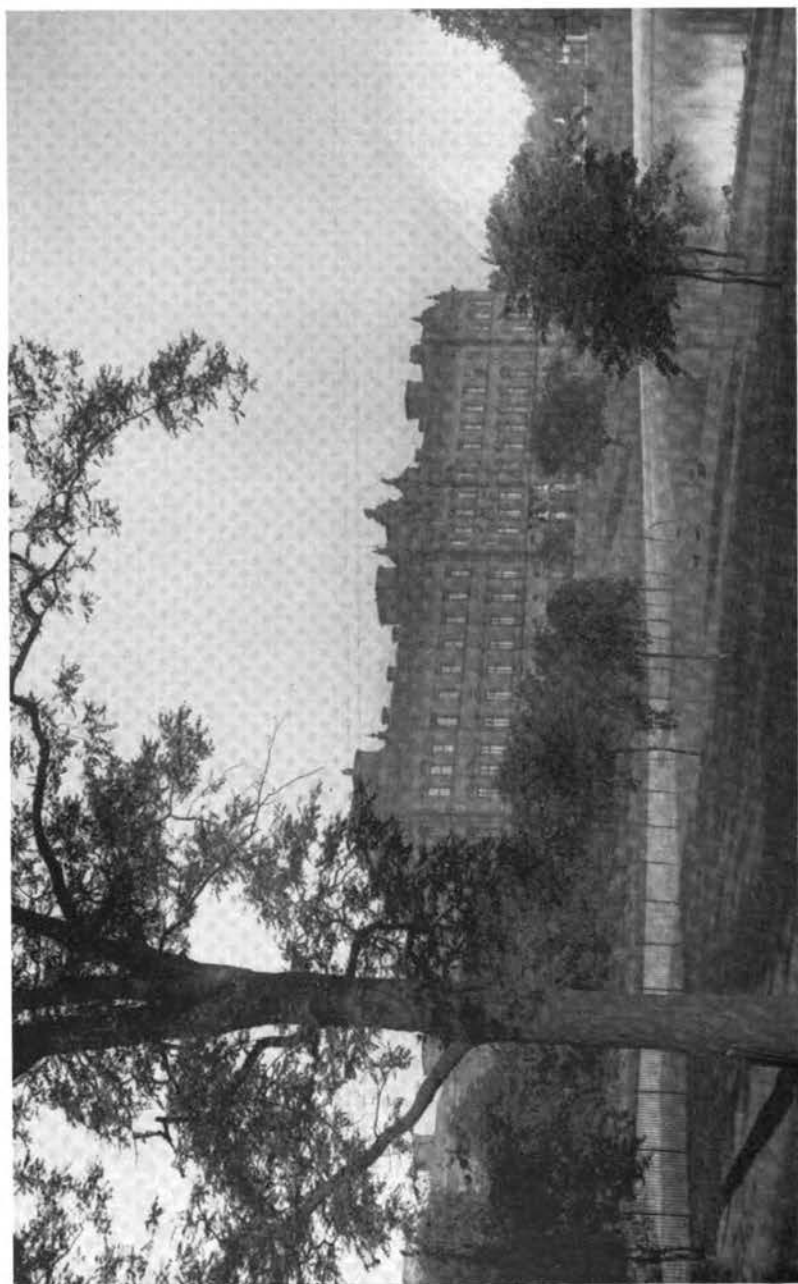
But one word remains to be said. Fortunately for the credit due to Theosophy and its first promulgator in this age, H. P. Blavatsky's writings do not constitute the whole of her work. She has left be-



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A FARMHOUSE ON THE NORFOLK BROADS, ENGLAND

A district to the west of Great Yarmouth watered by three rivers with many open spaces called "broads," roads and long narrow lanes, all of water. Many birds—water-fowl—nest and feed amongst the sedges; pure white swans sail about with majestic dignity and grace, some carrying their cygnets on the back, between the raised wings.



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BUCKINGHAM PALACE, LONDON: THE LONDON RESIDENCE OF THE BRITISH SOVEREIGN

hind her the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, an organization which embodies many teachings which could never be communicated by books alone. This means that her work is in hands that will take care that she gets the credit to which she is entitled, and that the real Theosophical work is of a kind that can only be done by Theosophists, and so can not be plagiarized. And even the clues given in her writings will prove inadequate unless taken in connexion with an application of Theosophy in the student's daily life; for she took good care to show the inseparable connexion between knowledge and conduct. Thus those who try to use *The Secret Doctrine* as a mine from which they may dig out something that they can use to their own private advantage are more likely to serve the author's cause than their own; for the only use that can be made of half-truths is to point the way to the *missing* halves.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE, LONDON

THE illustration shows the eastern façade of Buckingham Palace, the residence of King George V when in London. It is taken from St. James' Park. The end of the lake, which is five acres in area, can be seen in the picture. The private gardens occupy fifty acres. The eastern wing of the palace, 360 feet long, was added by Blore in 1846, making the building a large quadrangle. Buckingham Palace was originally erected in 1703 by a Duke of Buckingham, on the site of Arlington House, where it is recorded that tea was first drunk in England. George III purchased it, and it was remodeled by Nash in 1825 for George IV. The exterior is generally condemned as an architectural failure, imposing only from its size, but the interior has some good features. The white marble staircase is considered very handsome. The palace contains a fine sculpture gallery, library, etc. The Throne Room is 66 feet long, the State Drawing Room 110 feet by 60. The Picture Gallery, which is 180 feet long, contains a very fine collection, chiefly Dutch pictures. There are excellent examples of Rembrandt (the great *Adoration of the Magi*—1667), Hals, Teniers, Rubens, Osrade, Van Dyck (*Charles I on horseback*), Cuyp, Potter, De Hooch, Titian, Carracci, Claude, etc. Permission for strangers to visit the gallery is difficult to obtain, but may sometimes be obtained when the court is not in residence. The new monument to Queen Victoria, just unveiled, stands in front of Buckingham Palace.

THE GOLDEN CHAIN OF PLATONIC SUCCESSION:

by F. S. Darrow, A. M., Ph. D. (Harv.)



KEY to the interpretation of Greek philosophy, generally neglected except by Platonists and Theosophists, is given by the following statement of Proklos, the "Platonic Successor":

What Orpheus delivered in hidden allegories, Pythagoras learned when he was initiated into the Orphic Mysteries, in which Plato next received a perfect knowledge from the Orphic and Pythagorean writings.

In this connexion it was pointed out by H. P. Blavatsky, the foundress of the Theosophical Society (*Isis Unveiled*, vol. II, p. 39, Point Loma edition) that Plato himself in his Letters declares that his teachings were derived from *ancient* and *sacred* doctrines. In the Seventh Letter of the collection which has come down to us he says:

It is ever necessary to believe in the truth of the *Sacred Accounts* of the *Olden Time*, which inform us that the soul is immortal and has judges of its conduct and suffers the greatest punishments when it is liberated from the body. Hence it is requisite to regard it a lesser evil to suffer than to commit the greatest sins and injuries.

It is unjustifiable to assume as scholars usually do that we are in a position to judge correctly of all of Plato's thoughts because, most fortunately, it appears that all of his published works have been preserved. The last thirty-eight years of Plato's life were spent as Scholar or Head of the Platonic School among the olive groves of the Academy where the philosopher dwelt with some of his principal students, namely, his successor and pupil Speusippos, Xenokrates, and others, teaching Divine Wisdom freely to those were able to understand. The fact that Aristotle refers to various teachings of Plato not now extant in the Platonic works, as well as the request in the Second of our Platonic Letters that the letter be burned after its frequent reading so that it may not fall into improper hands, both afford corroborative evidence of the tradition that Plato refused to *publish* any of his numerous lectures and oral teachings. It is therefore *a priori* probable that Plato treated philosophy in two distinct ways, one treatment intended for public circulation and the other intended for School instruction. If this be true, presumably his published dialogs give mere indirect hints, illustrations, and applications of the central principles of his teachings, which were revealed only orally to a selected audience. Doubtless the character of his oral instructions also

varied and certain teachings were given only to a few of his more advanced students, as even Grote admits. Therefore in seeking to understand Plato it is important to recollect that today "the Prince of Western Philosophers" is known only from his Dialogs, while his teachings as Scholarch are now unknown. It is, however, certain from the statement of Aristotle in regard to Plato's lectures "On the Supreme Good," that Plato in his oral instructions taught Pythagorean Doctrines, and dealt with the highest and most transcendental concepts in a mystical and enigmatical way.

In regard to this there are important declarations in the extant Letters of Plato, Letters which it is orthodox to declare to be apocryphal, but whose genuineness is rightly defended by Grote in his *Plato and Other Companions of Socrates*. In the Second Letter, which is addressed to Dionysios the Younger of Syracuse, Plato uses some very suggestive language in referring to the effect upon the newly fledged student of entering the School:

I must speak to you in enigmas that should this tablet meet with any accident by land or by sea, he, who might perchance read it, may not understand. This has not happened to you alone but in truth no one when he first hears me is otherwise affected. Some have greater troubles, others less but nearly every student has a struggle of no slight power from which in truth he is freed only with difficulty. Be careful, however, that these discussions do not become known by men devoid of knowledge — discussions which if continually heard for many years at length with great labor are purified like gold. Many persons apt at learning and remembering have heard them for not less than thirty years and after testing them in every way have recently declared that those things which formerly appeared to them to be least worthy of belief now appear to be most worthy of belief and perfectly clear. The most important protection is to learn but *not* to *commit* to *writing* because what is written will almost certainly become public knowledge. *Therefore on this account I have never myself at any time written anything on these subjects. There neither is nor ever shall be any treatise of Plato. The opinions called by the name of Plato are those of Socrates in his days of youthful vigor and glory.*

These words of Plato, if admitted to be genuine, especially when linked with the following statements made in the Seventh of our Letters, show the futility of the current dogmatism of what purport to be correct and complete modern expositions and criticisms of Platonism, and ought to instil more humility in the orthodox dogmatists who strive to interpret the thoughts of the Master. The declarations referred to in the Seventh Letter are set forth as follows:

In regard to all who either have written or who shall write confidently stating that they know about what I am occupied, whether they claim to have heard it from me or from others or to have discovered it themselves, *I can say that it is impossible for them to know anything as to my beliefs about these matters; for there is not and never will be any composition of mine about them. For a matter of this kind can not be expressed in words as other sciences are. But by a long acquaintance with the subject and by living with it suddenly a light is kindled in the mind, as from a fire bursting forth, which being engendered in the soul feeds itself upon itself.*

He adds:

I should consider it the proudest accomplishment of my life, as well as of signal benefit to mankind, to bring forward an exposition of Nature luminous to all. But I think the attempt would be in nowise beneficial except to a few who require merely slight guidance to enable them to find it out for themselves; to most persons it would do no good but would only fill them with the empty conceit of knowledge and with contempt for others, as if they had learnt something solemn.

It may therefore be safely assumed that Plato intentionally refused to publish his views upon the most important subjects in a world of spite and puzzling contention. Note what he says in the Seventh Letter of the true disciple who is

in fact a lover of Wisdom, related to it and worthy of it by reason of his own inherent divinity. He thinks that he has been told of a wonderful Path, on which he ought forthwith to travel and that any other manner of life is unendurable. After this he does not torture both himself and his Leader by departing from the Path before he reaches the Goal, thereby obtaining the power of journeying without a Guide to point out the way before him. But they, who are not really lovers of Wisdom, but have only a coating of color like those whose bodies are sunburnt, when they perceive how many things are to be learnt and find out how great is the labor and what temperance in daily nourishment is requisite, they deem it too difficult and beyond their powers and become unable to attend to it at all and some of them persuade themselves that they have sufficiently heard the whole and do not wish further to exert themselves.

At Plato's death in 347 B. C. the house, the library, and the garden in the Academy, were bequeathed by the Master as the permanent property of the School, whose income in the course of the centuries was largely increased by endowments. For about three hundred years the grounds at the Academy remained uninterruptedly the Headquarters of the School, but during the Siege of Athens by the Roman general Sulla in 87 B. C., the Teacher or Scholarch of that time was forced to retire within the city walls and gave his instruction in the Gymnasium, called Ptolemaeum, where Cicero heard the Scholarch Antiochos

in 79 B. C. For more than six hundred years longer the grounds at the Academy remained in possession of the School, which however soon degenerated into a form of philosophical scepticism and eclecticism, from which it was later recalled by the so-called Neo- or New Platonists. Finally under the pressure of ecclesiastical bigotry and greed the Emperor Justinian confiscated the School property and forbade the last Scholarch Damascius to teach. Accordingly a little band of seven Platonic Pilgrim-sages, consisting of Damascius, Simplicius, Eulalius, Priscian, Hermeias, Diogenes, and Isidore, to avoid ecclesiastical persecution, were forced to wander away from the domains of Christendom over mountain and desert to the distant court of the Persian Emperor Chosroës, who four years later forced Justinian by treaty to let the last of the Neoplatonists return to their native land and die a natural death, guaranteeing them protection against further monkish persecution. It is a strange fact that as soon as the School grounds in the Academy were confiscated, a rumor, true or false, presently spread to the effect that the deserted property had become straightway unhealthy, a rumor which has persisted to this day, although it is impossible for one who has visited the spot to perceive any reason why it should not under proper cultivation re-become the healthful and beautiful garden it once was.

The following notice appeared in the *Bibliotheca Platonica* for November-December, 1889:

Secure the Academy! We desire to call the attention of Platonists throughout the world to the fact that the site of the Ancient Academy at Athens, Greece, could probably be secured by prompt and concerted action. Proper measures should be taken at once to organize an association having for its object the purchase, preservation and restoration of the place where Plato lived and taught and where his disciples continued his sublime and enlightening work for centuries. It should be rescued from the hands of the profane, and set aside for the perpetual use and benefit of all true followers of Divine Philosophy. There is no good reason, why, in due time, the Platonic School should not again become, as it once was, the nursery of Science and Wisdom for the whole World.

Note the significant words of Thomas Taylor, the great Platonist of a hundred years ago, who in the words of H. P. Blavatsky is "one of the very few commentators on old Greek and Latin authors who have given their just dues to the ancients for their mental development":

As to the philosophy (Platonism, as taught by Orpheus, Pythagoras, and Plato) by whose assistance these (the Eleusinian and Orphic) Mysteries are

developed, it is coeval with the universe itself; and however its continuity may be broken by opposing systems, it will make its appearance at different periods of time, as long as the sun himself shall continue to illuminate the world. It has been, indeed, and may hereafter be violently assaulted by delusive opinions; but the opposition will be just as imbecile as that of the waves of the sea against a temple, built on a rock, which majestically pours them back,

“Broken and vanquish’d foaming to the main.”

Somewhat similar although less suggestive is the tribute of a recent writer upon Neoplatonism:

The Neoplatonist held that nothing perishes and Neoplatonism is still alive. Its mysticism has lived on. Its idealism can never die.

CLASSICAL CYRENE: by Ariomardes

WHAT we call “history” is largely a dogma. It stands on a basis very similar to that on which some other dogmas, religious, literary, scientific, etc., stand; that is, it stands on a particular, restricted, and local brand of culture, known as “Western civilization.” And, like these other dogmas, it is destined to become seriously modified by later researches and discoveries.

For look at our classical history; it is founded chiefly upon a literature — the literature of cultured circles in Greece and Rome. That this literature does not reflect the life of the people to any adequate extent we know; for the spade of the archaeologists, instead of confirmations, too often unearths surprises. The results of archaeology go to show that ancient peoples were more advanced in many important arts of life than we had surmised from our acquaintance with the said literature. Hebraic tradition, too, backed by the weight of religious authority, has colored our views of the past, and prevented us from estimating aright the claims of non-Christian peoples. In considering the history of Hindûstân, Persia, Egypt, etc., students have sought to make dates agree with their own sacred traditions. Again, we have too often shown a lack of appreciation of the form and style of other historians, when these have not adopted the literal and precise form favored by our own historians; and have consequently, in a vain attempt to take poetical language in the sense of a scientific treatise, frequently rejected it and its message altogether.

Around that Mediterranean basin which was the classic theater, were great nations to whose history we have not hitherto had access, but of which we are now beginning to learn a little. The civilization — or rather, several distinct civilizations — that preceded Greece, and whose center at one time was Crete, at another the western shores of Asia Minor; the mysterious Nabatheans and Sabaeans; the equally mysterious Hittites; empires in Africa, south of Egypt, and inland from the east coast; these and other fragmentary remains slowly accumulate to confirm the assurances made by H. P. Blavatsky in *The Secret Doctrine* that a far greater and longer past lies behind us than we have so far guessed.

The name Cyrene is suggestive along these lines, and forms the topic of a recent article by Professor Alfred Emerson of the Chicago Art Institute, in *The Scientific American*.

A number of Dorian islanders, we are there told, planted a European colony on the great Libyan headland to the south of Greece proper, 640 years B. C., so that Cyrene and its neighborhood had as long an authentic history as ancient Rome itself. A dynasty of kings was succeeded by a republic and the Libyans sometimes pressed the Greek colony hard. Cyrene had its own school of philosophy and a famous school of medicine. It had over 100,000 inhabitants, and the Ptolemies gave it kings again.

Sporadic explorations have brought to light a few relics, but heretofore the Ottoman government has repressed the curiosity of more systematic researchers. Now, however, an American expedition has won a firman to explore the ruins, and we shall soon have a record of this powerful but little known outlier of classic culture.

KILLARNEY, IRELAND: by F. J. Dick, M. Inst. C. E.,
M. Inst. C. E. I.

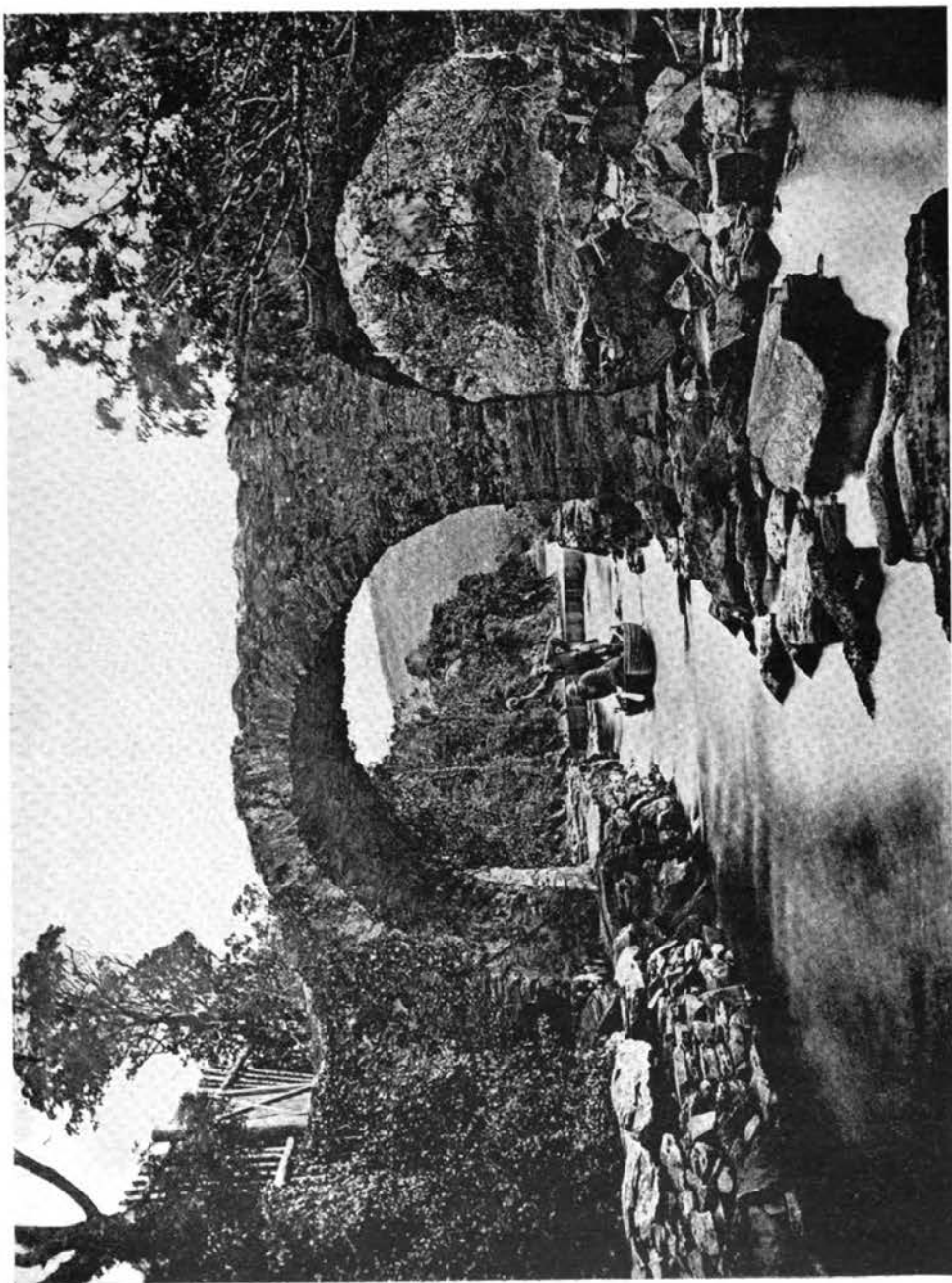


THOSE who pass hurriedly through the Killarney district know little of its manifold fascination. Even among natives few have thoroughly explored its features. But to one who has made many more or less prolonged visits there, at all seasons, and who has gained a sympathetic interest in its people and in the legends that belong to every rock, islet, and mountain, and who has seen it in storm and sunshine, at dawn and sunset, and by moonlight, the feeling grows that here the immutable decree of Karmic law, "there shall be no more going up and down," during this cycle, never fully descended — that, in fact, this is no part of the ordinary world at all, but something distinct, sacred, set apart for some inscrutable reason and purpose. The very atmosphere of some fairy-world of Light and Day hovers about these Lakes and wooded mountain heights, and seems to penetrate everything. Right in the center, in the very heart of all the beauty, between Dinish Island and Glena, rises the Shee, or Sidhe (Sanskrit *Siddhi*) Mountain — the mountain of the Fairy World, next to Purple Mountain.

Strange to say, it is just here, too, that the luxuriant vegetation of Killarney seems fairly to run riot, and we find trees and shrubs of tropical character growing side by side with those of temperate and colder climes. Eucalyptus, palm, bamboo, jostle cedar and pine; while the profusion of flowers of all kinds is amazing. And the delicious perfumes of the place, with just a faint suggestion of a turf-fire somewhere a little way off, are something to remember. Some of the Killarney plants belong to what was once an unbroken coast-line extending to Spain. Such are *saxifraga umbrosa* (London pride), *saxifraga geum*, *arbutus unedo*, and *pinguicula grandiflora*. The *arbutus* grows in profusion at Killarney, although its real home, in a sense, is among the Pyrenees. Other plants are found along the west coast, which are indigenous to the eastern shores of America.

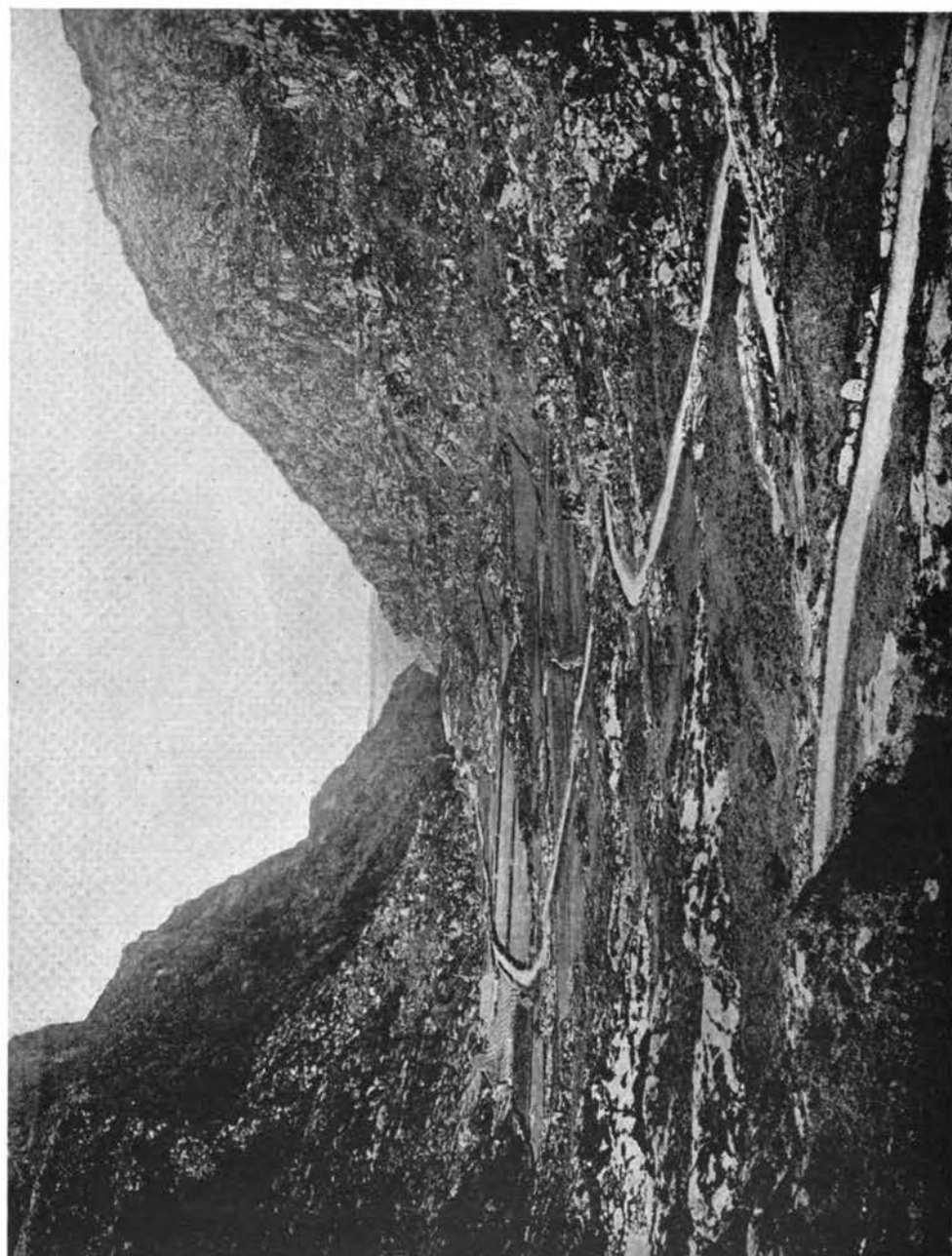
One thinks of Breasil, and the Isles of the Western Sea, a later geological period than that when there was unbroken, or practically unbroken, connexion between Ireland, Spain, and America. And then one begins to wonder when the links of the past will be more clear.

These memories of the past! Are they not pressing more strongly than ever on the hearts and imaginations — on the soul — of the



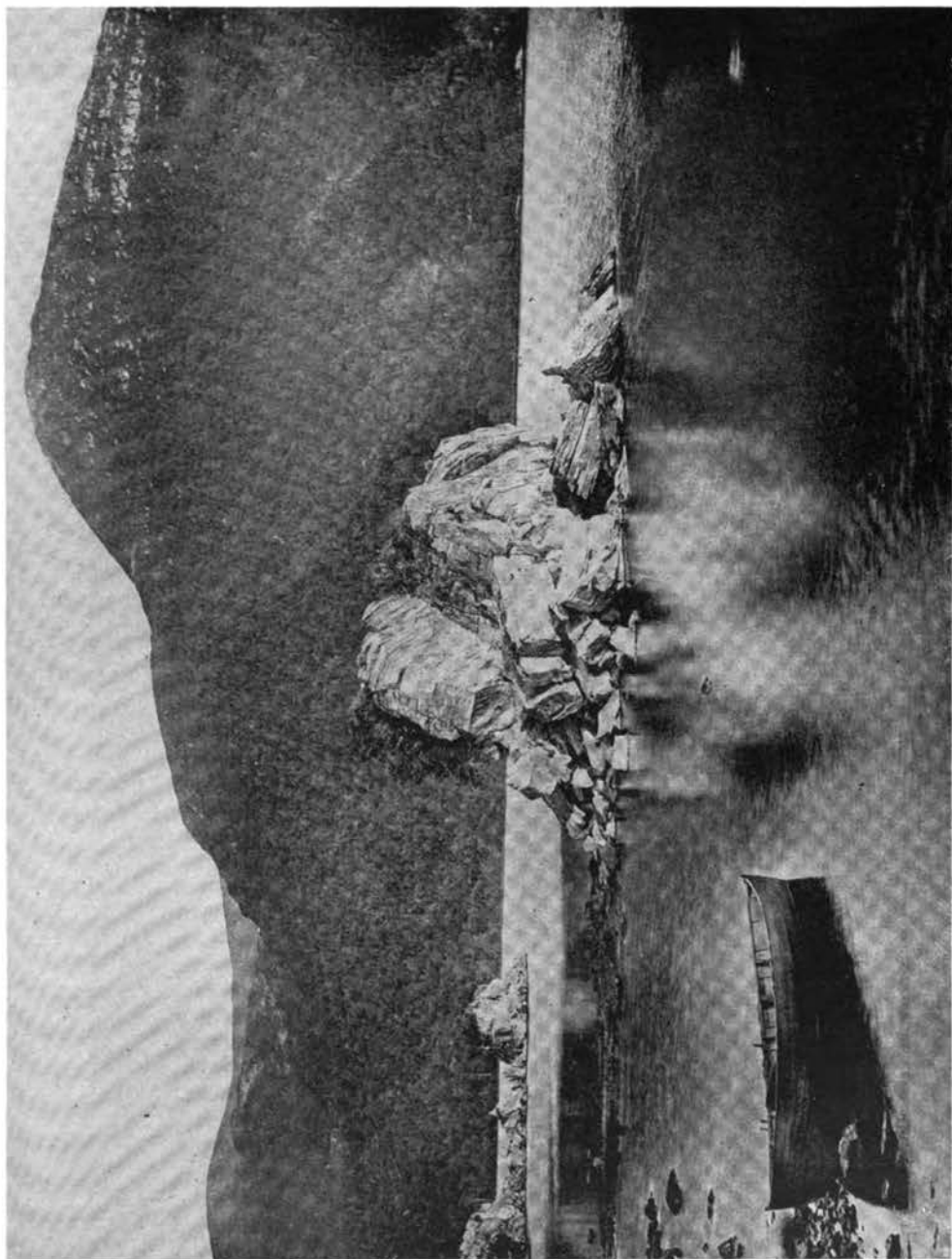
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THE OLD WEIR BRIDGE, KILLARNEY



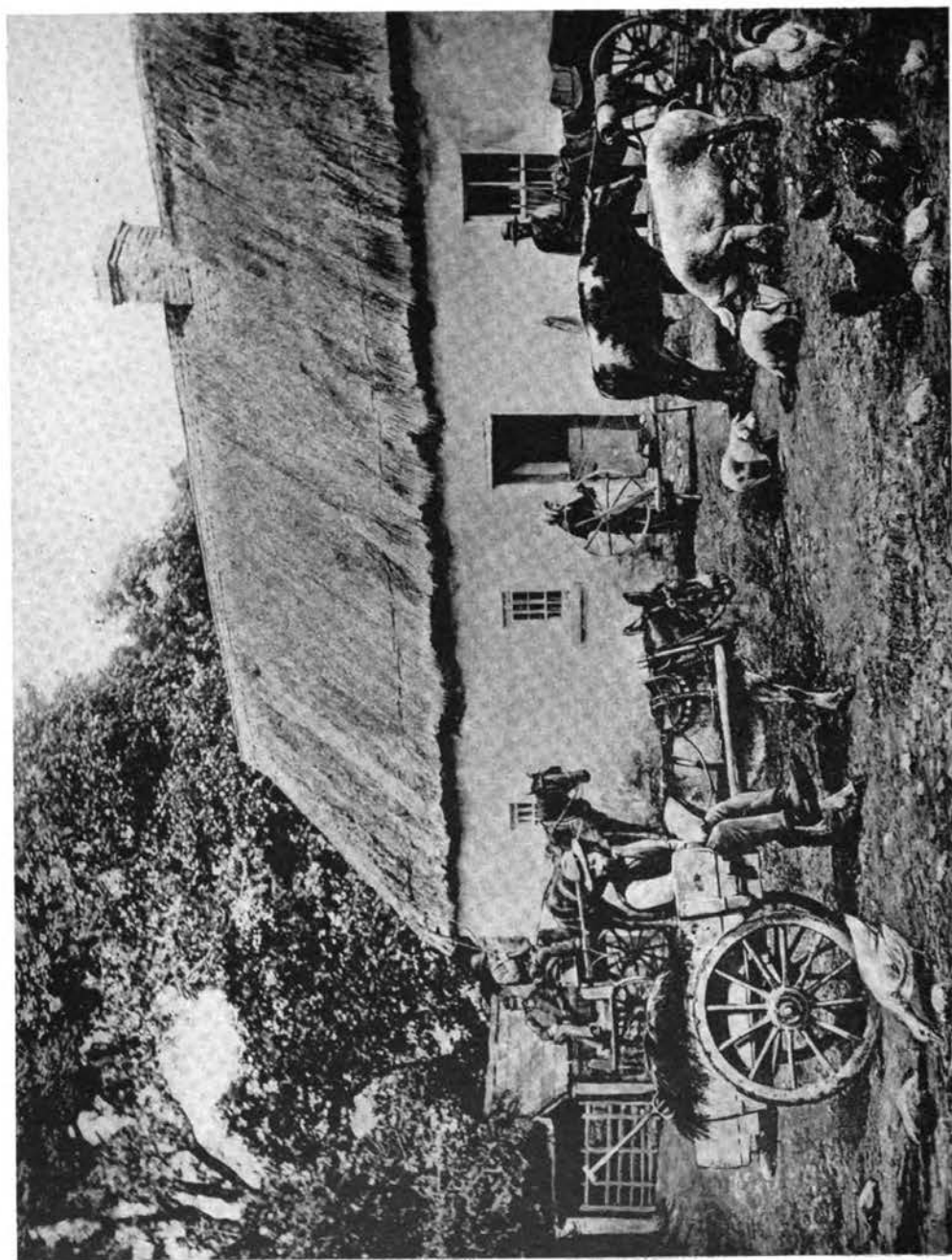
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THE GAP OF DUNLOE, KILLARNEY



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COLLEEN BAWN ROCK, KILLARNEY



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AN OLD IRISH FARMYARD

Irish? No attempted deadening of this urge by half-hearted dry-as-dust methods ingeniously forced on the poor folk by interested parties (vested interests) will avail much. The unrest, which manifests in so many ways in contemporary Irish life, has surely a deep source. There are incarnations and incarnations. Some kinds are racial, that is, belong to the larger sweep of things. No artificial barriers can stop them. No pretended patronage of the Irish language movement will be able to check influences belonging to the inner life of a race-soul under recurrent upward impulse.

Hy-breasil and the Isles of the West! Once the Coom-Dhuv, or Black Valley, to the west of the Killarney Upper Lake, was an arm of the sea; and those who lived on the temple-crowned heights of Killarney could have told us something of those Isles, which were in no shadow-world, but were realities, relics of Atlantis, undoubtedly. These legends must find their solution, partly by the names, partly by the details; and be studied in the light of H. P. Blavatsky's writings, particularly *The Secret Doctrine*, where many a clue is given; and where the Sanskrit, Chaldaean, and Irish names fail to give the clues, it seems the Welsh will come triumphantly to the rescue. After all, the details have only relative importance, for the broad facts are already plainly outlined in *The Secret Doctrine*; and it is no very difficult matter to see what is meant by Partholon, with the cow-faced and the goat-headed; by Nemed; by the Tuatha de Danaan (Fourth Race Atlanteans of the Right Path), and Formorians (those of the Left); some of their descendants living on in archaic Ireland; and the Milesians, the early arrivals of the Fifth, from Central Asia via Egypt and Scandinavia, when Spain and Africa were one and Ireland was part of Scandinavia. All of which was long before what we call the Celts, crossed the Caucasus into Europe. Irish mythology is real history, some of it disfigured, as usual, by irreverent or ignorant hands. The worst of it is that the Irish seemed to enjoy having their past belittled, and their gods and heroes dethroned in favor of a piece of patchwork of alien growth; a kind of travesty of Eastern and Egyptian teachings, belittled, like the Irish gods; and dethroned, truly! It was a "magical and Druidic mist" of the wrong kind unfortunately, which descended upon the heirs of Atlantean knowledge. And it will take some effort to dispel it, very probably. It is dispelled though!

Thoughts like these are apt to cross one's mind among the regal solitudes of Killarney, where for miles, as you look down from some

crag, no human habitation can be seen — one of the places where you can sit, and watch the Sword of Light, and the Spear of Victory getting busy; so that the other two Jewels brought from the Isles of the West will shine again.

One visible sign, at least, of the Sword of Light, is a growing temperance movement among the youth of Ireland. Right conduct leads to light, whatever be the mists obscuring one's vision along the road of life. Perhaps the youth of Ireland will next look into the ancient past to discern vestiges of nobility as well as simplicity of character; and note what manner of men some true kings were, and by whom attended — bards, or poet-seers; lawgivers, or disciplinarians; craftsmen; and warriors. Another kind of functionary was — well, he was not needed.

One of the legends of Killarney, really connected, it would seem, with Inisfallen, has no very exact parallel, and possesses some interesting and suggestive features. The story as given by Mr. Ockenden a century and a half ago is somewhat as follows. There lived in Inisfallen many hundred years ago a prince named O'Donoghoe. He manifested during his stay on earth great munificence, great humanity, and great wisdom; for by his profound knowledge in all the secret powers of nature, he wrought wonders as miraculous as any tradition has recorded, of saints by the aid of angels, or of sorcerers by the assistance of demons; and among many other astonishing performances, he rendered his person immortal. After having continued a long time on the surface of the globe without growing old he one day took leave of his friends, and rising from the floor, like some aerial existence, passed through the window, shot away horizontally to a considerable distance, and then descended. The water, unfolding at his approach, gave him entrance to the sub-aqueous regions and then, to the astonishment of all beholders, closed over his head, as they believed, for ever; but in this they were mistaken.

He returned again, some years after, revisiting — not, like Hamlet's ghost "the glimpses of the moon, making night hideous," but — the radiance of the sun, making day joyful, to those at least who saw him; since which time he has continued to make very frequent expeditions to these upper regions, sometimes three or four in a year; but sometimes three or four years pass without his once appearing, which the bordering inhabitants have always looked upon as a mark of very bad times. Mr. Ockenden continues the tale of his experiences:

It was feared this would be the third year he would suffer to elapse, without his once cheering their eyes with his presence; but the latter end of last August he again appeared, to the inexpressible joy of all, and was seen by numbers in the middle of the day. I had the curiosity, before I left Killarney, to visit one of the witnesses to this very marvelous fact.

The account she gives is, that, returning with a kinswoman to her house at the head of the Lake, they both beheld a fine gentleman mounted upon a black horse, ascend through the water along with a numerous retinue on foot, who all moved together along the surface towards a small island, near which they again descended under water. This account is confirmed in time, place, and circumstance, by many more spectators from the side of the Lake, who are all ready to swear, and, not improbably, to suffer death in support of their testimony.

Another account says that at the feast, before he first disappeared, he was engaged in a prophetic relation of the events which were to happen in the ages to come; and that after he reached the center of the Lake opposite them, he paused a moment, turned slowly round, looked toward his friends, and waving his hand to them with the cheerful air of one taking a short farewell, descended.

Mrs. S. C. Hall relates that an English soldier of the 30th Regiment, and an Irish comrade, were while she was at Killarney engaged in plowing up part of the old churchyard in Inisfallen, a work they both disliked. As they were mooring the boat in which they came to the island in the morning, a day or so after the work had commenced, they saw a procession of about two hundred persons pass from the old churchyard, and walk slowly and solemnly over the lake to the mainland. Reynolds (the soldier) himself was terribly alarmed, but his companion fainted in the boat.

He repeatedly afterward saw smaller groups of figures, but no crowd so numerous.

In answer to our questions, he expressed his perfect readiness to depose to the fact on oath; and asserted he would declare it if on his death-bed.

Some say the best way to approach Killarney for the first time is by the wildly picturesque road over the mountains from Kenmare and Glengariff. One obtains a magnificent view of the Upper Lake from the turn of the road a little north of the police barrack. Others again have experienced the charm of an absolutely sudden surprise awaiting them, when, arriving at Killarney by rail and driving south about a mile or more, during which nothing is seen but the over-arching trees, and turning to the left up a steep road south of the Flesk demesne, toward one of the guest-houses there, the whole panorama of the Lower Lake and the mountains bursts upon you just as you reach your

destination. Nothing has prepared you for a scene of so great beauty; so this way of arriving has its merits. From this situation, or from Flesk Castle; from a point above the Torc cascade; and from the point first mentioned, are obtained perhaps the three finest views of the Lakes. But in truth unrivaled view-points seem endless, each having its own especial charm. The play of color, cloud, and shadow at various hours and seasons is so extraordinary that no brush of painter could ever do Killarney justice. As for photographs, they are merely like pegs to hang one's memory-hats upon.

To know Killarney stay two months there at least, make friends with the natives, learn the legends, and absorb the harmony of the region.

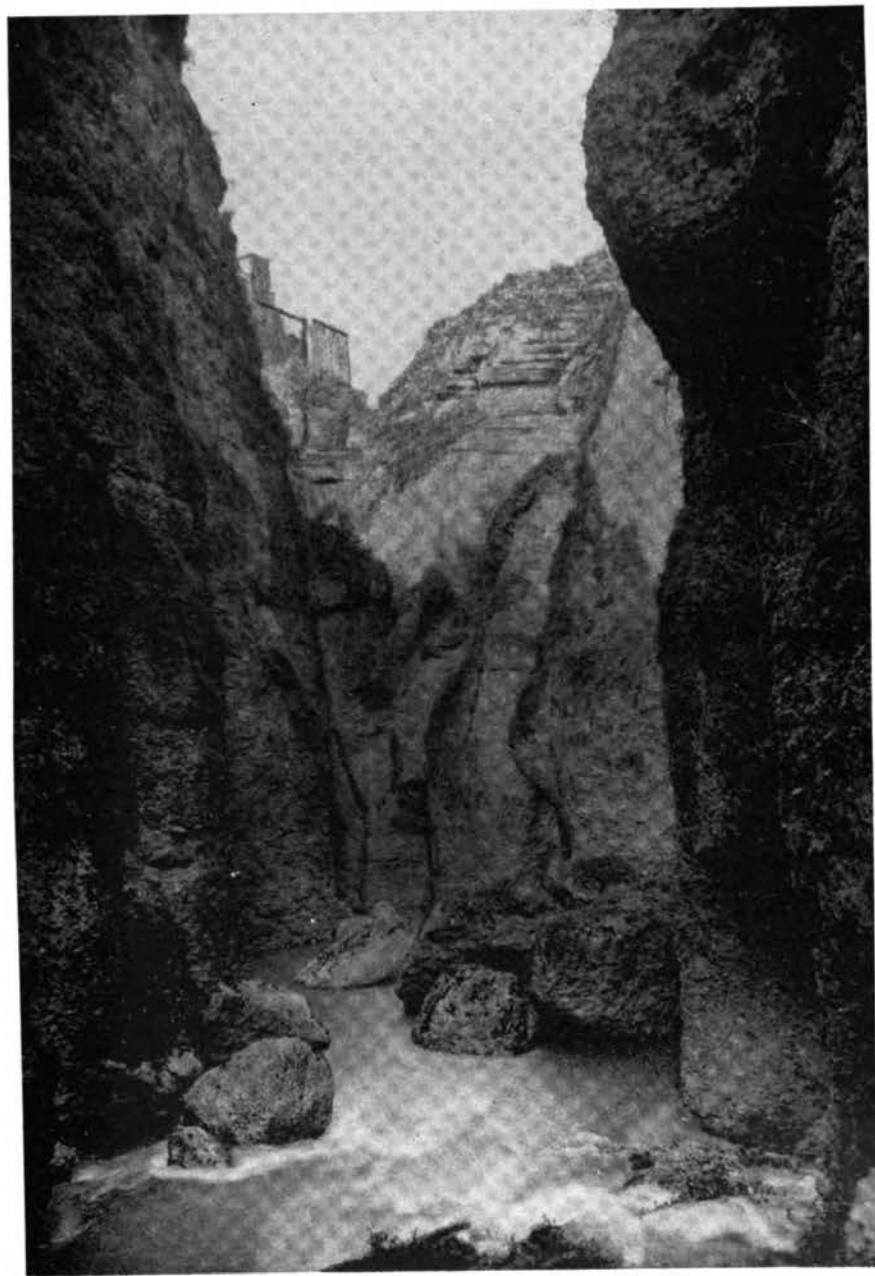
And though many an isle be fair,
Fairer still is Inisfallen,
Since the hour Cuchullain lay
In the bower enchanted.
See! the ash that waves today,
Fand its grandsire planted.

When from wave to mountain-top
All delight thy sense bewilders,
Thou shalt own the wonder wrought
Once by her skilled fingers
Still, though many an age be gone,
Round Killarney lingers.

William Larminie

THE VRBAS DEFILE, BOSNIA: by F. J. B.

BOSNIA, in Europe, best known as one of the Balkan Provinces, belonged in the fourteenth century to the kingdom of Stephen of Servia: it attained freedom in 1376, then fell again under the Turkish invasion of Europe. In 1878 the treaty of Berlin provided for the occupation, by Austria-Hungary, of Bosnia, Herzegovina, and Dalmatia, accomplished only after severe conflict with the Mahomedans. Count Callay was appointed administrator and made it his life-work to promote harmony between the different races, as well as to develop the country's resources. Ultimately the three provinces were annexed by Austria-Hungary; compensation was awarded to Turkey and the long-feared European war averted. The Vrbas is a tributary of the Save, which divides Slavonia from Bosnia, on its northern border. The accompanying print exhibits the deep, narrow, rocky bed of the Vrbas and the precipitous height of the cliffs forming this magnificent defile, the summits being invisible from certain parts of the road. The river was once probably one of the underground watercourses of Bosnia-Herzegovina. Nature is majestic there and hews out her own rock temples.



Lomaland Photo. and Engraving Dept.

THE VRBAS DEFILE, BOSNIA



Lomaland Photo. and Engraving Dept.

ROCKING-STONE PINNACLE, MOUNT WELLINGTON, TASMANIA

ASTRONOMICAL NOTES: by C. J. Ryan



THERE has lately been an interesting correspondence in *The English Mechanic* upon the subject of meteorites, and a remarkable conflict of opinion has been manifested, showing that there is really not much positive knowledge about them. The Earth's atmosphere is continually being bombarded by these missiles, and the dust into which they are transformed during their passage through it falls upon the Earth, sprinkling it annually with a layer of dark mineral substance, which if evenly spread, would cover the surface to about the thickness of a match. For long it was denied by the Academies of Science that mineral masses, varying in weight from a few ounces to several tons, ever fell from the sky, although they had been frequently seen in the act of falling and had been handled while still warm. But the incredulity of the astronomers was broken down about a century ago and they could no longer hold to their axiom that "as there are no stones in the sky, they cannot fall out of it." The careful study of "shooting-stars" has not been undertaken for much more than half a century. Although there is no doubt that meteoric masses do fall to the ground occasionally and that the meteoric dust which is found in the enduring snows on high peaks and in the Arctic regions comes from the disintegration of such objects, it is not certain that all of the shooting stars that flash across our night skies (and day ones too, though we rarely see one by day) are of the same nature as the meteoric stones which we can examine in our museums.

One of the most difficult problems to explain is the cause of the luminosity of the meteors. Many of them start into brilliancy at the enormous heights of eighty or ninety miles above the Earth and, after dashing at planetary speed across a distance of perhaps a hundred miles or more, disappear at heights of thirty or forty miles from the surface. Compared with the rapidity of their motion the quickest bullet is practically at rest. The explanation most widely accepted is that the friction of the meteorite in passing through our atmosphere at such an enormous speed ignites it and rapidly destroys it. Objection has been raised to this theory on the ground that the atmosphere at great heights is exceedingly rare and that it is difficult to believe it could offer enough resistance. Another problem has hitherto proved quite insoluble; i. e., the long persistence of the train

of luminous particles which remain drifting in the upper air after the disappearance of the explosive bolides. For instance, on February 22, 1909, such a luminous train was seen for several hours drifting across the sky at high speed. Its height was so great that it was visible over a large part of England and France. Why these sparks do not go out instantly, in the same manner as those which follow the ordinary shooting-stars, is an unsolved mystery.

The only thing that is well established about meteor showers is that most of them are periodic and come from well-defined quarters of the heavens. From the study of the directions from which these streams come, it has been calculated that they travel round the sun in long elliptical orbits, and are members of his family. An orbit of thirty-three years has been computed for the famous November meteors. They probably extend about as far as the planet Neptune on one side of the Sun. The wonderful displays of November meteors seen in 1833 and 1866, which astonished the whole world, were probably caused by the passing of the Earth through a particularly dense portion of the stream. In 1866 we met the same portion that we had encountered in 1833. It was again looked for in 1899, thirty-three years later, but, to the surprise of the astronomers, there was but a very ordinary display. Many reasons have been offered for this, but no one really knows enough to explain it satisfactorily. A few of the meteoric streams follow the tracks of comets, and it is supposed that they may be the disintegrated remains of comets, particularly in the cases where the latter have faded away. There are many other peculiarities in the behavior of meteorites and of the meteoric streams which are quite incomprehensible, but enough has been said to show that the problem is full of interest to inquiring minds.

STUDENTS of H. P. Blavatsky's teachings will not have failed to notice that there is a continual effort being made by astronomers to find some really satisfactory theory to explain the formation and behavior of comets' tails. She discusses the subject in *The Secret Doctrine* in such a way and gives such suggestive hints as to make it clear that when we do get the real clue to the mystery there will be need for further readjustments in our theories of matter. She also leads us to understand that partly through the discoveries which will be made in connexion with the anomalies of comets' tails, science will find that the present theory of gravitation is highly incomplete,

and that there is an opposite force — repulsion — to be understood. Gravitation is only one aspect of a mysterious force which is as definitely polarized as electricity or magnetism. It is of interest to notice that Professor Kapteyn, the famous Dutch astronomer of Groningen, has just declared at the thirteenth Science Congress of Holland that the law of gravitation is abrogated among the spiral nebulae. His words are:

All the known facts indicate that the so-called universal force of Gravitation exerts no influence upon the primordial matter from which all stars have been produced.

A few years ago — even to a date considerably later than the time when H. P. Blavatsky wrote the daring suggestions in *The Secret Doctrine* — such a statement would have been considered the rankest heresy; no scientist would have dared to throw doubts upon the universal supremacy of the law of gravitation. Truly, indeed, did she prophesy that in the twentieth century it would be recognized that she had but sketched an outline, which, though rejected at its first appearance, was based upon real knowledge.

In seeking a plausible hypothesis to explain comets' tails, Signor Luigi Armellini, an Italian astronomer, has advanced the revolutionary idea that they are optical illusions, merely the effect of light passing through the more or less lens-shaped head of the comet. He publishes, in the *Astronomische Nachrichten*, fourteen photographs of comet-like forms which he produced by passing beams of light at various angles through lenses so as to fall upon sensitized plates. He claims that the different angles at which the solar rays fall upon the nucleus of a comet as it moves round the sun sufficiently explain the familiar changes in shape of the tail.

This hypothesis has not been favorably received, for it provokes more difficulties than it solves, plausible though it may seem at first sight. For instance, there is the undeniable fact that comets' tails display an entirely different spectrum from that of the Sun. Then there is the fact that they are frequently most irregular in shape, with strange bends and gaps in them, and sometimes they show bright projections pointing *towards* the Sun. Everyone who saw the great daylight comet of the winter before last (Comet 1910 a) will remember the curious bend half way down the tail which was plainly visible without optical aid. This was a curious freak for a comet!

It is singular that a somewhat similar hypothesis to that of Signor Armellini was offered by a correspondent to the *Century Path* not long ago (April 24, 1910), the difference being that he suggested that the comet's tail was a *shadow* of the nucleus thrown upon a surrounding spherical nebulosity and which became visible as a bright object when relieved against the intensely black background of the sky. This hypothesis lies open to the same objection as the lens theory, and also to others. But the important thing is that the mystery of comets has not been cleared up, nor will it be until the properties of other states of matter than those with which we are familiar are discovered by science.

The following quotation from *The Scientific American* shows some of the difficulties which comet theorists have to meet:

The tail of Halley's comet has conducted itself in the most whimsical fashion. . . . It seems to have split longitudinally into three more or less well-defined parts. When we consider that Morehouse's comet of 1908 exhibited some extraordinary changes; that it repeatedly formed tails which were discarded to drift out bodily into space until they finally melted away; that in several cases tails were twisted or corkscrew shaped, as if they had gone out in a more or less spiral form; that areas of material connected with the tail would become visible at some distance from the head, where apparently no supply had reached it from the nucleus; that several times the matter of the tail was accelerated perpendicularly to its length; and that at one time the entire tail was thrown forward and curved perpendicularly to the radius vector in the general direction of the tail's sweep through space (*a peculiarity opposed to the law of gravitation*) it is evident that a comet presents important problems for the future astronomer to solve. (May 28, 1910, Italics ours).

In connexion with the profoundly interesting problem of gravitation and the dead mechanical theory of the universe *versus* the living, spiritual teachings which H. P. Blavatsky brought us, the student should consult Sections III and IV of Part III of *The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. I. Nothing displays more forcibly the strength and beauty of the Theosophical position, which sees the working of Divine Intelligence and Control in every thing, from the least to the greatest.

To the general public as well as to astronomers the question of the habitability of the planets is a perennial subject of interest, and it is curious to observe how the opinions of experts have been modified lately. A few years ago it would have appeared most unlikely that the time was quickly coming when it would be seriously advanced by a distinguished astronomer that *with the exception of Mars* all the

planets are probably inhabited! Yet that is the position taken today by Professor T. J. J. See of the U. S. Observatory, Mare Island. "Mars has been inhabited in the past, but life has doubtless vanished there, as but little of the Martian atmosphere remains." Until recently it was thought that the extensive dark shadings on Mars were oceans, but the numerous observations made of late with finer telescopes and under more favorable conditions than were formerly available have proved that these dark areas, instead of being the smooth, even surfaces they should be if composed of water, are irregularly mottled and actually crossed in places by some of the fine lines called "canals" about which so much controversy has raged. Very limited dark blue regions surrounding the white "snowcaps," which are most distinctly visible during the Martian summers, are most probably water, but these are so small that conditions must be very different on Mars from those on the Earth or any similar planet. The state of things upon Venus appears to be far more like that to which we are accustomed. No mountains such as Venus possesses are to be traced on Mars. Professor See feels sure that Mars must have been the seat of life in the past, and with respect to the families of planets which we are morally certain must surround the myriads of gigantic suns which we see only as twinkling stars, he is convinced that they also must have been formed for the habitation of intelligent beings, for to regard them as barren deserts would make Nature ridiculous.

H. P. Blavatsky, in *The Secret Doctrine* and elsewhere, and William Q. Judge in his writings, have plainly stated the Theosophical teaching about the condition of Mars in its present cycle. According to this, the planet is under "obscuration," that is, it is not the seat of full and complete active life, though there may be some lower vital forces at work. But this does not mean that Mars is becoming extinct or that it is a dead planet. According to the Esoteric philosophy, of which H. P. Blavatsky was permitted to unveil a little and to give a partial outline, the planets are subject to great periodic changes of state. From a high condition of activity in which life in every form flourishes, they decline to a state of quiescence during which the vital forces are active in the unseen planes; but in due course the nearly extinct fires are re-lighted and a further and higher evolution commences. We see this taking place on a smaller scale around us; civilizations rise and fall only to rise again; nations and even races disappear to be replaced by others commencing their upward march.

During the intervals between the active manifestations on the physical plane the life-stream or wave passes into other and interior states which are necessary for the full development of perfected intelligence. What takes place in the case of the individual man in the comparatively short cyclic alternations of earth-lives and Devachanic or Heavenly conditions is a reflection of the vast cosmic process of the planets and the suns. Modern science has not yet grasped the enormous and far-reaching significance of Cyclic or Periodic laws, particularly in their application to human life, and how firmly everything, from the lowest animalcule to the great sun itself, is held in their grasp. When Cyclic Law as the key to the greater mysteries of life is thoroughly understood we shall no longer find any opposition to the fact of the reincarnation of the human soul, which is simply a necessary corollary to it. The soul is not *supernatural* in the sense of being outside Nature's laws; it is a part of the whole.

So with respect to Mars. It is, as Professor See and others believe, under obscurity today, but its energies will revive or reincarnate in some future age. It has not reached the state of our Moon, which is a decaying corpse, having passed through its life-history long ago. The Moon's life-principles "reincarnating" in the sphere of the Earth hundreds of millions of years ago, are now pursuing a higher evolution here. The Earth will in its time "reincarnate" similarly.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL FROM LUDGATE HILL:

by Carolus



THE great fire of London in September 1666 destroyed eighty-nine churches, the city gates, hospitals, schools, libraries, and many other public buildings, thirteen thousand two hundred dwelling houses, and the fortunes of over two hundred thousand people; but only eight lives were lost, and the plague, which only the year before had destroyed a hundred thousand persons in London alone, was never afterwards a cause of serious anxiety. Notwithstanding the temporary suffering the fire was a great hygienic benefit, and the city rapidly recovered more than its former prosperity. One of the severest losses was that of the old cathedral of St. Paul, a magnificent thirteenth century Gothic building with a central spire. Its dimensions were enormous; the total length being 700 feet, the height of the nave 102 feet, and the spire attained the extraordinary altitude of 534 feet, 130 feet higher than Salisbury Cathedral spire, which gives the impression, today, of enormous height. The old cathedral had suffered many losses and injuries before the fire, its spire had been destroyed, and its monuments defaced, while many outrages called restorations had injured its beauty.

After the fire much of the work of rebuilding was entrusted to Sir Christopher Wren, the most renowned architect of modern times in England. In four years ten thousand houses had been rebuilt, and very soon fifty-one churches were commenced by Wren. The greatest was new St. Paul's. The first stone was laid on June 21, 1675, the last in 1710. Just before the fire Wren had been commissioned by King Charles II to restore old St. Paul's, and he proposed to remodel all but the choir in "a good Roman manner." We may be thankful that such an atrocity was providentially prevented. Wren made several designs for the new building on the lines of his proposed remodeling of the old one; but for various reasons none of them were finally carried out. The finished building is very different from even the last approved design, and is generally considered far superior. In place of the one-storied effect produced by a single order of columns, which he originally intended, he divided the whole height into two orders. The result was an immense gain in apparent size. St. Peter's in Rome is utterly dwarfed by the colossal size of the columns and pilasters of its single order, and it is a remarkable fact, that although the top of St. Paul's dome is only about the same height as the springing of that

of St. Peter's, owing to Wren's ingenious design in this matter, the one looks about as high as the other.

It is rather a singular fact that the greatest cathedral of the Protestant Reformation should be called after the "wise master-builder," St. Paul, while the central church of the Roman faith is dedicated to the apostle who thrice denied his Master.

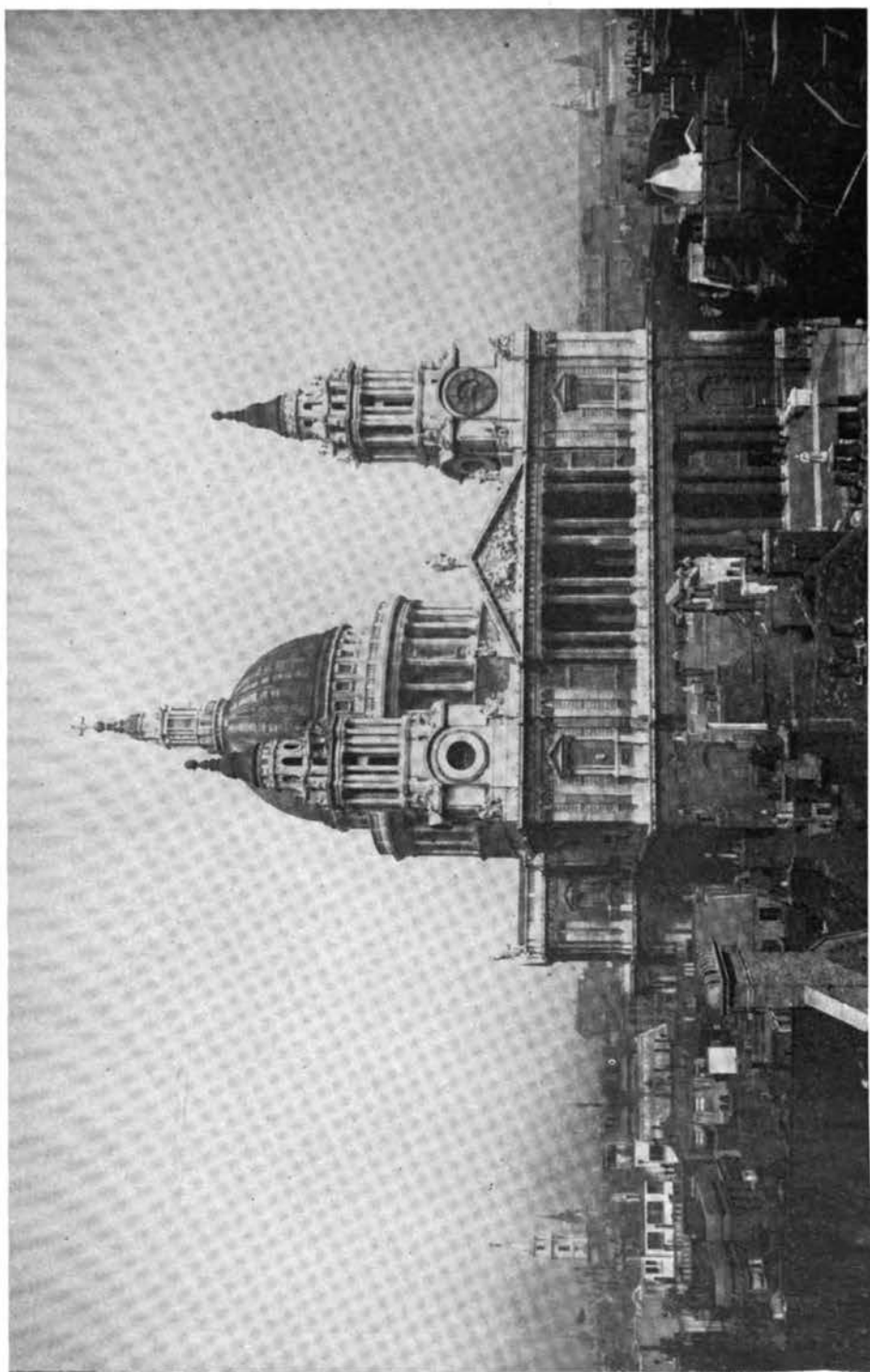
The ground plan as finally built, is much smaller than that of the old cathedral, being only 500 feet long, by 250 across the transepts. The front towers are 250 feet high, and the dome is 404. The dome is a wonderful example of Wren's constructive skill. The stone lantern at the summit is quite independent of the external wooden and lead dome; it is supported on a cone of brickwork, concealed from the interior by an internal dome. Wren said he was building for eternity, and he was especially careful about the strength of the foundations, but he had no suspicion of the boring and tunneling that would before many centuries take place around the cathedral, and serious anxiety has been caused of late years by sundry cracks which have appeared in some of the walls and vaults.

There is good reason to suppose that the site of St. Paul's was once dedicated to the worship of Diana. Ox heads, which were sacred to that goddess, were discovered near the church in 1316, and at other times fragments of vessels that seem to have been used in the old ceremonies have been dug up. A chronicler of the fifth century speaks of the worship of Diana being restored in London in his time. The site of the building is the highest in the city, and it is the most reasonable place for the sacred Temple of pre-Christian times to have been founded.

Fortunately there are no thirty-five-story skyscrapers in London to dwarf the picturesque mass of the majestic edifice which has an abiding place in the heart of every Londoner — and indeed of every Englishman.

See! how shadowy,
Of some occult magician's rearing,
Or swung in space of heaven's grace,
Dissolving, dimly reappearing,
Afloat upon ethereal tides
St. Paul's above the city rides.

John Davidson



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ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, LONDON. VIEW TAKEN FROM LUDGATE HILL



Lomaland Photo. and Engraving Dept.

A EUCALYPTUS GROVE, POINT LOMA

WHO MADE THE EUCALYPTS? by Nature-Lover



AUSTRALIA is a remnant of Lemuria, as geologists call that ancient continent which once stretched across the Southern hemisphere. In Australia we find strange animals and plants, the relics of a bygone age. One plant is the Eucalyptus, of many varieties, a very perfect tree, with two systems of roots, one to catch surface water, the other to dig deep; formed for hardiness, yet distilling every kind of fragrant and health-giving balm. Is this tree a product of evolution? Or has Man had a hand in the perfecting of it?

Men in our recent civilization are already learning how to manipulate plants so as to make them into better plants than they were before. If it be true that the ancient continent of Lemuria was occupied by an ancient humanity, divided into races and sub-races, nations and tribes, enduring for millenniums, it must also be true that they made discoveries in science, of which agriculture is a branch. Perhaps they had gone further than we have yet gone in the art of plant culture; perhaps they had carried it to a point of perfection; perhaps they made the Eucalypts. There are many other plants and fruits and trees on the earth which seem as if they had been made at some time or another; and it is quite possible that bygone human races may have had something to do with it.

The influence of man upon nature may have been underestimated. Plants and animals seem to remain about the same for very long periods; man is able to produce variations in them; and then the varieties often remain permanent and unaltered. It is quite conceivable that scientific agriculture on a large scale may have been practised at one time or at several times in the world's history, and that many now-existing forms may be attributable thereto.

Thus far we have spoken only of the direct and purposeful influence of man upon nature; but man has also an indirect and undesigned influence. For just as the physical body of man is continually discarding atoms, which return to the soil, carrying thither vital elements that will be used over again in the lower kingdoms of nature; so man is as constantly throwing off other elements, not physical, and these likewise return to the lower kingdoms of nature to enter as vital forces into the constitution of lower forms. In other words, man excretes used-up and superfluous elements from his mind; and these, though no longer of use to man, and being now divested of everything

human, may nevertheless serve to ensoul lowlier forms. It will thus be seen that some of the theories of evolution held by biologists are the reverse of the truth. The analogy between animals and the organs in man has been regarded as pointing to a descent of man from the animals; but why might it not imply a descent of animals from man? Once get rid of the idea that physical begetting is the only way in which one thing can be derived from another, and the way is clear for postulating a descent or derivation of animals from man. The crab, all claws and stomach, works off naturally and harmlessly certain proclivities which in man were cultivated to an excess too great for their further expression in the human kingdom. In the same way we have the spider, built perhaps from the cast-off atoms of a bogus-company promoter (!), the snake, the pig, etc. It has been well said that in the Zoo one may meet all one's friends and enemies — behind the bars of the cages; and the cartoonist can represent faithfully his human characters by giving them animals' heads.

But let us not overdo the idea. It is true that many of the animals now on earth appeared subsequently to man in the present "Round" of evolution; but this does not apply to all the animals. The facts are, as might be expected, not so simple as one might like them to be; for the history of evolution in all its ramifications is a long and complex one. To return to the main proposition: man plays an important part in the evolution of nature, both conscious and unconscious.

AUSTRALIAN MARSUPIALS: by Nature-Lover



AUSTRALIA is one of the oldest lands, says H. P. Blavatsky; it can produce no *new* forms, unless helped by fresh races or artificial cultivation and breeding. This is in keeping with the native race whose home it has been; for a portion of the present native tribes are the descendants of those later Lemurians who escaped the destruction of their fellows when the main continent was submerged. This remnant has since declined. Its environment is suggestive of a survival from a long bygone age. As Jukes says, in his *Manual of Geology*, it is a curious fact that the fossil marsupials found in Oxfordshire, England, together with Trigonias and other shells, and even some fossil plants, should much more nearly resemble those now living in Australia than the living forms of any other part of the globe. This fact is interesting and suggestive.

From a recent article in *The English Mechanic* we condense the following.

The remains of some of the oldest mammals were discovered in the Keuper beds of bone breccia of Upper Triassic age near Stuttgart. They consisted of the teeth of a small animal about the size of a rabbit, *Microlestes antiquus*. Teeth of a similar animal were found in the Rhaetic beds at Frome, England, while in the red sandstones of the Upper Trias in Virginia and North Carolina were found the lower jaws of *Dromatherium sylvestre*, and in beds of similar age in Basutoland the skull of *Tritylodon longaevus*. All these are believed to have been marsupials, mammals that bring forth their young in an imperfect condition and place them in a pouch formed by the skin of the abdomen, where their development is completed.

In the Australian regions there are about one hundred and sixty species of living marsupials including the kangaroo, kangaroo rat, phalanger, tarsipes, wombat, bandicoot, rat, kaola, Tasmanian wolf or *Thylacine dasyure*, and the Tasmanian devil or *Ursine dasyure*; while in the remainder of the world there are only about forty-six, and these confined to North and South America, the representatives being the opossum and the South American selvas. The kangaroo is also found in Tasmania, New Guinea, New Ireland, and in the Aru and other islands of these regions.

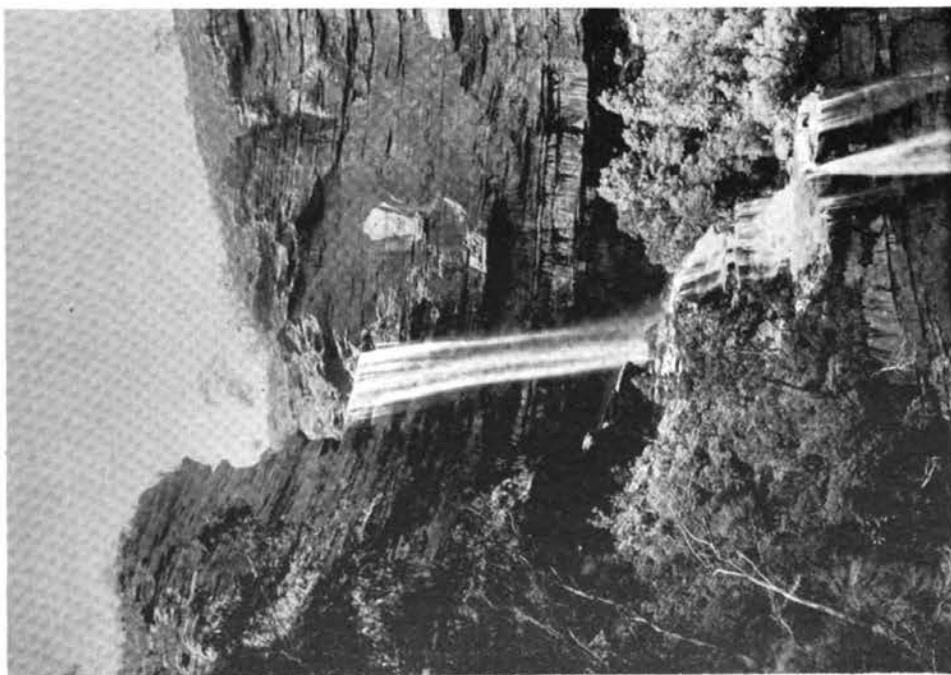
Up to the present very few fossil remains of Monotremes have been found. These are the lowest forms of mammals and lay eggs; they seem to form a link with the reptiles. Their skeletons exhibit very reptilian characters and true teeth are absent. They appear to have been followed by the Marsupials and finally by the Placentals, which bring forth matured young, and which seem to have made their appearance in the Upper Jurassic. The only representatives that now exist of the monotremes are the duck-billed platypus or *Ornithorhyncus*, and the spiny anteater, both of Australia, and *Parechidna* of New Guinea. These lay soft-shelled eggs and have no teats, the milk being exuded from pores in the skin, which the young ones lick when hatched. The fossil remains of *Echidna* have been brought to light in the bone breccia of Tertiary times in Australia. In the Stonesfield Slate of Oxfordshire, which is Lower Oolitic, the lower jaws of several small marsupials have been found, and these were contemporary with the great saurians. The latter waned as the former increased. Similar lower jaws have been found at Swanage in Dorsetshire, the lower jaw being

the first bone to become detached and being left stranded while the rest of the body or skeleton was carried out to sea. There would seem to have been a world-wide distribution of monotremes and marsupials; but they did not develop any size except in Australia, where they became isolated.

In the newer Tertiary deposits of Australia are the remains of a large marsupial allied to the kangaroo and named *Diprotodon Australis*; and in the Post-Tertiary another named *Nototherium*; as also a few others including fossil kangaroos.

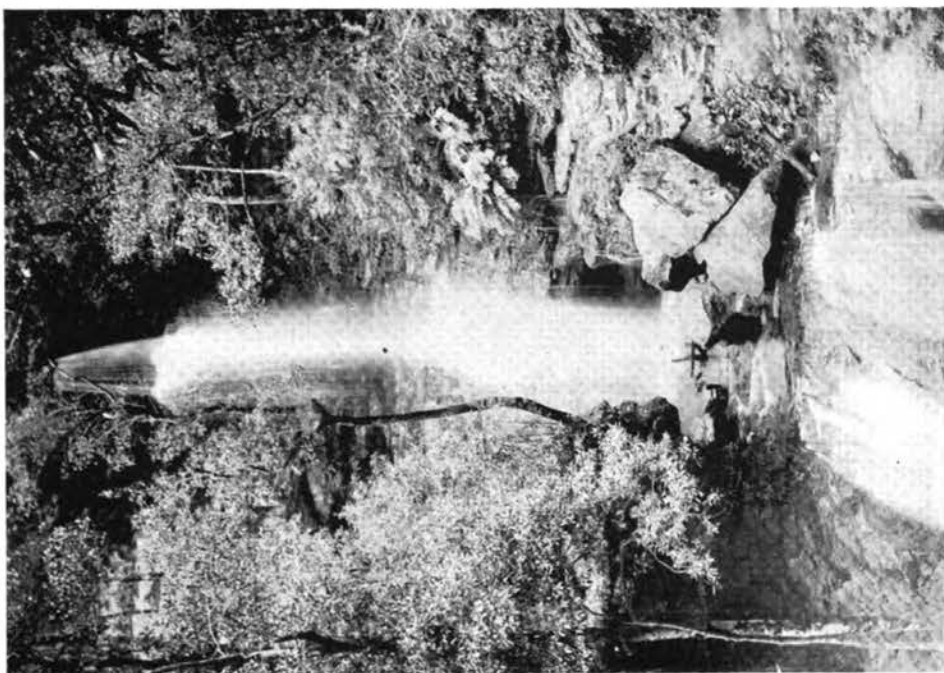
This concludes our abstract from the article. In reference to what is said therein about the first two forms of Mammals — the Monotremes and the Marsupials — their analogies with the types below and above them, and the gradation in development which they exhibit, it may be recalled that the teachings given in *The Secret Doctrine*, with regard to animal and human evolution, are not the same as the conjectures of most modern theorists. The Mammalia, it is stated, are (*in the present Round*) posterior to Man on this globe. The evolutionary process which culminated in the production of a physical organism for Man took place in an earlier Round. Similarly, it is not in the present Round that the Monads inhabiting animals now living will progress so as to enter into the composition of Man. That destiny awaits them in a future Round. Hence these Monotremes and Marsupials do not represent early stages in the evolution of our present humanity. Analogy in form does not always mean derivation of the one form from the other; and when it does, there still remains the doubt as to which form was prior to the other. The subject of evolution, as taught by ancient Science, is comprehensive and fascinating. It is evident that the actual facts must be far more complex and vaster in scale than tentative hypotheses.

Australia is a country with natural scenery of fascinating type. The illustrations accompanying this note give an idea of it.



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A CASCADE, NEW SOUTH WALES, AUSTRALIA

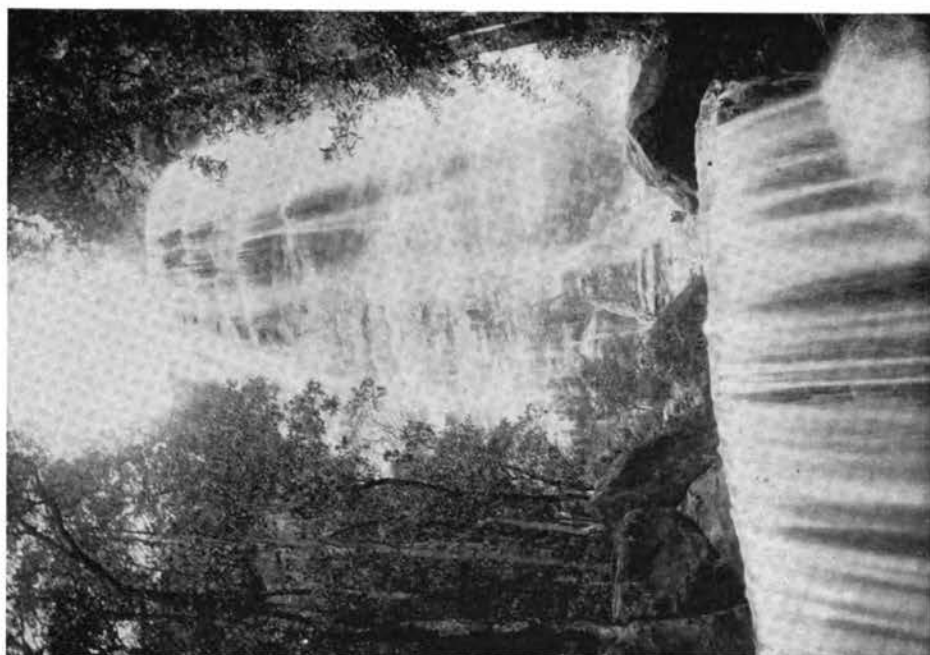


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NEAR NATURE'S HEART, NEW SOUTH WALES, AUSTRALIA



Lomaland Photo. and Engraving Dept.
AN AUSTRALIAN PICNIC RESORT



Lomaland Photo. and Engraving Dept.
WHERE THE RAINBOW SPORTS
NEW SOUTH WALES, AUSTRALIA



Lomaland Photo. and Engraving Dept.

WHERE THE FERNS THRIVE: AUSTRALIA



Lomaland Photo. and Engraving Dept.

THE AUSTRALIAN CUM



Lomaland Photo. and Engraving Dept.

ONE OF THE LESSER STATUES BROUGHT FROM EASTER ISLAND
THIS STATUE (NOW IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM) HAS BEEN
CALLED "HOA-HAKA-NANA-IA"

HOA-HAKA-NANA-IA: by P. A. Malpas

MUCH has been written and said about the famous Easter Island statues in mid-Pacific. So little is really known about them that until H. P. Blavatsky called attention to their immense antiquity they were not thought to be of any particular value. There were one or two speculations which she, as with so many other scattered data, gathered together, sifted, confirmed, or refuted, adding a few details to complete the bare outline of the picture.

The one in the illustration stands at the entrance outside the British Museum with a smaller, more shapeless companion. They were brought to England in Her Majesty's Ship *Topaze*, and presented in 1869 by Queen Victoria to the national collection in the Museum.

As they are said to be of hard trachyte and the ravages of time are great, therefore it is said they are very, very old. Presumably they were carved in the "Stone Age," wherever that mysteriously ancient (yet still existing!) epoch of science may be situated in the years of the world. It would be interesting to know by what "Stone Age" tools they were carved. Perhaps Aladdin's diamonds may have helped in the carving?

In any case they are evident "sun-worship" monuments. So would our clocks and sundials be if we could emulate our "Stone Age" brothers (what wonderful masons they were!) in making them last a million years or so.

We would wish to remark that the cross on the backs of these very ancient statues, made in one of the hardest kinds of stone, is a very remarkable case of testimony by anticipation. They were only "Stone Age" men, but they had shrewd powers of anticipation — almost as wonderful as their masonry!

SUN-LIFE AND EARTH-LIFE: by Per Fernholm

Indwelling

If thou couldst empty all thyself of self,
Like to a shell dishabited,
Then might He find thee on the Ocean shelf,
And say — "This is not dead," —
And fill thee with Himself instead.

But thou art all replete with very *thou*,
And hast such shrewd activity,
That, when He comes, He says: "This is enow
Unto itself — 'twere better let it be:
It is so small and full, there is no room for Me."

T. E. Brown, "Collected Poems."



THERE, in your garden, is a plant, busily engaged in collecting material for its future growth, although you can see nothing as yet above the ground. Still in the darkness of the earth it is sending out numerous root-threads amongst many strange material things, of which some serve it as nourishment. Buried in the soil without any visible link with the life of the air above, it lies, dormant and inactive until that life above reaches it with its beneficent influence in the form of rain and sunshine, quickening the soul of the plant to begin the weaving of its material garb on the already present ideal form.

And then, one day, the budding life breaks through the soil separating it from the air, and from now on a new life is entered upon, a double existence. The roots in the dark "prison of earth" continue to collect nourishment for the redoubled activity needed to build the ideal form. But the plant is now directly nourished and stimulated to growth by water and air and sunshine by means of its leaves as well. And thus, in proper time, the culmination comes in form of the flower, in its beauty really belonging to another world and a constant promise of a higher life. When it has given its message, blended its note of form, color, and fragrance in the great symphony of vegetable life, it passes away to rest; but in doing so it produces a store of seeds for future plant-lives similar to its own, thus binding together past and future and securing the continuity of its species.

How much food for thought there is in a simple picture that we constantly have before us! How thoughts and analogies built upon it help us — far better than the filling of our brains with narrow and

petty theories without any spark of life, or the poisoning of our emotional life by our artificial aims and desires. Men are overburdened by false ideas and unsound emotions of their own making. Purification of heart, mind, and body, is surely needed, before the wholesome influences always reaching us from the Center of Life can make us grow rightly, intensely, though quietly and in silence.

"I am not of this world," said the great Master whom the Western world professes to follow. It was the Christos that spoke thus, the spiritual, glorious, ideal being that breathes the air of the higher life. Each of us has — nay, each one in essence *is* — the Christos, though few have consciously and purposely taken up the great task before us all: to weave the worthy, shining garment that will allow this spiritual being to take actual form in manifested existence. Man is not like the flower, he is self-conscious, and he cannot grow as the flower grows until he freely uses his self-consciousness in full accordance with the laws of life. He cannot hope to burst through the dark soil of material existence that separates him from the air where the spiritual sun sheds its glory until, in every moment of daily life, he feels its influence and adjusts his life accordingly, gathering nourishment from all his duties, from all the opportunities that the threads of his mind may encounter, and pushing upwards all the time.

Trust is the key to it all, the magic power that will bring the human plant to bloom. *Compassion* is the guiding power for the mental root-threads in their work of gathering nourishment; the giving of the good tidings to all we can reach, the extending of aid to all as we progress. And when the glorious moment arrives when the soil opens above us, there comes redoubled activity in our earthly life, reaching out farther and farther, inspiring and stimulating more and more the hearts of the "hosts of souls" that grope blindly in the dark and finally have come to doubt even the existence of any spiritual life.

We watch the plant in our garden and nurse it even before we see any visible sign of its growth, knowing that it will blossom in due time. Have we ever thought that there may be beings in the spiritual world that watch the humans in like manner and give them the tenderest care? Have we thought of how some already may have reached up into the air of spiritual existence, preparing to bloom, or already blooming, or, in going to rest, scattering all over the earth seeds of potential spiritual growth? How these may be working with all the powers of heart, mind, and body, to give the good tidings to us that

still struggle in the dark? How they are to be recognized by that divine Compassion that does not shut out anyone of the blind and faltering human beings, and how they are able to inspire that Trust which acts like a kindling spark, producing light and order in a chaos?

The sun does not enter into the growth of a plant otherwise than spiritually, inspiring and drawing it upwards. It is not of this world; and yet it is the basis of all growth in this world. So even in human life; the Christos stands apart from all nature's activity, and yet it is illuminating every particle therein, living in the heart-life of all. The mind can open to its rays by acting in unison with the heart, by finding its way upward in trust, and by expanding, as compassion makes it embrace ever wider circles of earthly existence. Seen thus, earth-life, dark and confusing as it still often may be, has its great purpose and is felt to be the means of a glorious spiritual blossoming. Every thought and act may then serve the interblending of the spiritual influences with the lives of our fellows, and as purification proceeds and the life-currents more and more easily and normally find their course through our hearts and minds, Joy becomes manifest and comes to stay with us, the Joy of True Living, precursor of the blossoming of the spiritual life.

In this work of bursting through the dark soil of material existence, woman has her predominant position. Being in close contact with nature she can clothe the spiritual rays entering her heart in a thousand forms that make everything she touches radiant in its turn. And she can protect the sanctuary thus brought down to earth. If her trust is sublime, her spiritual will unflinching, none will dare to desecrate it. She can challenge others to leave the false and cheap glitter of life, for the precious jewels of the higher life. How glorious her position as guardian of the home, if she enters into it in the right spirit, trustingly! The seeds of love and unselfishness, scattered over the earth by those who already have blossomed forth in the higher glory, may in such a home find the soil needed for their quickening. And what a reward for a mother to watch over and guide such a soul in acquiring a serviceable instrument for the delivering of its message of Truth, Light, and Liberation!

The most fertile soil is often composed of the most unpleasant and incongruous ingredients, and it is often the darkest. Our age is certainly dark, but just *because* of the swift vibrations of material life it permits a growth that could not be equaled at any other time. This

century has to make a bold step forward towards the realization of a higher life. Let the woman who feels its urge and who longs to help and serve, know that by doing rightly the small duties that lie nearest at hand, her path will gradually widen. The plant blooms where the seed falls. What woman cannot, deep within the heart, feel some hint of the glory and joy of stepping forth as a conscious worker with nature?

One of the most wonderful passages in the pearl of the Eastern scriptures, the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ*, that poem of the spiritual life, is where Arjuna discovers the majesty of Krishna, whom he had taken for a friend and at times had treated "without respect in sport, in recreation, in repose, in thy chair, and at thy meals, in private and in public"; and where he exclaims: "Forgive, O Lord, as the friend forgives the friend, as the father pardons his son, as the lover the beloved." We will all some day waken to find Krishna, the Christos, at our side. But we must ask ere we can receive, we must call before the inner Christ can show himself in his true form, before he really can help us. We must change our whole attitude, our polarity, and drink in the light from above. We must let Sun-life illuminate Earth-life and draw forth the divine blossoms.

THE SPADE OF THE ARCHAEOLOGIST: THE RESURRECTION OF TRUTH---ERROR'S FUNERAL:

by Ariomardes



THE resurrection of the prehistoric age of Greece, and the disclosure of the astonishing standard of civilization which had been attained on the mainland and in the isles of the Aegean at a period at least 2000 years earlier than that at which Greek history, as hitherto understood, begins, may be reckoned as among the most interesting results of modern research into the relics of the life of past ages. . . .

All preconceived ideas may be upset by the results of a single season's spade work on some ancient site. The work is by no means complete; but already the dark gulf of time that lay behind the Dorian conquest is beginning to yield up the unquestionable evidences of a great and splendid and almost incredibly ancient civilization. . . .

Most surprising of all, in many respects, was the revelation of the amazingly complete system of drainage with which the palace was provided. Indeed the hydraulic science of the Minoan architects is altogether wonderful in the completeness with which it provided for even the smallest details. . . .

Perhaps the most striking and interesting result that has been attained is

the remarkable confirmation given to the broad outlines of those traditions about Crete which have survived in the legends and in the narratives of the Greek historians. — *The Scientific American*, in a review of James Baikie's *Sea Kings of Crete*.

Preconceived ideas may certainly be said to be in a precarious situation, if they can be so easily upset by a spade. Pagan tradition, however, comes out triumphant. Should we not therefore, place more faith in the pagan legends than in the preconceived ideas?

Refusing to believe that the Greek legends were imaginary, Schliemann and his successors investigated the sites at Troy, Tiryns and Mykenae, there discovering the old civilization described. Now we learn that this was but the dying remnant of a still older and grander civilization whose center was Crete. How much more has the spade to reveal to us? How much further will discovery go? It can but show, as revelation follows revelation, that the map of ancient history sketched in H. P. Blavatsky's *The Secret Doctrine* is correct; that our annals, as far as we can trace them back, record not a rise but a fall. The present Fifth Root-Race of humanity, being in its middle course, has reached the lowest point of its cycle before its reascent; the earlier of its seven sub-races have lived; some of the most enduring of their colossal works in masonry have survived, silent yet eloquent witnesses. The spade is slowly uncovering the vestiges of civilization gradually rising in knowledge and culture as we go backwards; until at last the completed chain of history will conduct us to the glory of our Race in the Golden Age of its birth.

Confirmation, Theosophy has in plenty, as H. P. Blavatsky foretold of the dawning years of this century. Recognition, it may get later. And this important question arises: Will archaeologists, while admitting the truth of the Theosophical teachings about history, also admit those teachings as to the nature of Man and other kindred subjects, which logically depend on the historical teachings? If not, then, Archaeology, thy name is inconsistency. For Nineteenth Century views of the origin of man will not fit.

And let us not become so absorbed over the Aegeans as to forget the rest of the world and devise theories to account for our own particular discoveries regardless of the discoveries in other fields. The ancient Chimu civilization recently uncovered in Peru claims our attention. History in America too goes back through rising stages to a mightier past. And linking all, we have the admissions, now being

made on all sides, as to the truth of the Theosophical teachings (in *The Secret Doctrine*) about Atlantis. This links together the prehistoric cultures of the Old World and the New.

Even in mechanical science there was prowess, as we learn in connexion with these drainage works of Crete. Perhaps we have been wont to solace our pride by the reflection that if the Egyptians surpassed us in building, and the Greeks in art, in science at least we bear the palm. But is this consolation merely based on the fact that the civilizations with which we have so far been familiar have not expended their genius in that particular direction? Could antiquity have surpassed us in applied science also, if it had had the mind to apply its abilities in that direction? Nay, have there actually been civilizations which surpassed us? This particular Cretan culture seems to have been distinguished by many features which connect it more with modern times than with the intervening Greek culture. The same has been said with regard to the choice and treatment of subjects in the decorative and imitative pottery unearthed on the Chimu site in Peru.

THE LANDS NOW SUBMERGED: by Durand Churchill



O those persons who are interested in geographical facts and geological statistics, as well as to those who are students of climatology, the following remarkable features of the great bodies of water which cover such a large part of the surface of this globe, a part of the surface which in bygone ages has borne upon it races of people from whom our remote ancestors were descended, will be of interest.

Thanks to modern energy, skill, and perseverance, the great oceans have been sounded practically throughout, so that today we have published maps, which show quite clearly enough the general contour of the ocean bottoms.

From these we see that the floor of the ocean is an extensive plain, or series of plains, lying at an average depth of about two and one-half miles beneath the ocean surface. In some places, gigantic mountain ranges rise up from these submerged plains to the very surface of the ocean, or to within points so near the surface that they form dangerous reefs, and volcanic islands.

The depth of the ocean thus varies quite as irregularly and as pre-

cipitously as does the level of dry lands in the mountain ranges of Switzerland or South America or India. So far as is officially known in 1911, the greatest depth in the Atlantic Ocean is found between the West Indies and Bermuda, at a point called the Nares Deep, which is 4662 fathoms, or 27,972 feet. The greatest depth, so far discovered in the Indian Ocean, is between Christmas Island and the coast of Java, which is 3828 fathoms, and is called the Wharton Deep.

The greatest depth, so far discovered in the Pacific Ocean is called the Challenger (or Nero) Deep in the North Pacific, which is 5269 fathoms (31,614 feet). To get a comparative idea of this great depth, we can imagine the highest mountain in the world placed in this depth of water, and would then find that the peak of this great mountain would be 2600 feet below the surface of the sea. Thus could Mount Everest be lost in the depths of the Pacific Ocean.

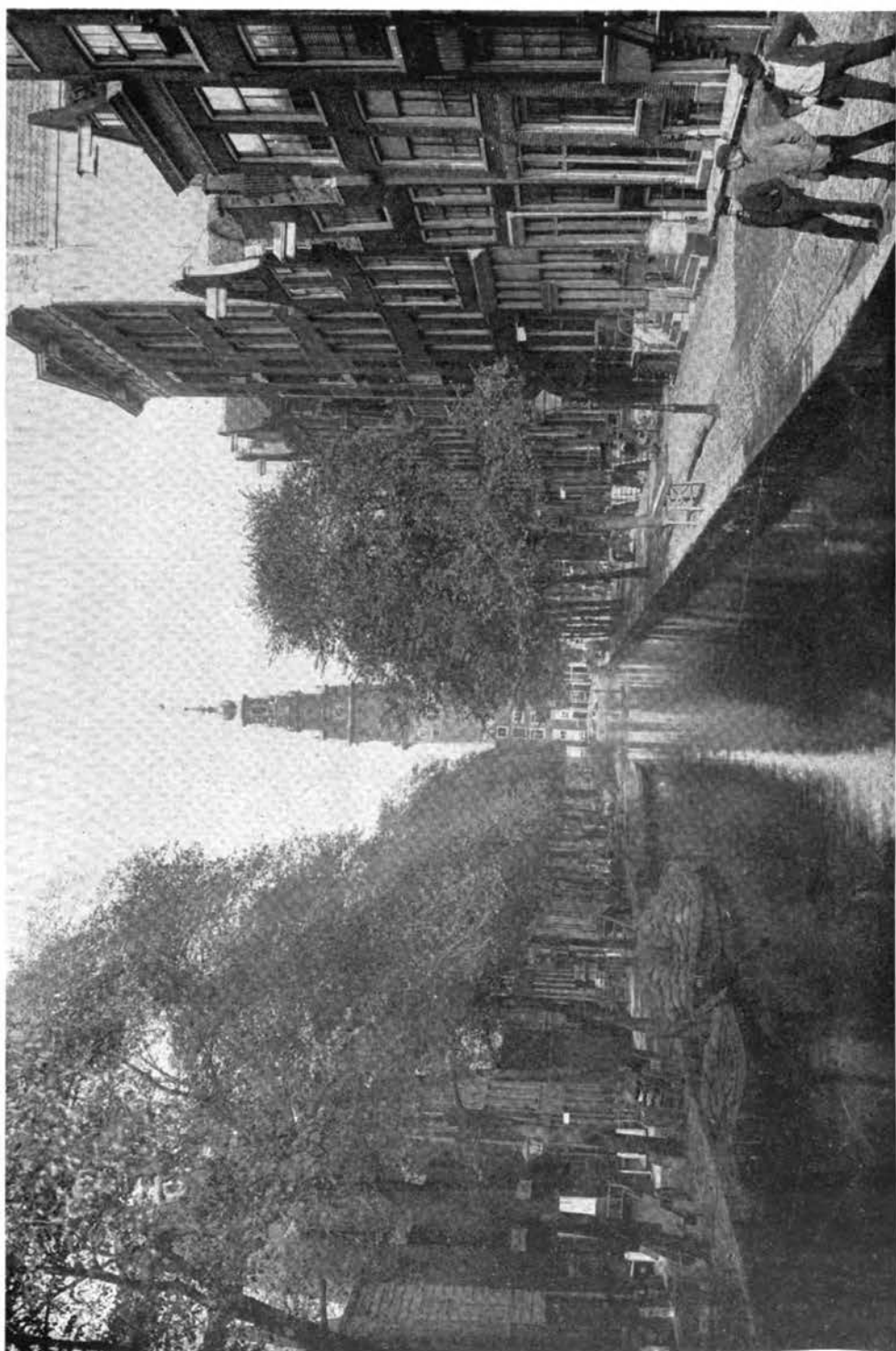
There are, at present on record, fifty-six of these great holes in the sea bottoms which exceed three miles in depth. There are ten areas which lie at a depth greater than four miles, and four places where the depth exceeds five miles.

The depth seems to bear a certain relation to the salinity of the water, for it is found that the amount of salt held in solution is less as the depth increases. This of course is the effect of temperature and pressure changes, as well as the greater quietness of the sub-surface waters.

The composition of the salts found in sea-water, that is the proportional amounts of the various component salts, does not vary materially in the different parts of the ocean, although the degree of saturation does vary, as above explained.

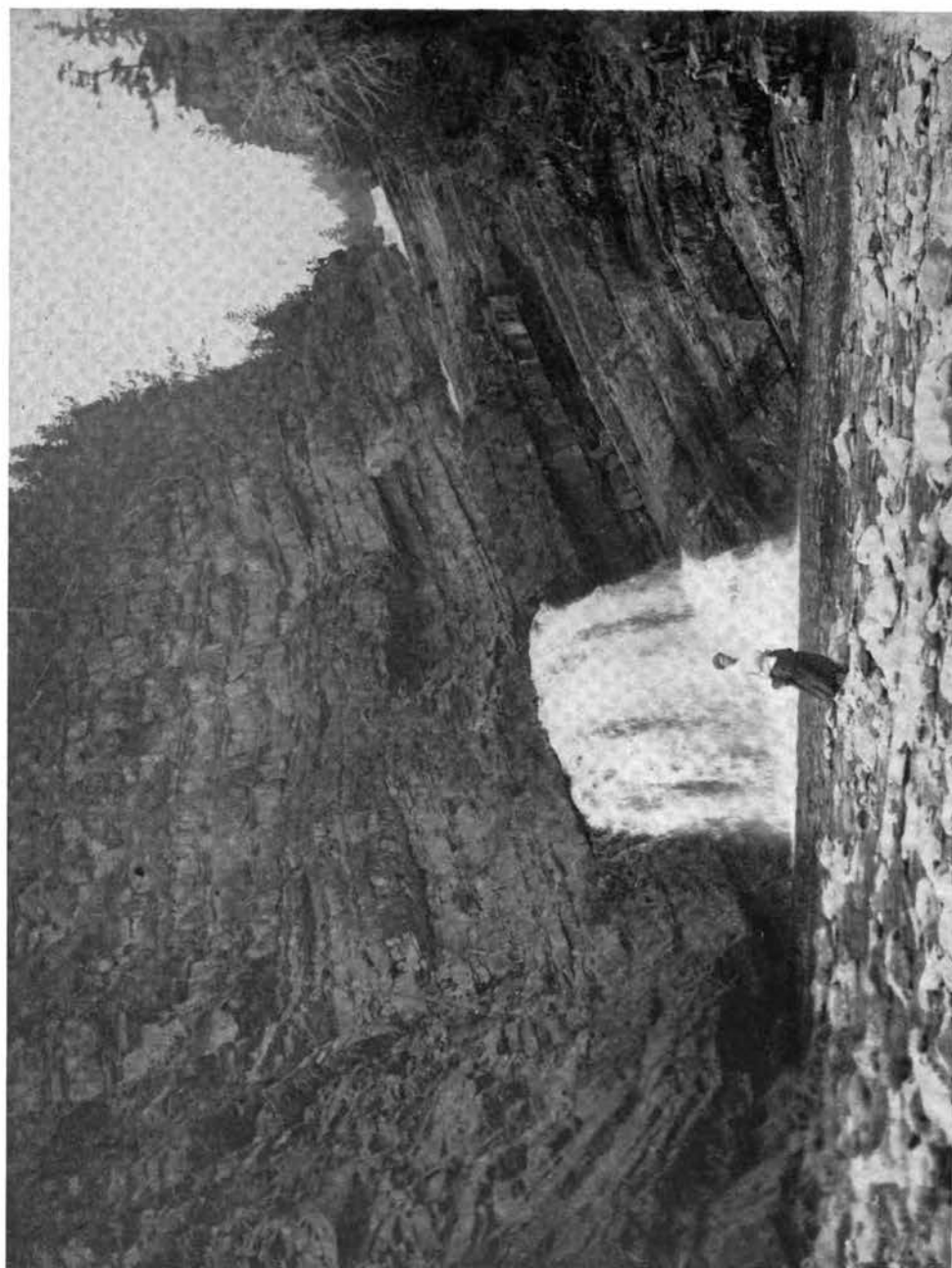
The temperature of the ocean varies, at the surface, from 28° F. at the poles, to over 80° F. in the tropics. The cold water, near the poles, at any given point, varies less than 10° F.; and the warm water of the tropics, likewise has a variation, annually, of less than 10° F., in a band that nearly encircles the earth; this band, it is interesting to observe, is the region of coral reefs.

Between these regions of small annual variation, there are two bands surrounding the earth, where the annual temperature variation is greater, and may at some spots even exceed 40° F.



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AMSTERDAM: THE "GREEN CANAL," AND THE STEEPLE OF THE ZUIDERKERK ("SOUTH CHURCH")



Lomaland Photo. and Engraving Dept.

OIL CREEK FALLS, WATERTON LAKES, ALBERTA, CANADA



THE SCREEN OF TIME

BOOK REVIEWS: Charles Morice's "*Il est ressuscité*":

by H. A. Fussell

Once to every man and nation
Comes the moment to decide,

In the strife of truth with falsehood,
For the good or evil side.

THAT there do occur critical periods in the lives of nations and of individuals, when the irrevocable step is taken which allies them definitely with the beneficent or maleficent forces which are contending for the mastery of the world, has become a truism. It is seldom a spectacular contest — this "battle of Armageddon"; even when it is, at the moment of choice we are alone, face to face with the Higher Self.

The many and varied ways in which this contest may occur furnish the moralist and the preacher with occasions for the highest flights of eloquence, and it forms the background of history, biography, and fiction. One of its most recent presentations is by Charles Morice in his book *Il est ressuscité!* of which we give a résumé.

One day in the middle of December the Parisians were surprised on opening their daily papers to see the last page perfectly blank, all the questionable advertisements had disappeared, no Stock Exchange news, all the transactions by which clever financiers attract the unwary and pile up their millions, had been suppressed. Why? No one could say! Amazement on all faces! It was the same the next day, and the next — even the feuilleton, containing the inevitable sensational and sometimes salacious story was no more. At the Bourse itself there was "nothing doing"; would-be purchasers were told of the watered stocks, were advised not to buy.

In the evening the leading journalists met as usual at the "Lapin Cru." They were no wiser than the rest. Consternation was on all faces. Their occupation was gone, there was not a single piquant event in all Paris — suddenly become virtuous — to write up. On unfolding their papers — the first impression was always brought in at midnight by the office-boys from the publishers — on one of the blank pages was this notice in small print:

The Son of God needs no advertising. He has put up at the 'Three Kings' Hotel, Place de l'Étoile. He will be at home from noon to noon, all the day, the 14th of December and tomorrow.

Narda, a prince among journalists, sat apart, moodily. Suddenly he became aware of a man opposite him at the next table.

But what a man! There was in fact nothing remarkable about him, except that perhaps he lacked precisely those little peculiarities and idiosyncracies which distinguish one man from another. Yet he was a fine man, but his

remarkable beauty did not cause surprise. The fact is, that one would have been surprised, nay scandalized, if it were not so, for his beauty, formed of the perfect equilibrium of all the elements of his person, revealed *man* in his ordinary and magnificent integrity. It was as if necessitated by the soul, sovereignly and ineffably serene, which shone in the eyes of the man: a constant, rich, intense light, eclipsing the crude brilliancy of the electric lights, and forming a halo in his unusually long hair. Narda was not dazzled by the light: on the contrary, he felt himself illuminated by it to the very depths of his being. He looked at this unknown man with a sympathy mingled with trust and deference. He had no desire to speak to him, to question him, fully satisfied by his presence alone, the presence of a *man*. A real man! he said to himself, and not a puppet like my comrades and myself.

The stranger went, Narda scarcely knew how; and without him the room, life itself, seemed empty and vain again.

The subject is not new — the incompatibility of the Christ and modern civilization. We are all acquainted with sensational pictures, painted by well-known artists, depicting Christ in the midst of decadent modern society, with all its revolting contrasts; or with lurid sketches written by clever journalists; but never have we seen the subject treated with so much reverence and psychological insight as in the work before us. Read the scene the following night at the "Lapin Cru," where Narda was sure he would meet again with the Son of God. They communed as of old the disciples with the Master.

"I thought, Lord, you were to come in a different manner."

"Are you also without intelligence?" Jesus replied. "Visible or invisible the Son of Man comes every day."

The question rose to the lips of Narda: "You come, doubtless, to finish the work begun two thousand years ago?"

"It is finished to all eternity."

"Why then have you not conquered?"

"Because I wished to leave to you the merit of the victory."

After some further talk, Narda, who has been led into the depths of his own conscience, depths unsuspected by him before, exclaims: "Lord, perhaps *you* are only *myself*, my self raised to perfectness. . . ."

"But has not one of your writers said: 'It is only God who is really man.' How do you know, if I have not become *little by little* divine?"

And while they were speaking Jesus was giving, at "the Three Kings," in its three hundred rooms, *private* audience to three hundred interviewers at the same time, and to each he appeared different. On leaving, some declared he had fair hair, others that it was dark. To the philosopher he appeared a philosopher; to the artist more beautiful than Apollo; to the soldier a divine warrior.

Last of all came "the Scribes and Pharisees," as of old, to question him. "Are you really the Son of God?" "Are you going to tell us again that salvation is difficult for the rich?" "Are you going to be crucified anew?" and so on. The Churches held aloof. *He had not come as they expected.*

We will not describe how our author solves the problems, economic, social, and religious, which this unsuspected advent of Jesus causes in Paris. It suffices to say that the crisis was met and tided over for the time being.

One circumstance, however, must be mentioned: woman was honored as never before. Civil marriage alone is legal in France; in more than sixty per cent of the couples presenting themselves before the civil authorities for the ratification of their marriage, the unexpected happened. Instead of the perfunctory "Yes" which was almost invariably the rule, one or other of the contracting parties would say "No." There were no more ill-assorted matches, none of those crimes against humanity that the marriage service, not only among the French, but in every nation, condones. And the children, they had never been so happy before, so unrestrained, and yet so well-behaved. Even the youths and maidens, as they walked through the streets or wandered in the parks, showed a self-restraint and tenderness for one another never remarked before. Older people stood and looked after them in wonder. Something idyllic and noble had entered into and stopped the bantering, mocking, scoffing tone of the average Parisian. It was beautiful, some thought it unnatural — would it last?

Towards the end of December Jesus preaches to the people — this time from Montmartre. All Paris is gathered there to hear him. Again the gracious words are heard, but are received and interpreted by each in accordance with his own interests and prejudices. "The common people heard him gladly," but the rich and learned murmured. He spoke of self-sacrifice and devotion to ideals; the majority, though convicted of sin, with seared hearts, felt revolt rising within. When Jesus had ended and had betaken himself away, "for their eyes were holden, that they should not see," it was in a state of astonishment, deception, consternation, even rage, that the crowd slowly melted away. Many men, mere simulacra of humanity — though considered the pillars of society — made haste to flee the place where all they held most dear, their success, their station, their darling sins, were menaced. But the innocent, the poor and the wretched, felt that it was an awakening from an all-too-sweet dream to the harsh realities of the pitiless struggle for life.

It was the beginning of the end. Ere many days had passed, Jesus was asked to leave the city, "and normal life, with its political institutions, its scientific progress, its suffragettes, its railway accidents, theater-parties, and fashionably attired women, resumed its wonted course." By a kind of tacit agreement no one spoke any more of the disconcerting events of the last days of December. The newspapers wore their wonted appearance; "twenty lines, identical in every case," was all the press notice of what had so profoundly stirred men's souls.

And Narda, the veteran journalist, the new disciple of Jesus? Brought face to face with his divine self, he saw himself once again when in youth, with forehead high and heart full of hope, he had vowed allegiance to the highest. And now? Was it lack of courage? He lost his grasp of that divine life to which all are called, and which had awakened once again with so much power in him. "He has come in vain," he cried, "we cannot endure him."

How true, alas! are the sad words of Baudelaire, which Charles Morice prefixes to his work: "*Mais le damné répond toujours: Je ne veux pas!*" — The lost soul always replies: I do not want to.

The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society

Founded at New York City in 1875 by H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge and others

Reorganized in 1898 by Katherine Tingley

Central Office, Point Loma, California

The Headquarters of the Society at Point Loma with the buildings and grounds, are no "Community" "Settlement" or "Colony." They form no experiment in Socialism, Communism, or anything of similar nature, but are the Central Executive Office of an international organization where the business of the same is carried on, and where the teachings of Theosophy are being demonstrated. Midway 'twixt East and West, where the rising Sun of Progress and Enlightenment shall one day stand at full meridian, the Headquarters of the Society unite the philosophic Orient with the practical West.

MEMBERSHIP

in the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society may be either "at large" or in a local Branch. Adhesion to the principle of Universal Brotherhood is the only pre-requisite to membership. The Organization represents no particular creed; it is entirely unsectarian, and includes professors of all faiths, only exacting from each member that large toleration of the beliefs of others which he desires them to exhibit towards his own.

Applications for membership in a Branch should be addressed to the local Director; for membership "at large" to G. de Purucker, Membership Secretary, International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California.

OBJECTS

THIS BROTHERHOOD is a part of a great and universal movement which has been active in all ages.

This Organization declares that Brotherhood is a fact in Nature. Its principal purpose is to teach Brotherhood, demonstrate that it is a fact in Nature, and make it a living power in the life of humanity.

Its subsidiary purpose is to study ancient and modern religions, science, philosophy, and art; to investigate the laws of Nature and the divine powers in man.

It is a regrettable fact that many people use the name of Theosophy and of our Organization for self-interest, as also that of H. P. Blavatsky, the Foundress, and even the Society's motto, to attract attention to themselves and to gain public support. This they do in private and public speech and in publications. Without being in any way connected with the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, in many cases they permit it to be inferred that they

are, thus misleading the public, and honest inquirers are hence led away from the original truths of Theosophy.

The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society welcomes to membership all who truly love their fellow men and desire the eradication of the evils caused by the barriers of race, creed, caste, or color, which have so long impeded human progress; to all sincere lovers of truth and to all who aspire to higher and better things than the mere pleasures and interests of a worldly life and are prepared to do all in their power to make Brotherhood a living energy in the life of humanity, its various departments offer unlimited opportunities.

The whole work of the Organization is under the direction of the Leader and Official Head, Katherine Tingley, as outlined in the Constitution.

Inquirers desiring further information about Theosophy or the Theosophical Society are invited to write to

THE SECRETARY

International Theosophical Headquarters
Point Loma, California



The Theosophical Path

An International Magazine
Unsectarian and nonpolitical

Monthly

Illustrated



Devoted to the Brotherhood of Humanity, the promulgation of Theosophy, the study of ancient & modern Ethics, Philosophy, Science and Art, and to the uplifting and purification of Home and National Life

Edited by Katherine Tingley
International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California, U.S.A.

All that we are is the result of what we have thought: it is founded on our thoughts, it is made up of our thoughts. If a man speaks or acts with an evil thought, pain follows him, as the wheel follows the foot of the ox that draws the carriage.

All that we are is the result of what we have thought: it is founded on our thoughts, it is made up of our thoughts. If a man speaks or acts with a pure thought, happiness follows him, like a shadow that never leaves him.

"He abused me, he beat me, he defeated me, he robbed me,"—in those who harbor such thoughts hatred will never cease.

"He abused me, he beat me, he defeated me, he robbed me,"—in those who do not harbor such thoughts hatred will cease.

For hatred does not cease by hatred at any time: hatred ceases by love, this is an ancient rule.

DHAMMAPADA, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5. (Translation by
F. Max Müller, *Sacred Books of the East*, Vol. X.)

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

MONTHLY ILLUSTRATED

EDITED BY KATHERINE TINGLEY

NEW CENTURY CORPORATION, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA, U. S. A.

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DIOTIMA, MYRTO, AND ASPASIA

GROUP IN "THE AROMA OF ATHENS," AS PRESENTED IN THE GREEK THEATER
INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA
ON APRIL 17, 1911

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

VOL. I

NOVEMBER, 1911

NO. 5

SPIRIT feeds and sustains the air and the earth and the liquid plains of the sea; also the shining globe of the moon, and the Titanian stars: while Mind pervading (the Universe) puts the whole in action, and blends itself with the mighty frame. Thence men, and the races of the beasts and of the flying kind, and the huge creatures brought forth by the Sea beneath his mottled surface. A fiery energy works through these elementals and a celestial origin in the seed, so far as heavy bodies, earth-sprung limbs, and mortal members, weigh not their vigor down. — Virgil, *Aeneid*, vi, 724-732

EVOLUTION IN THE LIGHT OF THEOSOPHY:

by H. T. Edge, B. A. (Cantab.)



AFTER studying the various theories of biological evolution and the controversies of their respective exponents, one reaches the conclusion that each of the theorists is worrying a small fragment of the truth, and that the actual facts comprehend not only all these theories but a good deal more besides. There is (1) the theory of continuous evolution, which supposes that forms reproduce other forms in a continuous and uniform series; and there is (2) the theory of mutation or saltation, which supposes that new species appear suddenly. An American professor of palaeontology is quoted as reconciling these two supposedly conflicting views by still another hypothesis, which supposes that evolution is on the whole continuous, but with occasional jumps and divergences.

Then there is the controversy as to whether changes are produced by the influence of external environment or whether they occur within the germ; or whether, again, both these influences co-operate.

The confusion is due mainly to two causes: the attempt to define the operations of nature within too narrow limits; and the attempt to form an idea of evolution by considering its visible products only, and apart from the invisible something which is manifesting itself in those products. Our thought should reach out to wider horizons.

All growth consists in the physical manifestation of something which previously was not physical. Take the case of a tree growing from a seed. The tons of material composing the body of that tree have been collected from the air and the soil. Within the seed was enshrined *something* (which afterwards passes into the tree) having the power to perform this wonderful operation. We may say, if we like, that the whole tree existed *in potentia* in the seed; but unless this expression is to remain a mere logical figure, we must attach a concrete meaning to it. In other words, we must inquire *what* was that something which existed in the seed. Here we are driven right up against the real point at issue; out of the seed comes the tree, the tree cannot come from any other source than a seed or its equivalent (such as a slip); hence the whole future tree must be in some way locked up within the seed. But in what guise? Is there perhaps a miniature tree folded up within that husk? But even so, whence that miniature tree and why does it grow? Theorists, in spite of their alleged practicality, are often contented with abstractions that would not satisfy a more concrete mind; and for this reason many inquirers will not be satisfied with the explanation that there is some "force" or "tendency" in the seed. Theorists may deal with "tendencies," but the Theosophist will demand something less imaginary and abstract. The primary postulates demanded by theorists are often so comprehensive as to amount to a begging of the main question. Give Archimedes his standing ground and he will move the whole earth; grant Euclid his postulates, and he will soon knock you off a few theorems; give a biological theorist his "tendencies," and the rest is as easy as rolling off a log. But the inquirer would like to know something about those tendencies.

So then there is locked up in the seed, which is to become a tree, a *tendency*. Translating this highly abstract and even theological expression into the matter-of-fact language of Theosophy, we get this: that the whole future physical tree has existed beforehand in some form other than physical, and complete in everything except the purely physical attributes. Size and dimension, mass and solidity, being physical attributes, do not pertain to the tree in this antecedent form. Is science prepared to say that that which has no dimensions nor any other physical attributes does not exist? If so, then we are reduced to the conclusion that the physical *visible* universe is self-creative and all-sufficient and all-inclusive — in short, that physical

matter is the prime material, the source of all intelligence, substance, all energy, everything; in which case it is of course useless to try to explain it, and it must be simply accepted as an irresolvable fact. But, setting aside such an untenable proposition, if physical matter has not produced itself, if it is *not* the ultimate unknowable, let us ask from what was it produced? Driven thus to the conclusion that there are states of existence prior to physical matter, is it out-of-the-way to suggest that the tree within the seed exists in one of those states?

Accustomed as we are to think in terms of physical matter and of its principal attribute — extension (or, as we wrongly call it, space) — we cannot imagine that there can be room in the universe for anything else. We think that matter entirely fills space; we imagine that, if a thing is not in what we call “space,” it cannot be anywhere. But space is in reality immeasurable; it can have no dimensions, no up-and-down, no fore-and-aft, no right-and-left. It may well be that physical matter, so far from crowding it, does not incommode it at all — that there is “plenty of room” still, so to say.

Another consequence of our habit of regarding physical extension as a plenum is that when we have to allow for the existence of anything else, we think it necessary to suppose that that something else must be *extremely small*. Thus the tree in the seed has to be extremely small, the atom has to be extremely small, and so on; and this simply because we imagine that space is packed full with the physical objects. But what logical reason is there why there should not be a world full of trees, animals, and every other form that is become physical, all in a pre-physical state, and yet by no means interfering with anything in the physical world? Why, even in the familiar terms of physical science, this view is quite reasonable; for the atoms, we are told, are so minute in comparison with the intervals between them that they are like planets swimming in an ocean of ether. These atoms are of course utterly imperceptible to any of our senses; we know them only through their groupings and motions. Now suppose there are other atoms between them, or even different groupings of the same atoms, what would we know about these? Their vibrations might not happen to be attuned to our physical senses.

We have imagined, then, our tree as existing, complete in all but physical attributes, in this world, but in a state where it is beyond the ken of our physical senses. The microscopic germ within the seed is the point through which the change from pre-physical to physical

is operated — a door, as it were, through which the tree has to pass, admitting it to its new state. This point is like one of the knots where the fabrics of these two worlds are woven together; the very small seems in some way to be the gateway to another world.

But let us extend the idea to the case of evolution generally. So far we have taken a tree as an instance; but, on the same analogy, all organized physical beings will have pre-existed in this pre-physical state. The germ, the point within the germ, is their gateway to physical existence; but before passing through this portal, they have already existed, complete in all but physical attributes, in another state. To sum up the argument — we must predicate the existence of a *type-world*, wherein exist the prototypes, the models, of all that is to become physical; and we have already seen that it is necessary, on other grounds, to predicate the existence of such a world.

This hypothesis will explain the riddles of evolution readily. In one point in particular does it clear up difficulties. If organisms grow and change in the physical state, why may they not also grow and change in the pre-physical state? This would fully account for the so-called “saltations” and for the “missing links.” An organism, after passing out of physical life, shedding all its physical atoms, and resuming once more its former non-physical state, might undergo modification while in that state and before re-entering the physical condition. Thus, when it reappeared, it would be different, and biologists would call it a mutation or saltation.

Palaeontology shows us that in past epochs there were on earth forms intermediate between different forms existing on earth now. This at least indicates that the complete chain is not necessarily all upon the earth at one time; and this again agrees with the idea that the earth is never at any one time fitted to support every form of life. This being so, how can we possibly trace a chain of evolution by reproduction? A good idea of the process of evolution can be got by watching from one side the ascending threads of a revolving screw. They pass up and up, one after the other, but we cannot see where they are connected; to see that, we must take an all-round view. In a similar way the organisms are passing around a spiral curve, of which curve but one side comes to our view; hence we see it as a number of disconnected elements.

The process of evolution, in fact, is not carried on entirely within the limits of our physical vision — surely not an unreasonable state-

ment. It would be strange indeed, if all that we see were all that there is. Hence biologists should expect, as a logical inference from their own conditions of research, that the results at which they arrive shall be incomplete; the imperfection of these results is rather to be regarded as evidence of their truth than the contrary.

But, instead of taking the case of animals, suppose we take that of human beings; for here we can view the matter more from the inside. We are human beings ourselves and are conscious of our own mind. This mind, as we know, undergoes development; it gains experience from day to day and ends up with a very different outfit from that with which it started. When this inner being again enters into the make-up of physical humanity, will it be the same as before? Shall we have the same old horoscope at our next nativity? Jupiter and Saturn forbid! But in case any reader should cavil over the question of death and rebirth, we can consider the matter apart from those. We are actually being reincarnated all the time; for does not our body continually discard old atoms and take on new ones? And does not the growing and changing body accommodate itself to the requirements set by our mind? If not, what do habit and exercise amount to? We can create for ourselves a body different from the one we have now, by muscular exercise, temperance, intemperance, and other means. So here we have a definite example of the process of growth and evolution. Death itself is but a major change, similar in kind, if greater in degree, to the lesser deaths that are taking place in us every day.

The physical structure is slow in its movements and conservative in its habits; and so in the course of a life in the physical state a misfit is apt to result; and this is adjusted by death and rebirth. It is reasonable to suppose — indeed it is inevitable — that the animals, in their own smaller and slower way, learn while they live, and that the indwelling animal monad is not forever doomed to reside in the same kind of form, but passes very gradually on to higher forms.

The species that we see and study are the beads on the string. It is almost like studying the different houses which a man may have built and left standing while he himself has gone elsewhere. These would give a clue to his mental development; but we must presuppose the existence of the man.

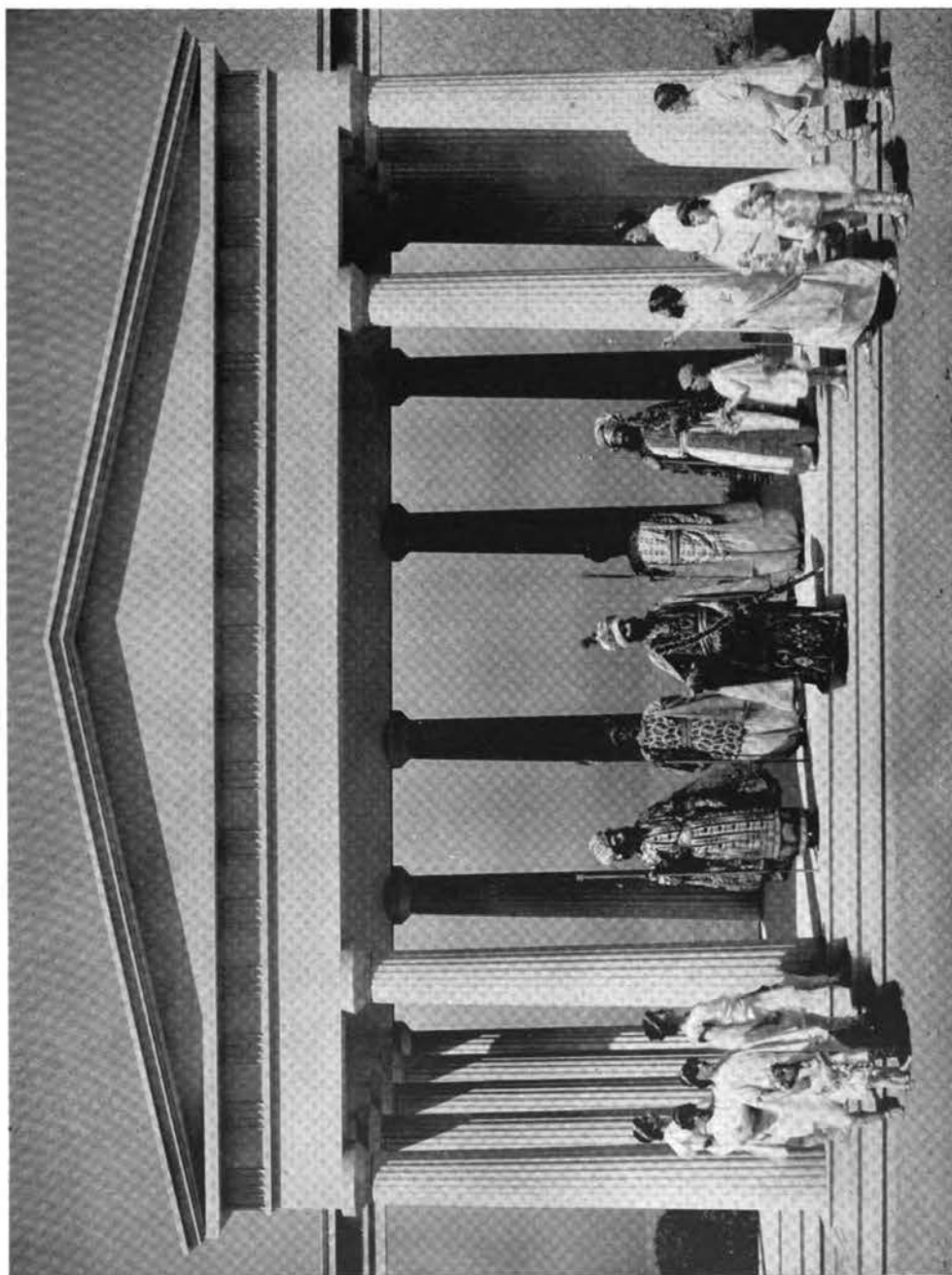
The question of physical reproduction is closely involved with that of evolution; and here again biology investigates but a few of the

factors that enter into the process. Biology gets down as far as the microscopic germinal speck, and naturally enough has to stop there. A fertilized ovum provides the essential conditions for the entry of a life, but it needs other kinds of research to trace the source of that life.

In the light of Theosophy, evolution becomes a vast and entrancing study, for it concerns worlds and ages. Apart, however, from merely curious interest, this study is of the greatest positive importance to humanity, for the reason that inadequate theories are giving rise to various movements that we believe to threaten great harm, should all their ideas be carried out. A king who should ruthlessly slaughter all those among his subjects who did not happen to suit his ideals of what a subject should be, would justly be considered a cruel and stupid tyrant; yet there are proposed methods of eliminating the "unfit," which, though clothed in ambitious language, seem none the less monstrous. Hence the need of greater knowledge to prevent erroneous ideas from incarnating as monstrous acts.

THE MYSTERIES OF ROTATION: by a Student

ONE of the most fascinating results of the attention bestowed in the last few years upon gyroscopic effects, has been the almost final perfection of the gyrostat-compass, and the *Scientific American Supplement* contains an excellent account of it, together with one of the clearest popular explanations of its action which we have seen. The tests of the Anschütz instrument as improved by Sperry, were carried out last April for five days on a steamer plying between New York and a port in Virginia. Although the vessel rolled in heavy seas, it was found that the compass kept practically absolutely on the meridian during the whole period. The electric motor runs at 6000 revolutions per minute, and the instrument is in the steering-engine room, connected electrically with a repeating compass on the bridge. It is stated that at all ordinary latitudes this compass has a directional force some fifteen times greater than a corresponding magnetic compass. This, however, diminishes on approaching the poles. The interesting feature of the gyro-compass is that its action in pointing true north depends upon the rotation of the Earth.

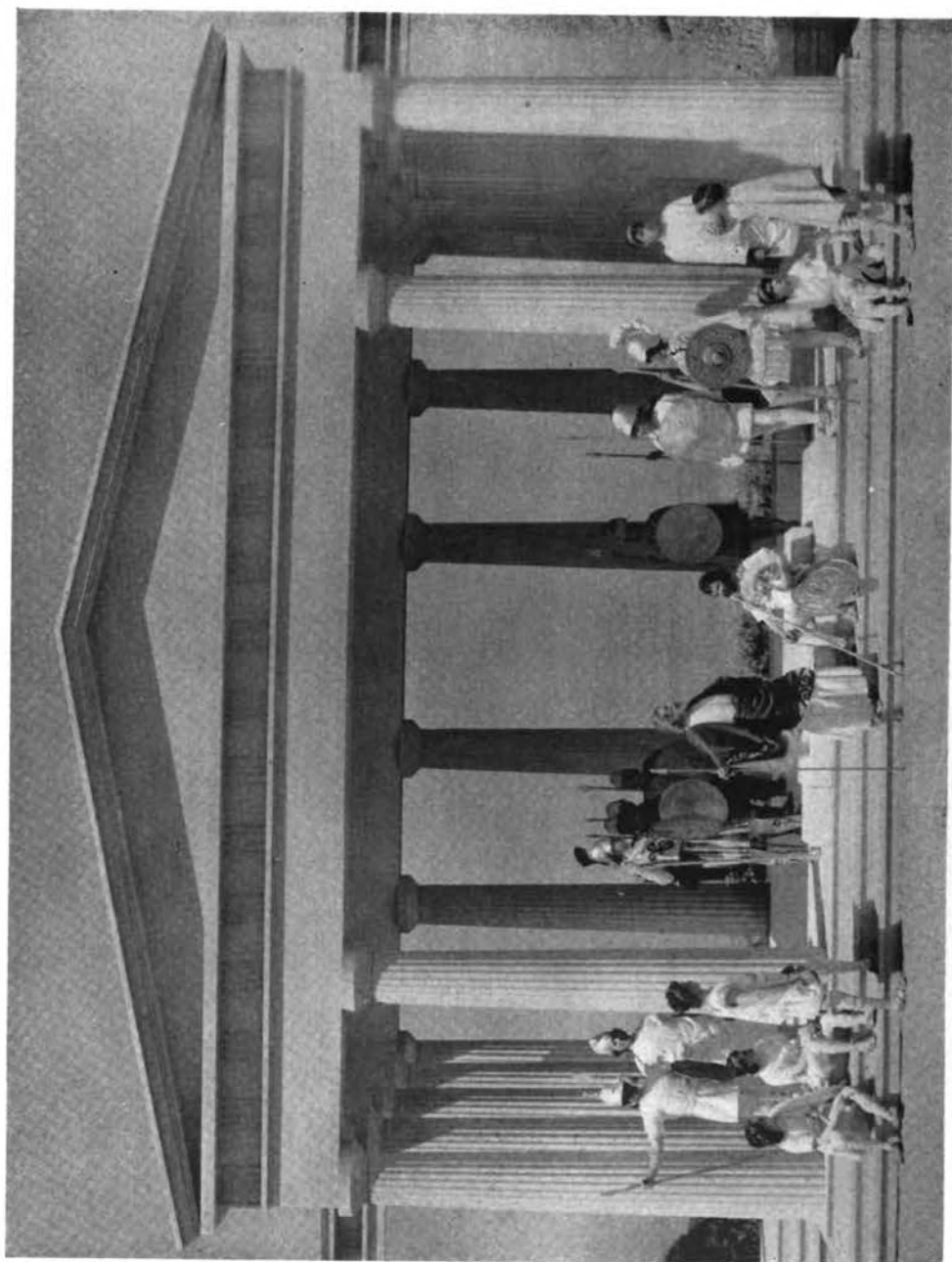


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SCENE FROM "THE AROMA OF ATHENS"

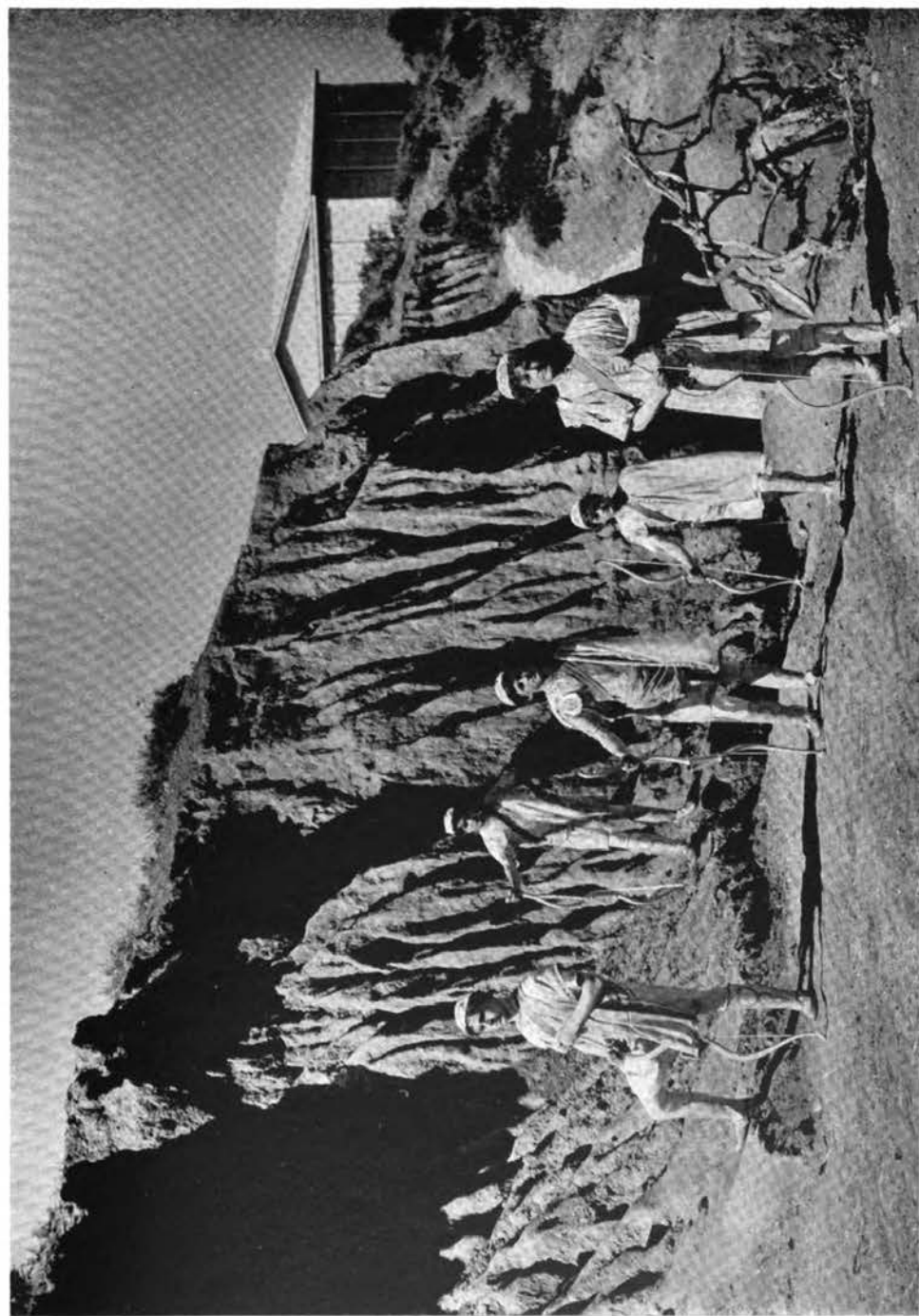
IN THE CENTER IS PHARNABAZOS, THE PERSIAN ENVOY TO ATHENS, WITH HIS SUITE AND ATTENDANTS



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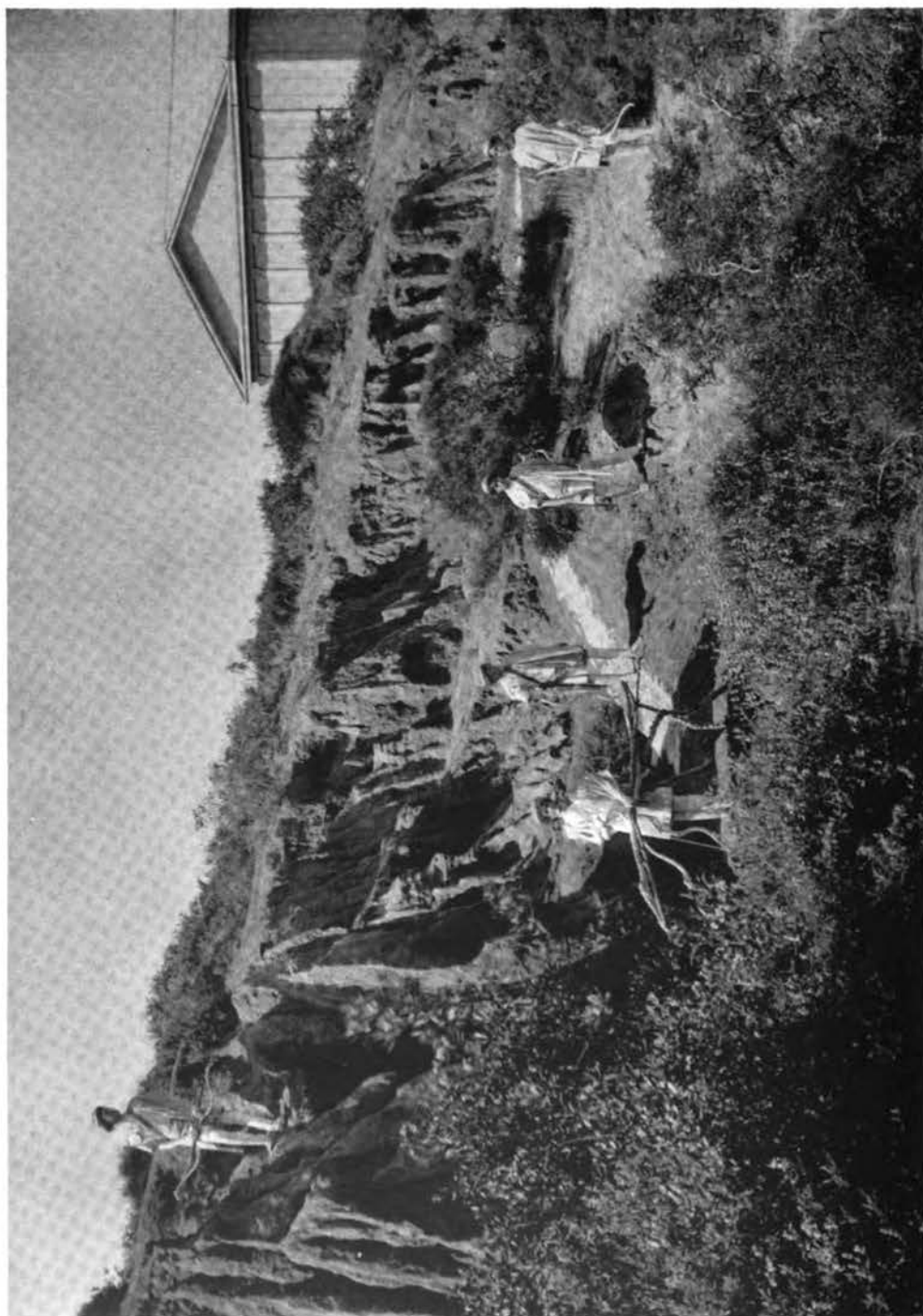
ANOTHER SCENE IN "THE AROMA OF ATHENS"
CENTRAL FIGURES ARE PERIKLES AND PHEIDIAS



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ARCHERS IN "THE AROMA OF ATHENS"

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ANOTHER SCENE IN "THE AROMA OF ATHENS"

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WHAT ARE THE BASES OF AN INTELLIGENT BELIEF IN REINCARNATION? by F. S. Darrow, A. M., Ph. D. (Harv.)



REFLECTION inevitably reveals the limitations of the actual, the confines of the present. So narrow is the sphere within which our daily life revolves that even the man who most prides himself on his avoidance of philosophy is forced, perhaps unconsciously, to construct a theory of metaphysics. How is it possible to do our daily duties without forming a working hypothesis as to the nature of the world within which those duties lie? Inarticulate and crude as the theory may be, each and every man is forced to adopt a life-hypothesis and by it, as best he can, to mold his actions. No specious reasoning can free us from speculation. Therefore it is a solemn duty which we owe to ourselves to choose intelligently our hypothesis as to life and its meaning. This duty can be trusted neither to chance nor to tradition. To shirk a moral responsibility incurs grave consequences.

It is necessary that our life-hypothesis shall fulfil two conditions: it must be thinkable and it must be livable. Life leads to thought about life; but our judgment must concern itself with life. Therefore what we believe must be both logical and practical. Logical because fact makes the appeal to logic, and practical because logic must answer fact. Our life-hypothesis, since its subject-matter is the Self and the World in which the Self lives, must be both universal and particular.

In answering the query, What are the bases of an intelligent belief in Reincarnation? we are primarily concerned with the Self. Without considering the nature of the Self in detail, let me postulate that by the Self I mean the Real You and the Real I, the Individual Life, which expresses itself through your physical nature and through mine, the Individuality at the basis of the Personality, the Character underlying the physical man.

The conception of reincarnation or rebirth of soul, I grant, is speculative, since it ranges far beyond the cramped present. So, if it is to become part of our life-hypothesis it must be both logical and practically imperative. If logic and practical requirements combine in their demands, then we must conclude that reincarnation has been demonstrated to be true in so far as any hypothesis can be. The most probable is and must be accepted actually as the true.

Many circumstances suggest that the Self existed previously to its birth in the present body. Poetry voices the thought as follows:

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
 The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
 Hath had elsewhere its setting,
 And cometh from afar.

Children frequently instinctively believe that they have lived before. The poets do not monopolize those tantalizingly vague sensations of familiarity, which sometimes accompany strange and apparently novel experiences.

Sometimes a breath floats by me,
 An odor from Dreamland sent,
 Which makes the ghost seem nigh me
 Of a something that came and went
 Of a life lived somewhere, I know not
 In what diviner sphere:
 Of mem'ries that come not and go not:
 Like music once heard by an ear
 That cannot forget or reclaim it —
 A something so shy, it would shame it
 To make it a show:
 A something too vague, could I name it
 For others to know:
 As though I had lived it and dreamed it,
 As though I had acted and schemed it
 Long ago.

Whittier voices the impression of many when he says:

A presence strange at once and known
 Walked with me as my guide:
 The skirts of some forgotten life
 Trailed noiseless at my side.

So, too, the recurrence of the seasons, the ebb and flow and re-ebb of the tides, the cycles of day and night, the phenomenon of genius, and countless other things, suggest that the old is continually reborn. Yet classing all these together they amount merely to presumptive evidence, hints at possibilities, but not proof.

We are born with a sense of Justice, a sense which extends at least as far as our private rights. Further, justice is so valued that we regard Deity as perfectly just. The kernel of justice is: "As a man sows so shall he reap." The effect must be equal to the cause. To talk of the justice of a god who creates Souls is to babble nonsense. Personal responsibility is an indispensable requirement for the maintenance of justice, and personal responsibility can exist only if souls

are the creators of their own destinies. Otherwise "Justice" is a mockery and a delusion. Therefore, if we are to believe that the Universe is ruled justly, eternal pre-existence of soul must be a fact.

The books say well, my brothers, each man's life
 The outcome of his former living is:
 The bygone wrongs bring forth sorrows and woes,
 The bygone right breeds bliss.
 So is a man's fate born.

Ex nihilo nihil fit — from nothing nothing is made. Nineteenth century science has succeeded in proving what the world's thinkers have long believed. Matter and energy are indestructible. "Creation" in the sense of manufacture out of nothing is unthinkable. If the soul is one with the Universal Energy, "it is not a thing of which a man may say, 'It hath been, it is about to be, or is to be hereafter,' for it is without birth and meeteth not death." "Nature is nothing less than the ladder of resurrection, which step by step leads upward." The eternal Soul, now linked to a mortal body, has lived before and will live hereafter.

The last and most important of the logical imperatives demanding a belief in reincarnation is the thesis: Immortality of soul demands complete eternity of soul. That which has a beginning, of necessity has an end. The child is born, grows into youth and manhood, lives its life, but it dies. Death's fingers clutch at birth. That which is born is mortal. Thus the soul must be birthless if it is to be deathless. It must have lived before its present body and it will outlive any body which it may hereafter enliven. Reincarnation is merely the natural corollary to eternity.

Let us now turn to the practical considerations reinforcing our belief. Even when discouraged we feel that life has a purpose and a meaning. This is, to keep adding to experience and to knowledge. The amount actually experienced and learned within the limits of a single life is so small in comparison with the possibilities of experience and knowledge that it can only serve as an introduction into deeper mysteries. The scholar does not graduate until he has fulfilled the requirements of a definite standard. The knowledge and experience of one life is surely too low a standard to admit of graduation from earth. Our globe is a school and the souls are the scholars. What is once gained is never lost. "Be ye perfect even as your Father who is in heaven is perfect." Think of the hope! An infinite future with

the possibility of an infinite progress in knowledge and attainment!

Ambition, zeal, and love, demand an infinity to express themselves. Love of work, love of learning, love of loved ones, presuppose by their existence the complete eternity of the Soul. So, too, all our impulses which tend toward expansion and increase, all those which break loose from the present into the expanse of the future, require that the soul be immortal and consequently eternal.

Notice, aside from logic, what a belief in rebirth and in the eternity of the Soul, means. It gives hope in the perfectibility of man, inspiration in his divinity, and comfort in the trials of life, trials that are just and capable of teaching greater knowledge. There is no inspiration which in the future cannot be attained by honest effort. These are a few of the blessings which the philosophy of Theosophy has to offer to you and to me, a philosophy of soul-evolution that is an ever-present help in trouble, one that is both logical and practical, a "religious science, and a scientific religion." Search within yourself and listen to the message of Theosophy: Truth

takes no rise

From outward things, whate'er you may believe;
There is an inmost center in us all,
Where truth abides in fulness.

THE VICTORY OF THE DIVINE IN MAN:

by Rev. S. J. Neill



NOTHING moves on with even flow. It seems to be inherent in the very nature of the universe that there should be ripples in the great Life-Current of Existence, just as there are waves in the sea. A well-known scientist once asked me if I had ever noticed how a stream of water, perfectly smooth, apparently flowing over a sheet of quite smooth glass would nevertheless produce ripples. There is no known explanation of this except it be that the water at its source had received unequal impulse which it never lost. So in the universe, the great impulse of the Creative Word in manifestation stamps cyclic law on all things. We see this in the coming and going of the seasons; in the recurrence of day and night; in the ebb and flow of the sea. Human life too, is made up of cycles great and small. The seven ages of human life, mentioned by Shakespeare, are distinctly marked. The four ages corres-

ponding to the changing seasons of the year, are also well known.

The wise note and take advantage of cyclic law. To educate during the time of youth is like sowing seed in the springtime. Many people have distinct moods at certain times: at one time they are happy, hopeful, buoyant; at another time they are miserable and despondent. No doubt much of this moodiness is the result of people allowing themselves to drift. We can, if we *will strongly enough*, rise above this condition of things. We can cast out the morose, sullen, discontented states of mind, and make the character firm and strong, calm and hopeful. We can cultivate a good temper and a sunny atmosphere. Just as man can make a clearing in the forest or on the hillside, so we can make a clearance within our minds and in our mental atmosphere. And the happy feeling thus produced will be part of the harvest we shall reap, for it will return and return, it will become cyclic, until at last it will be most truly natural for us to dwell in light and sunshine. And we ourselves shall be producers of light and sunshine. Joy and peace will attend our steps, and wherever we come it will be a sunny place.

We can do this; we can rise above circumstances and control them because at the center of our being the Light of Life ever shines forth. Dwelling in Time, and therefore to some extent subject to heat and cold, summer and winter, joy and sorrow, we can, nevertheless, rise above these things. We can create surroundings for ourselves. The more we are truly alive the more we shall be able to do this. It may be that the birds by some act of will, to them as simple as breathing, can change their polarity and thus remain poised in air without a motion. It should be possible, and it is possible, for us to change our moral or spiritual polarity when we will, and rise above all terrestrial attractions. All holy scriptures regard this as certain. The *Bhagavad-Gîtâ* on nearly every page speaks of man overcoming his lower nature and being master of circumstances. The Bible teaches the same thing: "Cease to do evil; learn to do well." "Resist the Devil and he will flee from you." "Overcome evil with good." "Do good hoping for nothing again." Jesus treats his disciples as men who have within them a divine possibility, and says: "Where I am, there shall ye be also."

There is much darkness in the world, much evil; but we can lessen it; we can to some extent remove it and annihilate it; and in the end we can, if we so will, produce the reign of light everywhere.

As the moral sense in us is more and more sensitive we shall regard many things as wrong which now we do not so regard. Just as we now regard many things as wrong which people in a less advanced stage do not regard as evil at all. The brighter the light, the deeper the shadows. In this sense Light and Dark are the world's Eternal ways. But a time will come when, as St. Paul says, "Mortality will be swallowed up of Life"; when the Great Light will shine so fully within us and around us that there will be nothing to cast a shadow.

Is this not some of the meaning of such places as that in the book of Revelation, where it says, "and there shall be no night there; and they need no lamp, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light"? Or as we read in the *Gîtâ*, "neither the sun nor the moon nor the fire enlighteneth that place; from it there is no return; it is my supreme abode." It is also written that "the path of the just is as a shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

Surely all this means, if words mean anything, that perfection can be and will be reached; and that even here a large degree of perfection may be attained. "Each victory will help us some other to win." Each step we mount upward over our lower selves gives us a wider horizon and a heavenlier air to breathe. The foes we slay today, we shall never have to fight again. We not only become stronger but we become *much stronger relatively* as our foes are weaker and fewer.

The more we live with perfect unselfishness then the more we come into the "Path of the Just." But if we do good things even, looking for the reward, we do not take the highest path. It is much to understand the nature of these two paths, for it is written: "Knowing these two paths, O Son of Prithâ, the man of meditation is not deluded." Or, in other words, though we dwell in Time, and our lower nature belongs to it, yet in our inmost and only true Self, we belong, not to Time, but to the Eternal; that is our Home and Place of Peace always.

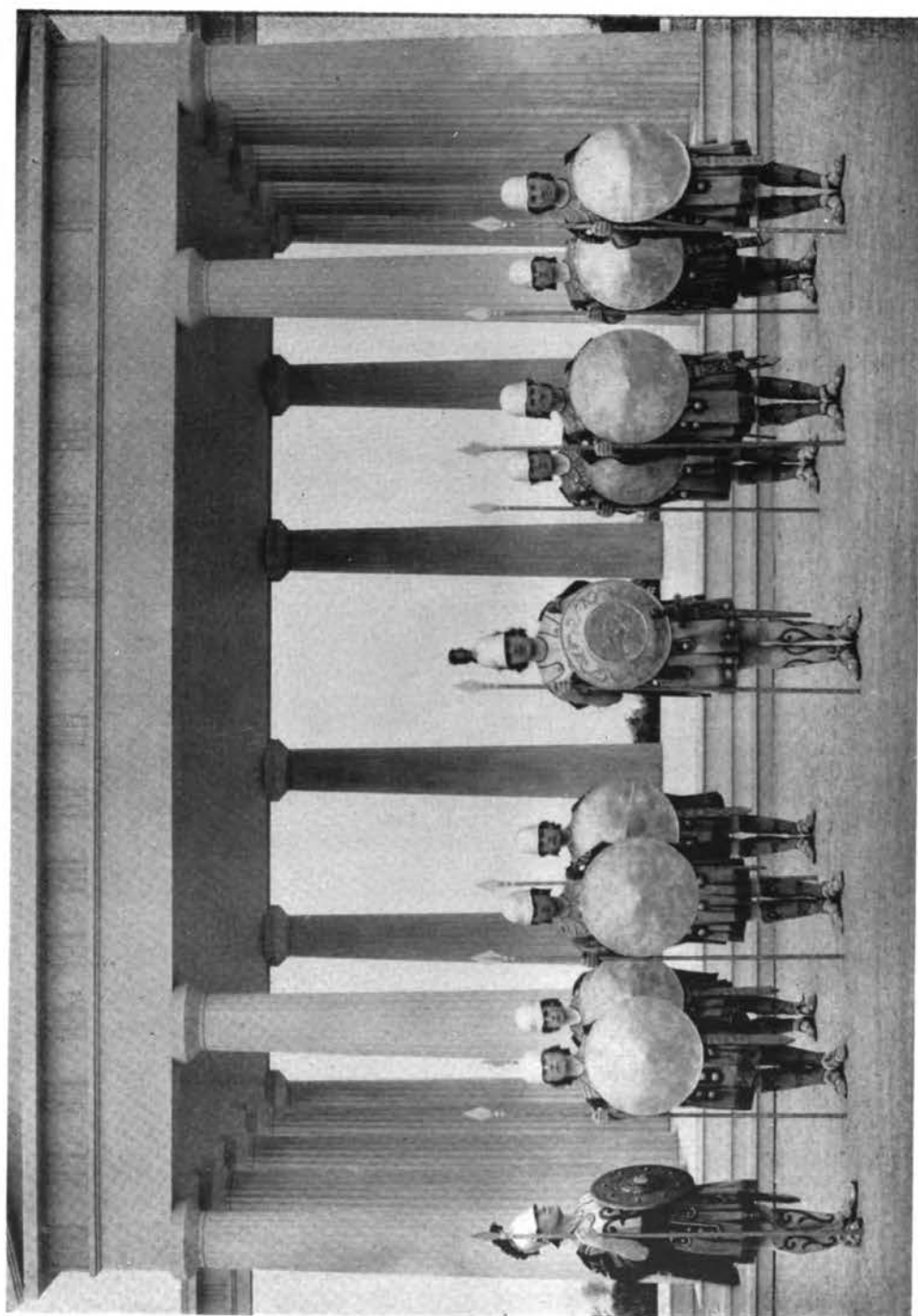
The man who retires often to this fortress, to this place of peace, though he may have to pass through much suffering, will be raised above its destroying influence. Like the three Hebrews in the fiery furnace he will pass through the fire of affliction and not a hair will be singed nor even the smell of fire be on his garments.

We are assured that Nirvâna is on both sides of death. We can take the highest path now, and the sooner we take it the sooner shall we reach the goal. So bright a hope should give us greater strength.



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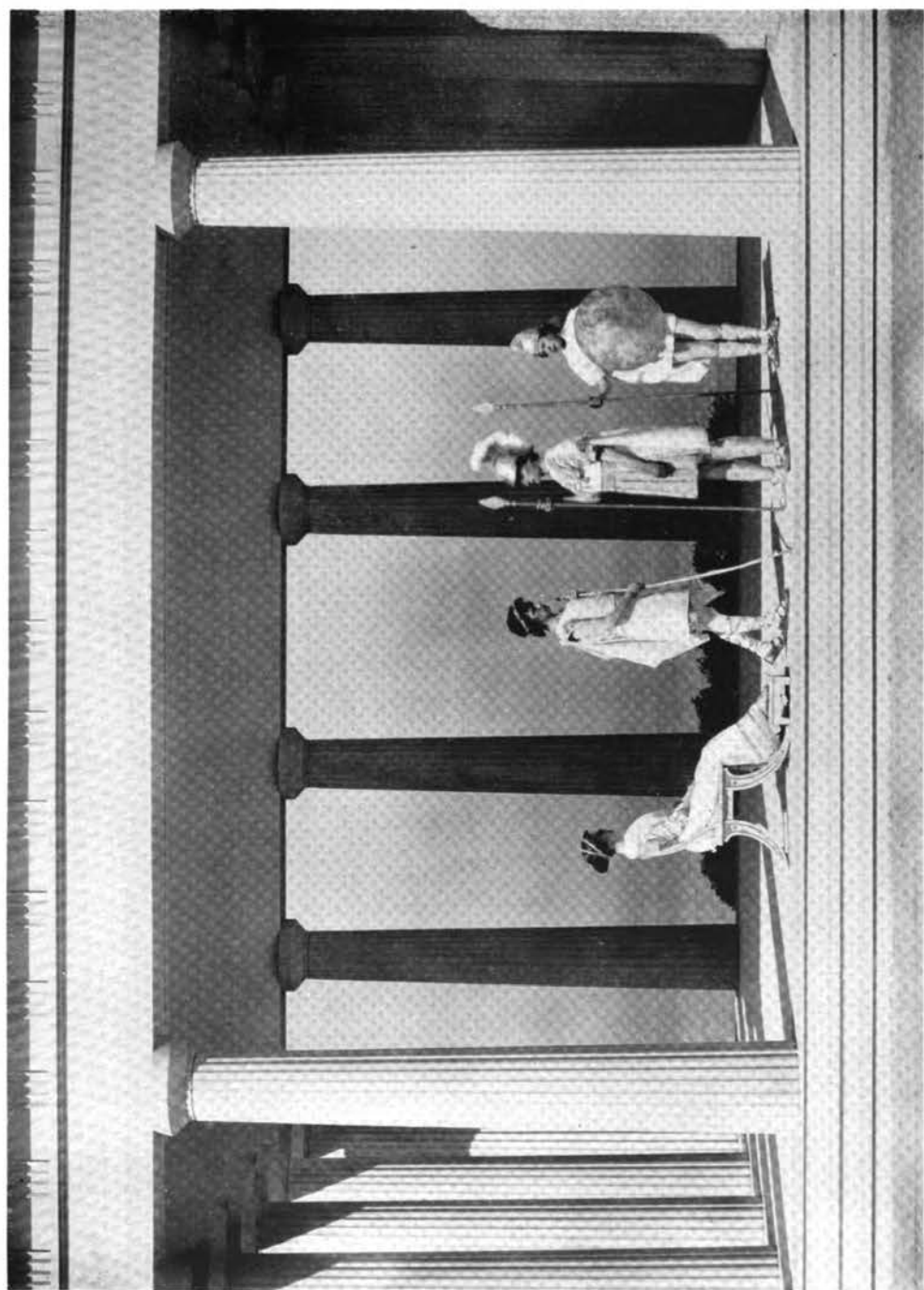
ASPASIA



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ATHENIAN SOLDIERS

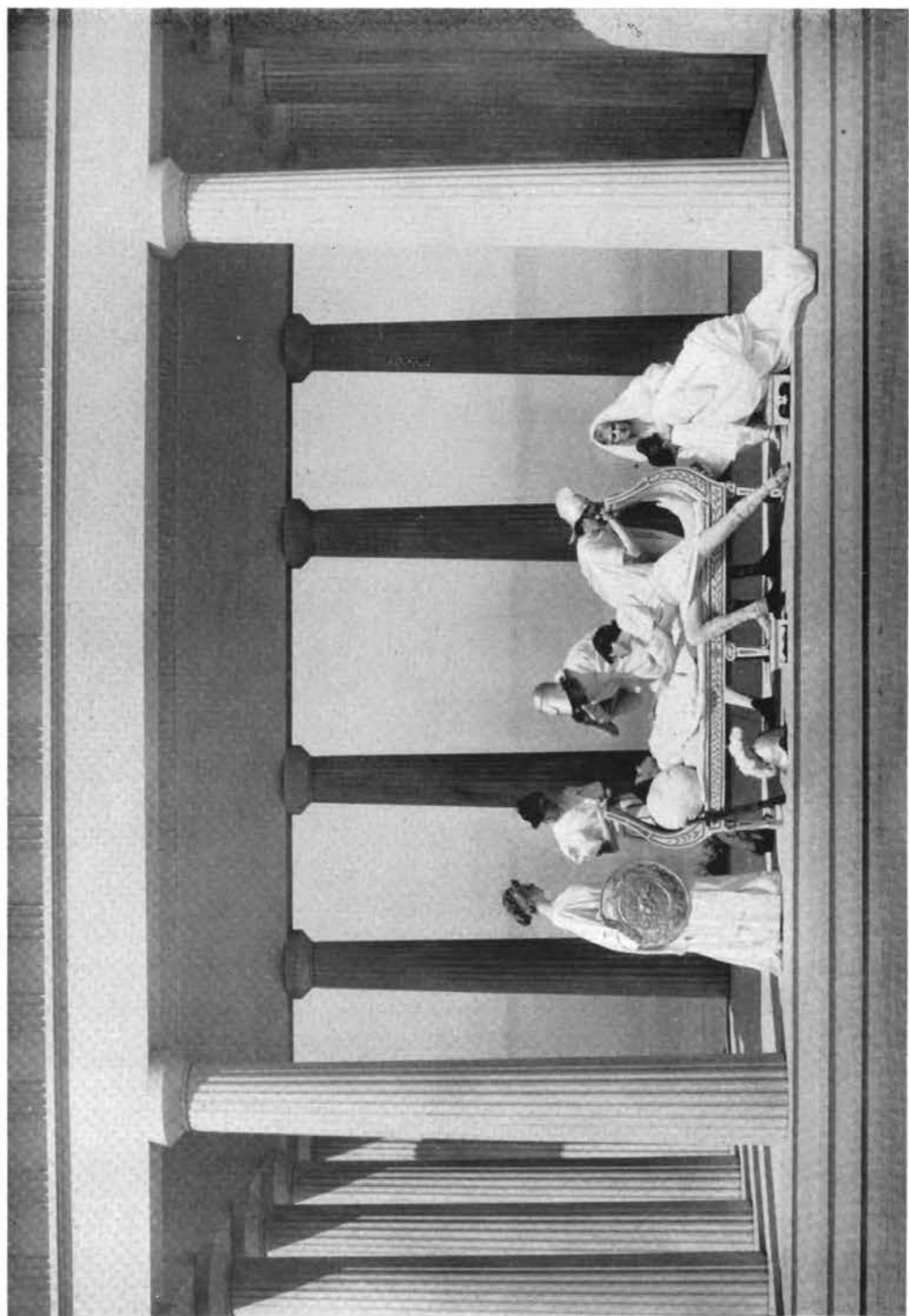
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"HEKTOR CHIDING PARIS"
TABLEAU PRESENTED IN "THE AROMA OF ATHENS"



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"THETIS BRINGING THE ARMOR TO ACHILLES"
ANOTHER TABLEAU IN "THE ARMO OF ATHENS"

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ANCIENT AMERICA: by an Archaeologist



LIKE an oasis in a desert, like a moment of silence and a sound of distant bells amid a din of discordant sounds, comes a brief note on prehistoric America in the midst of a monthly review devoted to a résumé of the Babel of modern thought. Bewildered with foolish spite of party politics, disgusted with lucubrations on "The Coming Christ," and a new Elixir of Life discovered in Africa, the reader achieves a moment of silence and inward joy inspired by this paragraph on an ancient City of the Sun, with its illustrations of the sublime architecture and sculpture of that epoch. These pictures inspire a reverence, similar in nature, if different in quality, to that which the ancient classical architecture and statues inspire; it is more akin to that inspired by ancient Egypt. It speaks of a *spirit*, so different from any that pervades our modern life, yet arousing in the soul a response as of something familiar — familiar but very deep and ancient.

We read that in the *Bulletin of the Pan-American Union* a writer describes Chichén Itzá. The Itzá's were a tribe of the Mayas, whose civilization reached a height equaled by no other people of the Western hemisphere. They excelled in architecture, sculpture, printing, and astronomy. The pyramid on which the temple stands is 195 feet long on each side at the base and covers nearly an acre. It is made of nine terraces of faced masonry. Up the center of each of its four sides rises a stairway thirty-seven feet wide. A picture of a temple façade, in rectangular massive style like that of Egypt and covered with elaborate symbolic carving, while up from the roof rise tropical plants that have grown there, is labeled, "View of an Ancient Monastery" (so-called). The impression it gives is anything but that given by the idea of a monastery. Its spirit is alien to that of any spirit familiar to the times in which monasteries have prevailed.

It is awe-inspiring to think that this continent of America has behind it such a past, more ancient than Egypt, as great and perhaps greater. The Red Men must, many of them at least, be the remote descendants of this past.

There is something about their physiognomy that reminds us of the faces on the ancient pottery and carving; a broad-featured bronzed type — what one might call a solar type. Peoples like the Zuñis and Moquis have mysteries, into which but few white men have even partially penetrated; which shows they are the remnants of a once greater race, a part of whose knowledge they preserve in memory.

This subject of ancient America has not yet received from archaeologists the attention it deserves. Nevertheless there are explorers who study in this field, and the results of their researches are frequently written up for the Sunday editions. In this way the public gets acquainted with the subject independently of academical instruction. Such periodicals as the *National Geographical Magazine* and *Records of the Past* often give beautiful illustrated accounts of the ruins.

Thus we read that Dr. Max Uhle, director of the University of California's archaeological work in Peru, has discovered that a great civilization flourished at least 2000 years before the Incas, and that a highly cultured race was in existence in Peru before the Trojan war.

In Guerrero, Mexico, in a region south of the Balsas River, over an area of fifty square miles, there are remains of thousands of prehistoric dwellings and scores of pyramids. The sculptured tablets bear the usual mystic geometrical symbols of the ancient Science of Life.

A mining engineer, Mr. A. Lafave, is reported to have discovered in Arizona a prehistoric city older than Babylon or Nineveh, but nevertheless the center of a civilization very highly advanced. Great architectural skill is shown, and the symbol of what is called a sun-god was found.

The British Museum recently acquired the collection of pottery and other relics discovered by Mr. Hubert Myring in the Chimcana Valley of Peru and stated by him to be at the lowest estimate 7000 years old. Yet this pottery shows the highest possible degree of skill, while the subjects represented prove that the artists had the materials of a highly cultured and complex civilization to draw upon.

In Ecuador Dr. Marshall H. Saville of Columbia University discovered many tombs, and the objects collected show that the district was densely populated by a highly civilized people.

Writing from New Orleans, May 13, Charles F. Lummis of Los Angeles records his excavations at Quiriguá, Guatemala. A trackless jungle had to be cleared, and numerous monuments of heroic size were found; one was twenty-six feet above ground and sixteen feet below and weighed about 140,000 pounds. The greatest discovery was a palace which must have been magnificent. It was surrounded by columns and the frieze was covered with carved heads.

The ruined temples of Palenque, Uxmal, Chichén Itzá, etc., have often been described. The mysterious hieroglyphics of the Mayas

have yet to be deciphered; and when they are we shall have another epoch-making revelation like that following the deciphering of the Egyptian hieroglyphics by Champollion.

Dr. Heath, a writer on Peruvian Antiquities, gives an account of the incredible size and quantity of the ruins, from which the following is selected. (See *Kansas City Review of Science and Industry*, Nov. 1878)

The coast of Peru extends from Tumbez to the river Loa, a distance of 1233 miles. Scattered over this whole extent there are thousands of ruins . . . while nearly every hill and spire of the mountains have upon them or about them some relic of the past; and in every ravine, from the coast to the central plateau, there are ruins of walls, cities, fortresses, burial vaults, and miles and miles of terraces and water-courses. . . . Of granite, porphyritic lime and silicated sandstone, these massive colossal cyclopean structures have resisted the disintegration of time, geological transformations, earthquakes, and the sacrilegious destructive hand of the warrior and treasure-seeker. The masonry composing these walls, temples, houses, towers, fortresses, or sepulchres, is uncemented, held in place by the incline of the walls from the perpendicular, and by the adaptation of each stone to the place designed for it, the stones having from six to many sides, each dressed and smoothed to fit another or others with such exactness that the blade of a small penknife cannot be inserted in any of the seams thus formed. . . . These stones . . . vary from one-half cubic foot to 1500 cubic feet of solid contents, and if in the many many millions of stones you could find one that would fit in the place of another, it would be purely accidental.

Speaking of the terraces, he says:

Estimating five hundred ravines in the 1200 miles of Peru, and ten miles of terraces of fifty tiers to each ravine, which would only be five miles of twenty-five tiers to each side, we have 250,000 miles of stone wall, averaging three to four feet high — enough to encircle this globe ten times.

The mention of hieroglyphs yet undeciphered, which may any day prove the key to a new revelation of history, receives apposite illustration in an article in the *Los Angeles Times* (Sunday magazine edition) for May 14. This describes the discovery of several cylinders, resembling the clay cylinders of Babylonian civilization, which have been deciphered; and it is thought that these may prove the Rosetta stone of American Egypt. They are about three inches long by an inch and a half in diameter, hollow, the walls a quarter of an inch thick. The clay has turned to stone, thus being preserved, and the inscriptions repeat hieroglyphs known to correspond to familiar phrases.

The account in which this occurs is that of a discovery made by

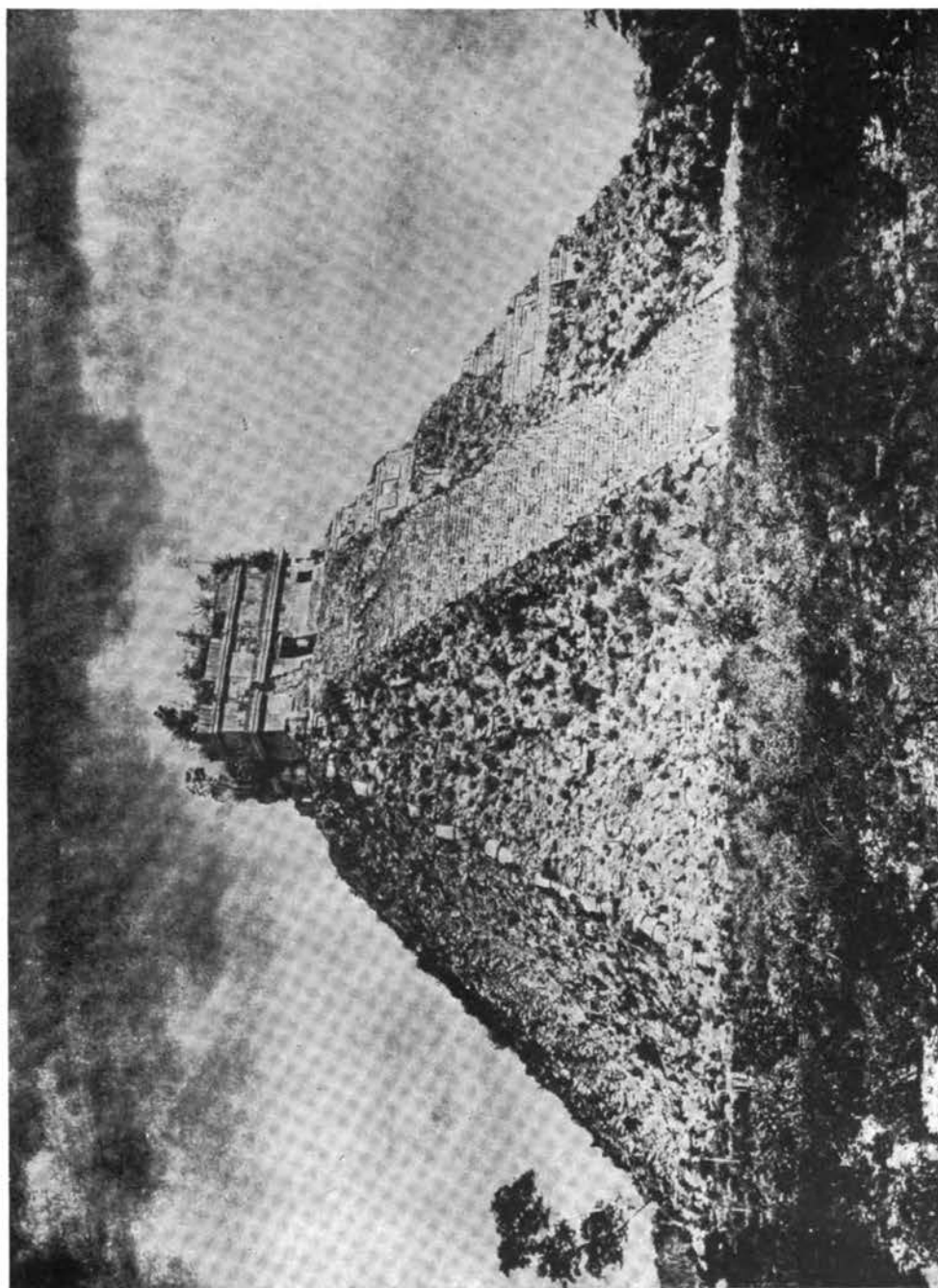
Prof. William Niven, a field archaeologist of Mexico City; and his statements as to the age and value of his finds are confirmed by Dr. Edward E. Seler, head of the National School of Archaeology of the Republic of Mexico. The latter authority declares the ruins and relics to be the evidences of a civilization new to archaeology, though bearing some resemblance to the ruins of the Tigris and Euphrates. This center of civilization lies about forty minutes' ride from Mexico City, under the suburb of Azcapotzalco.

It is eighteen feet beneath the surface, and from it have been produced pottery of a type different from any hitherto found in Mexico, an entire goldsmith's outfit with patterns and molds for the making of ornaments of gold and silver, pendants and rings and beads of jade, copper knives *which cut like steel*, skulls containing teeth whose cavities are filled with cement and turquoise, the cylinders just mentioned, and many other objects.

These things were found in an immense basin containing the ruins of a city some ten miles long by three or four wide. Its houses were of laid stone, cemented with a white cement, unlike the black cement of Mitla or the gray composition of Palenque. The rooms were of uniform height — nine feet; the floors of tile — or, rather, of small squares of cement, colored and traced in beautiful patterns; the walls ornamented with frescoes and friezes showing a remarkable development of the color art. *Paints used on these buildings, though evidently of vegetable composition and more than 3000 years old, are fresh and do not fade when exposed to light.*

The skulls and arrowheads found in the soil above are similar to those found in other parts, and relate to peoples having no connexion with the occupants of this ancient city. Does not this prove that so-called "primitive man" was merely odd tribes of lowly nomads or settlers, belonging to fallen remnants of earlier civilizations; whereas many anthropologists seem to try to make out that they represent an earlier stage in evolution? This ancient city flourished long before the owners of the skulls and arrow-heads. All through the period of Aztec civilization it lay buried and unsuspected by the Aztecs.

The great age of this civilization is amply proved by the fact that the city was buried under the wash of a great river that came down from the mountains. Geological considerations enable us to fix the date of that river back beyond other changes that have taken place in the ground since. Hence the city must be older still. And even before

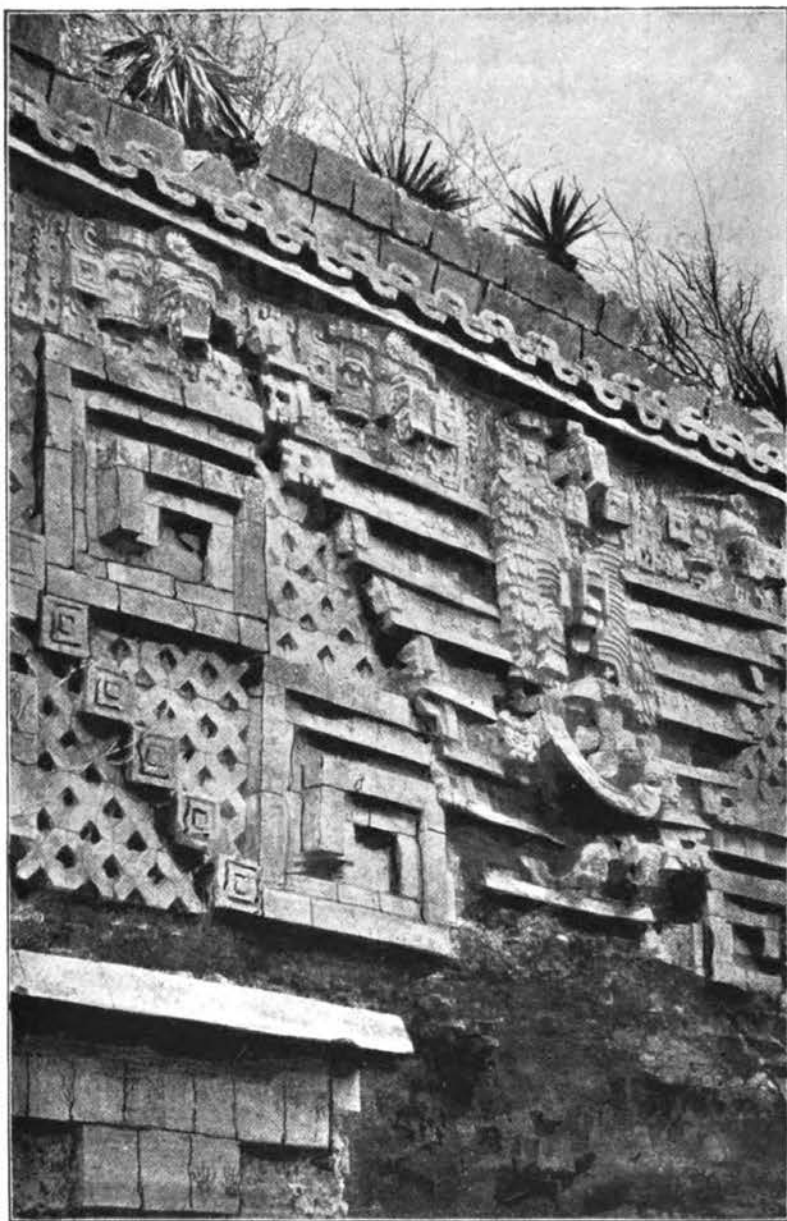


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PYRAMID, AND BUILDING COMMONLY CALLED "THE CASTLE" — CHICHÉN ITZÁ, YUCATAN
(Photograph by A. P. Maudslay)



ANOTHER VIEW OF CHICHÉN ITZÁ
THE SO-CALLED "TEMPLE OF THE TIGERS," AND "THE CASTLE"



PORTION OF THE EASTERN FAÇADE
OF THE SO-CALLED "GOVERNOR'S HOUSE," UXMAL, YUCATAN



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PANORAMIC VIEW OF SAN JUAN TEOTIHUACÁN, TAKEN FROM THE NORTH
(Sketched by W. H. Holmes)

A. Pyramid of the Moon. B. Pyramid of the Sun. C. The Path of the Dead.
FF. San Juan River. G. Town of San Juan.

this flood the city was probably already abandoned — through pestilence, war, or some such cause. It was quite by accident that it was found; the exploring party chanced to step into a cave-in. It lies beneath the thick and long-cultivated residual soil, and consequently there may be an indefinite number of such cities almost anywhere.

Among objects found was *a dental cast of a human mouth*.

The more we discover, the more do we confirm the teaching that civilization is not of recent growth. The older the civilization, the more advanced — this seems to be the rule everywhere. Clearly the arts of modern civilization have been known before and we are but rediscoverers of them.

We might go on quoting indefinitely, but must pass on to comment. It is very clear that these mighty builders, whose achievements have never since been equaled or even approached by any race in any part of the world were no barbarians or “primitive men.” And we have to remember that it is not only from America that such archaeological accounts come, but from Asia, Africa, Europe, New Zealand — practically everywhere. And always one tale is the same — that of ancient civilizations and their prowess. Only recently the discoveries in Crete have altered all our views of Greek history by showing the existence of a great and widespread civilization in the Aegean, far preceding that of Greece.

And side by side with all this we find the extraordinary fact that many anthropologists are still deeply engaged in their attempts to establish a gradual ascent of man from ape ancestors. Ignoring these evidences, they are diligently seeking and collecting the bones of unburied wanderers. But even these bones do not bear out the theory, for the older bones are no more ape-like than the later ones. Men exist on earth today, even among civilized peoples, as backward in type as these bones. What is quite certain is that man degenerates as well as evolves. Culture moves in waves, having ebbs and flows. The so-called aboriginal peoples are the remote and degenerated descendants of civilizations.

But what is the real import of these discoveries? Are they mere subjects of curiosity and wonder? No; the interest lies in what they imply. For if there is to be any coherence in our views, we must make the rest of our ideas agree with our enlarged view of past history. And the conventional views of man and his life do not thus agree; they are too insignificant, and out of tune with increasing knowledge.

THE PARABLE OF THE CRUCIFIXION:

by Cranstone Woodhead



FOR nearly two thousand years the story of the Crucifixion which we find in the four Gospels of the New Testament has appealed in various ways to the deepest and most sacred feelings of the human heart. Yet it may possibly be questioned whether its history and deeper meaning have been entirely comprehended by more than a very small fraction of those who have fashioned the framework of their lives and aspirations upon the tragic story.

Before attempting the explanation which modern enlightenment and research have thrown upon this deeper meaning, it may be useful to consider what we really know of the origin of the gospels themselves; for the investigations of the last half century or so, have thrown much light upon this question.

It is now the opinion of most well-informed biblical critics, that the gospels, as we now know them, did not exist until about two centuries after the beginning of the Christian era. They are merely different editions of the manuscripts containing the sayings and teachings of the Nazarene initiate, which were handed round and copied by his disciples after his death, with additions and interpolations added by later writers.

It would not be profitable, nor have we time within the compass of this paper, to sketch even in outlines, the almost endless arguments which have been educed in the elucidation of the questions involved. Only a vast library could contain all the books which have been written upon the history of the gospels. Nearly all of them were written in days when the psychological influence of the ecclesiasticism of the middle ages still enthralled the judgment of even the most learned. But as time passes on, and the vast literary and archaeological treasures of the Eastern home of the gospels become more widely known, several points stand out more and more clearly from the haze of controversy and dogmatic prejudice.

For instance, it is now well known that the gospel of Matthew is but a later and much-changed edition in Greek, of the original gospel of the Hebrews (a work constantly referred to by early Christian writers), which is now almost entirely lost, only a few fragments remaining. But none of the numerous references to it lead us to suppose that it contained anything more than a collection of the *logia* or

especial "sayings" of the Master whom they revered and followed.

The gospel of Luke, on the other hand, was originally the gospel used by Marcion the Gnostic, derived from similar sources; and this gospel also suffered the same kind of mutilation and addition at the hands of the patristic fathers.

The early Christian writers of the first two centuries, such as Papias and his contemporaries, do not appear to have been aware of the existence of the gospels which have come down to us in the present canon of the New Testament. Their quotations from what they call the "scriptures," are almost entirely from the books of the Old Testament. And when they quote the sayings of their Nazarene Master, they do it in such a way as to show that they revered them as ethical precepts to be followed, each man for himself, as counsels of perfection. Then the words used in these quotations vary considerably from those of our present gospels, and some of the quotations most often used, are not to be found in any of the four. They are evidently not drawn from that source. Nor is there any word or sign in these early Christian writers that they regarded their Teacher other than as a great philosopher. We find no reference whatever to the Man-God whom later dogmatism represented as a sacrifice for the sins of Humanity.

It is therefore evident that before these earlier books were incorporated into our present gospels, a mystical story was superadded containing an account of his supposed death upon the cross. This story was perfectly well understood by its writers to have an entirely different meaning to that which has been given to it in later centuries. It was a superb piece of poetic imagery derived partly from the traditions of the ancient Mysteries, then just fading away into oblivion, and partly from the teaching of the apostle Thomas, who, on his return from India, had brought home the mystical parable of the deified Krishna.*

The contemporary history of the Christian era has been so beclouded by the benumbing effect of misconceptions that it is exceedingly difficult to bring into play a dispassionate judgment of such data as are left to us. But there is no doubt that the gospels cannot be trusted as regards *historical* detail. The more reliable accounts show, however, that Jesus was condemned to death by the Jewish Sanhedrim after he had wandered about in Judaea for many years as a teacher.

* *Isis Unveiled*, Vol. II, p. 539.

One definite tradition says that when about sixty years of age, he was stoned to death, and his body was hung upon a tree.

Had it not been for the mad fanaticism which in the early centuries, time and again, destroyed so much of the priceless literature of the past, all this would doubtless be widely known. All we can do now, therefore, is to rise above the shadows which have obscured our vision for so many centuries, and in reading for ourselves the true story of the crucifixion, find therein a message which is of the deepest importance for man's real salvation. For the crucifixion is a parable and simile of the supreme mystery of evolution, the goal towards which every human soul is progressing in the course of its spiritual development.

The student who has realized the teachings of Theosophy that man is a divine soul inhabiting a material body, on a dual line of evolution for the perfection of both, knows well the opposing nature of the forces continually at work within his inner consciousness. He knows that in his real Self, he is not the body in which he finds himself; and that the task before him is the conquest and mastery of the lower animal nature by the aid of the God within him, which is, indeed, that real Self, when he can so realize the fact so as to assume his own potential godhood.

Such has been the teaching of the Wisdom-Religion of Humanity for countless ages, and such has been the doctrine of all the divine Teachers whose wisdom has come down to us in the sacred books of the world. Of these Teachers and Sages, Jesus was one of the illustrious.

Those who have studied the religions of ancient times, the myths and allegories of all nations, especially in the poetic East from whence all historical religions have sprung, have found that there are countless records of men who have so far advanced on the line of interior enlightenment and evolution, that they have solved the supreme mystery of their own inner godhood, and have thenceforward devoted themselves to the help and enlightenment of souls less advanced in the scale of spiritual progress. There have been such men in all ages of the world, men who have accomplished the union with their own Higher Selves, and such men there are today, although little known to the world at large.

The contest which thus takes place within the human heart, has been symbolized in the imagery of every ancient civilization. The

conquest of the dragon by St. Michael, of the python by Apollo, and the labors of Hercules to cleanse the Augean stable, are examples of these ancient allegories. Life after life, again and again, we slowly evolve towards the great goal. And though the end may be far away for the great mass of humanity, yet there are ages in advance of us, as there have been ages in the past, and the Law must be fulfilled.

Thus the provision of the divine law of evolution is, that all have the potentiality of godhood. Yet some are in advance of the rest. There are gradations. Still, the unity of the one divinity in its countless aspects is preserved by the law of love and helpfulness to one another. Each man becomes his brother's keeper, and the more he realizes this, the nearer he is to his own divinity.

It is now well known that the symbolism of the crucifixion is many thousands of years older than the days of Jesus. It was created by some of the divine sages of prehistoric times to represent a great ideal, and to serve as a permanent metaphor for a great event which must come sooner or later in the history of every seeker for divine truth. This has been expressed by a modern writer as follows.

To put on armor and go forth to war, taking the chances of death in the hurry of the fight is an easy thing; to stand still amid the jangle of the world, to preserve stillness amid the turmoil of the body, to hold silence amid the thousand cries of the senses and desires, and then, stripped of all armor and without hurry or excitement, take the deadly serpent of self and kill it, is no easy thing. Yet that is what has to be done.

It will be evident that in these days, comparatively few attain the great enlightenment which follows this supreme victory. Yet, on our way thither, and in the experiences which follow the repeated conquests which must precede it, we may realize, that the voice of conscience, *when obeyed*, will gradually grow into intuition, and that intuition in its final victory becomes enlightenment. Thus self-denial, which is only another name for self-conquest, is transmuted from a dismal task into a joyful duty performed as a sacrifice to the God within.

Thus we see that the symbolism of the crucifixion is that of the conquest of the lower passional material self. Fixed upon the cross of matter the body is pierced by the spear of the spiritual will, and the soul is freed from the tyranny of the lower human self. Thenceforth, whether in or out of a body, it lives not for self but for humanity.

Such was the well-understood symbolism of the crucifixion in an-

cient times. It was the supreme ceremonial enacted in the divine Mysteries of Ancient Egypt, India, and Greece. And the reason why we do not now hear more about it, is that in recent centuries, these ancient teachings have been forgotten in the rush and strain of nations armed to the teeth, and in the allurements of material prosperity.

In the ignorance and darkness which followed the death of the ancient Mysteries, the beautiful ancient symbolism of the Crucifixion was soon forgotten. It was very early degraded into a materialistic dogma which has come down to our own times. The earliest Christians knew nothing of the crucifixion as *now* taught in the churches. It is entirely absent from their writings. All they had were manuscripts containing the words of their Master, and it was not till long afterwards that this poetic symbol was added to the early versions.

Of the esoteric teachings of Jesus, one version alone has come down to later times, the *Pistis-Sophia* of the Gnostics; and it is to be noted that therein, the teachings of Jesus are distinctly stated to have been given for years *after his crucifixion*, implying thereby his initiation into the mysteries of his own divinity.

IS LIGHT CORPUSCULAR? by T. Henry



THE latest scientific contribution to the reinstated corpuscular theory of light has been made by Professor Bragg, of Leeds University, England, who in a recent lecture at the Royal Institution announced his conclusion that the x -rays are corpuscular. He said, as reported, that the alpha and beta rays are considered to be electrons, while the gamma rays and the x -rays are held to be etheric vibrations. But he thinks that all four are corpuscular, also that ultra-violet light may be corpuscular; and from this he infers that even ordinary light may be so. As we have frequently found occasion to point out, the nature of either a corpuscle on the one hand or a vibration on the other has not yet been sufficiently accurately defined to enable us to state definitely whether anything is the one or the other of the two. Light, and also electricity and other forces, are manifestations of *life*; and we view their effects alternately under their positive and negative aspects, as best suits our temporary convenience, thus forming the ideas of energy and matter. Speaking of

matter or substantiality, as contrasted with force or energy, what distinctive attributes may we assign to it? "Mass" or "inertia" is one of its supposed attributes; yet there is no definite idea of what this is; often it seems to reduce itself to a passive force or resistance. But then if we are to express everything, even matter, in terms of force and energy, how can we conceive a force without a substratum or vehicle? Is not the quantity "mass" a component of the mathematical definitions of force and energy? All this confusion comes from the attempt to define physical matter in terms of physical matter. There are in physics certain primary notions of space, mass, dimension, etc., correlative with our five-sense physical consciousness. These we may either accept as axioms without attempting to resolve them any further, or, if we do make that attempt, we must resolve them into something other than themselves. This latter course means that we must leave the field of physics altogether; for it is necessary to conceive of things that are not in physical space and have none of the attributes of physical nature. To analyse dimension, space, etc., is a metaphysical inquiry. Yet it is surely essential if we are to arrive at an explanation of the phenomena *antecedent* to physical phenomena.

Then there is the purely practical side of physical science — applied science. The worker in this field may leave metaphysics alone perhaps; but let him either leave it alone or not — one of the two. And above all, let him not overstep that sphere to lay down laws for the governance of human life; such laws being based on a knowledge that is admittedly restricted in its scope.

To return to the point at which we started — the corpuscles of light — we may suggest a new way of looking at such matters. We have been accustomed to regard the minuteness of these corpuscles as a negative quality — to say that they are deficient in size. But why not speak of bulk as a negative quality and say that physical objects are deficient in smallness? The less bulk a thing has the quicker it gets about, the more active and potent it is. There seems no limit to velocity, except the presence of objects that impede the motion of a body. Given the absence of matter, a corpuscle can get across any distance in a practically negligible time. Thus what we call "space" seems rather like an *obstacle*, and when we remove the matter we seem to remove the distance also — for practical purposes. Logically, when two things have nothing between them they are in

contact; and the corpuscles seem to recognize this conclusion. The condition of greatest activity, power, and omnipresence, is that a thing shall have as little size as possible; size is a weakness. What we call space and dimension is a delusion correlative with our physical consciousness. It is a reality relatively to that consciousness, but a delusion relatively to those deeper strata of consciousness which we penetrate when we try to analyse our ideas.

We have arrived at the conception of light as a very refined, omnipresent, and active form of matter. We might as well call it a spirit; those who did so meant the same thing. At any rate it is a reality. When we call it a vibration in the ether, we reduce it to an abstraction; for a vibration is nothing in itself; nor does the device help us, for we are obliged to suppose an ether.

The universe is full of *life* guided by *mind*. The life is on various planes, in various grades. These forces we are studying are its physical manifestation.

ASTRONOMICAL LORE: by a Student

AMONG the exhibits in the Science Section at the Coronation Exhibition in London, was a Chinese planisphere from the Royal Scottish Museum, which records observations that must have been made some thousands of years before the Christian era and handed down to the time of the maker.

Ancient Hindû astronomy is a standing puzzle to modern astronomers, for its records have preserved from the remotest antiquity accurate calculations of the revolution periods of the heavenly bodies, their nodes, apsides, etc.; and the ordinary theories respecting the evolution of human knowledge are flatly contradicted thereby. The *Sûrya-Siddhânta* gives the number of revolutions performed by each planet in a period of 4,320,000 years; and the quotients obtained by dividing the period by the number of revolutions give in each case figures agreeing with our own to a nicety. How were these results obtained?

Moreover there are in some of these ancient treatises calculations that go beyond anything our astronomy has yet accepted, dealing as they do with those larger cycles concerned with apparent displacements of the fixed stars. The celebrated French astronomer Bailly made a careful study of these. Despite certain limitations due to a

natural reluctance to concede superiority to an ancient Oriental people, and confessedly poor translations, he arrived at the conclusion that this people had attained profound knowledge in astronomy, and drew the general inference that civilization is extremely old, and that this earth has witnessed its rise and fall many times. Some of Bailly's conclusions are considered at length by H. P. Blavatsky in *The Secret Doctrine*, where they are used, together with those of other later well-known writers, to show the consensus of evidence in support of this branch of the teachings she outlines.

Was this knowledge obtained by observations or deductively? In both ways, probably. We know that ancient civilizations lasted for long ages, and we know that indelible records in stone were kept. Modern astronomers have discovered that one object at least of Stonehenge and similar monuments was to fix epochs depending on the precessional movement. But there is also a strong presumption that the ancient calculators possessed numerical keys. In this case their method would have been partly observation and partly deduction from general principles; a method we all apply, whether intentionally or not.

The existence of such mathematical clues — applicable to the measurement both of time and of space — has often been suspected; and in our own times isolated workers have labored in this field of speculation, discovering sundry fragments. Their efforts being usually solitary, however, and unsupported (when not actually opposed) by the generality of workers, have not achieved recognized success. Some of such speculations are considered in *The Secret Doctrine*, where it is shown that not infrequently these so-called "cranks" arrived at results commensurate with what we learn about the ancient science from other sources. Among these isolated workers may be mentioned Ralston Skinner and even Piazzzi Smyth in connexion with the measurements of the Great Pyramid and certain integral approximations to the ratio π .

Doubtless mankind in bygone times, having brains and other faculties, as we have, but having studied for far longer periods than our civilization has yet had time to study, reached results which for us are still in prospect. It is conceivable too that their faculties may have been superior to ours in some respects — less materialistic, perhaps; and they may have been more united among themselves. Ancient astronomy is certainly a hard nut to crack for conventionalists.

THE MYSTERY OF THE MOLARS: by Medicus



HE hero of Artemus Ward's story languished for twenty-seven long and weary years in jail. At last a happy thought struck him — he raised the window and got out.

The evolution of teeth in mammalia presents a problem which calls for an analogous feat of inventive genius. As the problem is representative of many others it is worth consideration. The study of these teeth is a specialty of Professor Henry F. Osborn's, and though to the layman this may seem a very small matter it is really big enough to concern not only science but philosophy.

Anyone who will look into the glass at his back teeth, the molars or grinders, will perceive that their tops are not flat but raised into little promontories, tubercles, or "cusps." An eye-tooth, on the other hand, is a single sharp peg or fang.

Were the molars, then, far back in evolution, made by fusing together two or three original peg-shaped teeth, each component being now represented by a cusp? Or were they always single, each growing its own several cusps for grinding purposes?

Professor Osborn has shown that the latter was the case.

We used the words "for grinding purposes." That was raising the window. It has been raised before. Once in a long while a biologist gets out. As a rule however they will not even see it, or, seeing it, they deny that it is a window. If these words, implying something possessed of the purposes, conscious and capable, will not do, how came the cusps to grow? How came the original sharp peg tooth, a *cutter* and *piercer*, to broaden and tuberculate its top so as to form, with its opposing fellow in the other jaw, a pair of convenient *grinders*?

According to the Darwinian theory all sorts of small chance variations, useful and useless, are constantly appearing among the progeny of all species. The useful ones, conferring an advantage in the struggle for existence, persist. The others do not. The usefulness is the cause of the persistence. In scarce seasons an animal that had, for example, developed opposing grinders among its teeth would be able to utilize food not available for the mere cutters. It would tend to live — and therefore produce offspring — while they died. The grinders being handed on by heredity, their usefulness would in time secure the whole field for their owners. A new and predominant species would have arisen, to live until ousted by a stronger.

But this would only apply to variations useful from the moment of their appearance. If at first—as they often are—so small as to be useless, a mere tendency or suggestion, they would not persist. Having, according to the theory, no special purposive force behind them, and being the products of mere accident, they would quickly be diluted out of existence.

The chance theory would therefore be able to account for the persistence of such few variations only as were useful from their first appearance. *Are there any such variations? According to the theory itself, no!* For it does not admit sudden jumps; merely fine shadings from the common type. And these fine shadings confer no advantage. Since, moreover, they occur only by some chance confluence of conditions, they must depend for their force of heredity upon the continuance of this confluence. And to account for the next, and the next, degree in the progression, the theory must require that the conditions become more and more effective—and so on, till the degrees sum up to a *useful* degree.

What a lot of wriggling to escape the conclusion that there is a purposive force at work! Even Professor Osborn does not see it in his studies of teeth, though he walks straight up to it. Mr. Gruenberg, summarizing the Professor's work in *The Scientific American* says:

The cusps of the molar teeth do not appear “fortuitously” and then survive in accordance with their relative fitness, as would be required by the Darwinian theory, nor do they appear fully formed in a discontinuous manner, in the sense of De Vries' theory; they appear at definite points, at first too small to have any adaptive or selective value, and become with succeeding ages larger and larger until they are of adaptive value. In other words they are *determinate* in their origins; they develop *gradually*; and they are *adaptive* in the direction of their development from the very start. . . . They arise because of some inherent tendency or potentiality to vary in a determinate direction. What this internal determining factor is we do not know.

The same problem presents itself in the origin of horns, at first and for ages too small to be of any value.

Science has recently discovered the “subconscious,” finding that it possesses powers over the body, fashioning, healing, or deforming, which are quite beyond the reach of the conscious mind.

Suppose that the *subconscious* is part of the *conscious* of nature. Grant to nature the purposiveness which we find in the subconscious,

and the difficulties respecting the appearance of variations vanish. Heredity is an aspect of the persistence of the purpose, a persistence shown likewise by the relatively wide area of a species in which a variations occurs, and by the steady progression of the variation, despite its primary uselessness, on to the stage where first it becomes helpful in the struggle for life.

A DUTCH HOUSE COURT BY PIETER DE HOOCH

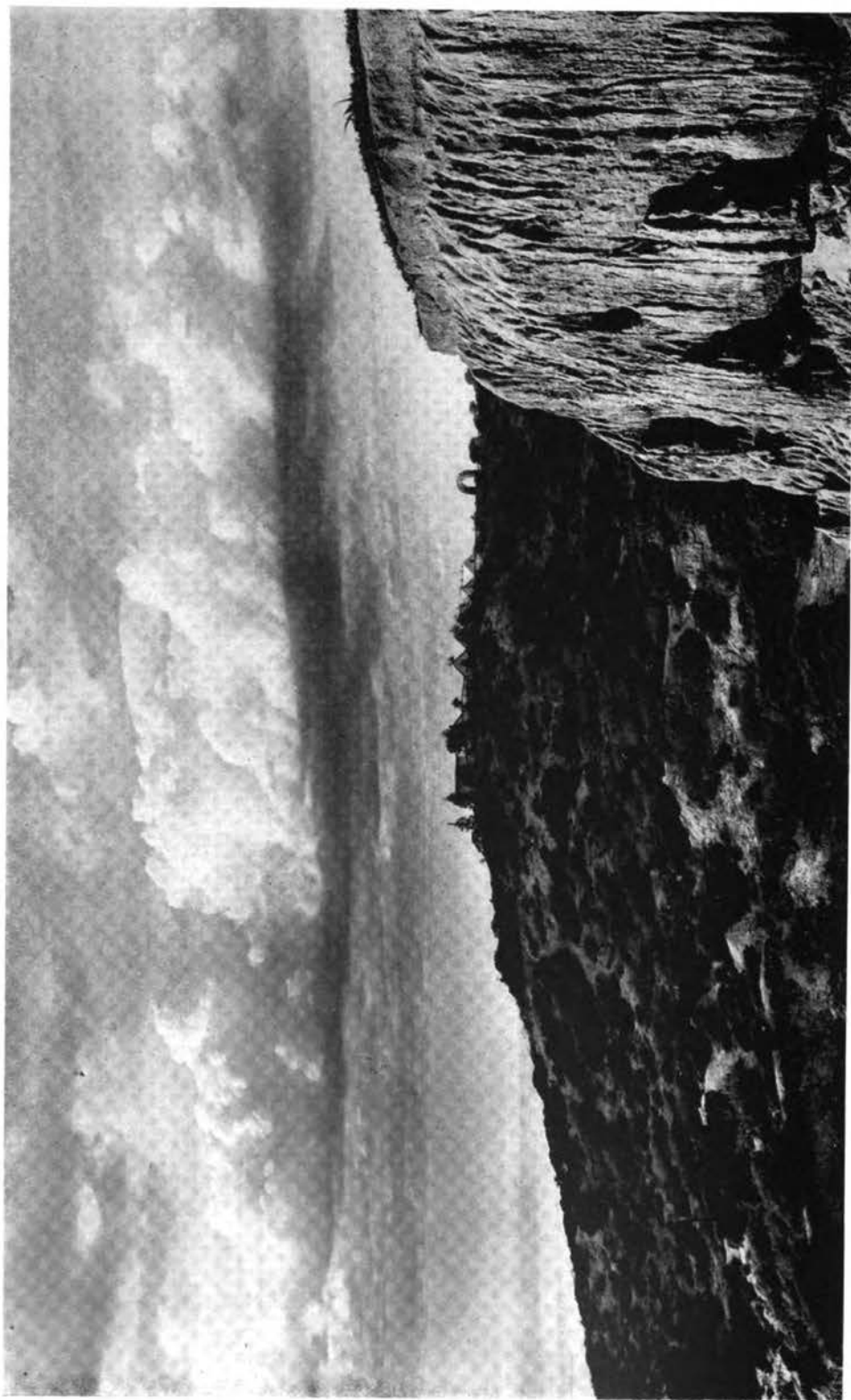
PRACTICALLY nothing is known of the life of Pieter de Hooch, but the fifty or sixty examples of his exquisite *genre* painting are now almost priceless. He was a native of Rotterdam, and it is supposed he died in 1681 at Haarlem at the age of fifty. There are three of his pictures in the London National Gallery, from one of which the illustration herewith reproduced is taken. This is an out-door subject — a rather unusual choice for the master, who preferred interiors as a rule. He is noted for an extraordinary skill in depicting the atmosphere of rooms lighted by various doors and windows, and for his marvelous perfection in detail, which however, is never obtrusive nor does it interfere with the broad effect. There is an air of the greatest serenity in all his pictures, and the simple, homely subjects he preferred are transfigured into classics by the discrimination of his choice and the perfection of his mastery of the most difficult problems of light and shade and tone values. No reproduction can give the least idea of the delicate handling of tone in his works. His drawing is absolutely true to nature; the perspective of his buildings is more than photographically accurate, but it never obtrudes itself or interferes with the general effect of repose.

De Hooch painted very few large pictures; unfortunately the only one which came down to our time perished in a fire in 1864. He was little appreciated in his own lifetime — indeed it was not until the eighteenth century that he was recognized in his own country. He was a disciple of the school of Rembrandt, but his taste did not lie in the direction of life-size portraits or of the classical or scriptural stories which were the greater master's favorite subjects.



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A DUTCH HOUSE COURT, BY P. DE HOOCH: B. 1630, D. 1677
(NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON)



Lomaland Photo. and Engraving Dept.

POINT LOMA HILLS AT EVENTIDE

THE INCARNATION OF GENIUSES: by Henry Travers



ENTHUSIASTS for "eugenics" imagine a time when vice and disease shall have been eliminated from the race. Their critics reply by suggesting that not only vice and disease, but also genius, would then have been eliminated from the race, and humanity be reduced to a dead uniformity. But the power which makes geniuses may be stronger than the eugenists, thus preventing them from succeeding in their utopian plan. What is genius? It is often defined as a "sport" — a natural phenomenon which defies calculations and makes light of theories of heredity. We cannot breed a race of geniuses.

As to the cause of the appearance of geniuses, some theorists appear to find sufficient explanation in a *fortuitous* combination of parental qualities. One son in one family *happens* to extract from his parents all their best qualities. To other thinkers, however, this "explanation" will seem more like a restatement of the problem to be solved than like a solution of it. For what is fortuity? If a scientific principle, let it be explained; if a god, perhaps we may not be willing to worship it.

The appearance of geniuses finds easy explanation in accordance with the teachings as to reincarnation, *karma*, and the sevenfold constitution of man. A human being is like a seed in a soil, drawing some of its traits from its surroundings, others from its internal nature. A lifetime is like a day, whose deeds are determined partly by present conditions and partly by the deeds of preceding days. In some people the present conditions — their parentage, upbringing, and circumstances — have the paramount influence, and their innate character evinces but little effect. In others the innate character is strong enough to mold and alter the other conditions considerably. In a genius the innate character may altogether predominate over the acquired character.

Besides our physical heredity we have a spiritual heredity — character built up in previous existences. The usual trend of upbringing is to smother this, to destroy originality.

Parenthetically one must introduce a caution here, to the effect that there are certain well-meaning attempts to preserve the originality of children, which, however, do not accomplish the right object. The parent or guardian, while shielding the child from some influences, lays it open to the assault of other influences. These other

influences are the passional nature of the child. This way of preserving or stimulating originality is by no means that intended above.

To give freedom for the child's higher nature to express itself, we must protect the child from all influences that proceed from the lower nature. Then we would get geniuses; innate character would be enabled to manifest itself.

The ideas of eugenists are worthy, but, we feel sure, too narrow. In many a satire they have been ridiculed. Owing to the prevalent ignorance of man's nature, many disastrous mistakes would be made. What authority is there in sight, to which we should be willing to intrust the regulation of marriage and parentage? Great as the existing evils are, might not the remedies be worse? Might not we indeed provide conditions that would preclude any useful or aspiring soul from incarnating at all?

The remedy lies in educating the people to a better understanding of the laws of life. Till then, there will be nobody competent to devise or apply any methods of eugenics. In short, before we can treat the young properly we must educate the old. The work of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, in its Râja Yoga Schools at Point Loma gives illustrations of what can be done by the proper upbringing of children; and here we escape from the weary desert of schemes and theories to a fertile land of produce. Here we have a *result*; the problem has been solved as an ancient sage solved the problem of motion — *solvitur ambulando*. This is one of Theosophy's *practical* answers to one of the questionings of today.

THE PLIGHT OF THE VIVISECTOR:

by H. Coryn, M. D., M. R. C. S.



It is very well worth while to work out on Theosophical principles the plight of the vivisector himself. He is creating causes whose effects will take him a long time to be done with, more than one lifetime, effects connected with some very interesting and very little known laws of nature. His plight may presently appear worse than that of his animals.

By way of text we will take some non-vivisectional work recently carried out at the biological station of the Prater in Vienna, by Paul Kammerer. He has proved, says *Cosmos*,

that the maintenance of the lizard *Lacerta Vivipara* in an unaccustomedly warm temperature for several generations, transforms it from a live-young-bearing animal to an egg layer. This acquired property is retained even when the subsequent generations are returned to their normal conditions. We must remember that the live-young-bearing lizard . . . may be characterized as an arctic-alpine animal. Its status as a glacial creature explains its live-young-bearing habit; the development of the young is evidently better assured in the mother's body than when the eggs are exposed to the vicissitudes of exterior cold.

Some other lizards, and the field cricket, have been made to vary by similar methods, the new characteristics being likewise transmitted.

What was that intelligence which, working within the body of the lizard, noted the warmer temperature without and knew at once that the hatching of the eggs *within the protecting body of the mother*, and the further development of the young there, were no longer necessary? We do not propose to admit that we are prejudging a dispute in using the word "intelligence." If it seem so now, it will not in ten years. No one will suggest the intelligence of the lizard itself. The ancients — not *very* ancient ancients, either — believed in the existence of certain classes of lesser "gods" constantly at work behind the visible veil of nature. When in a few years this belief reincarnates among the scientists as a necessary hypothesis (a reincarnation already beginning), some new name will have to be found for the collective intelligence of these beings. "Gods" is not a good word, neither for them nor for their directive superiors, the absolutely spiritual powers on the same plane of being as that spiritual soul of man whereof he knows so little.

The "gods" then, to use that word, have charge of the centers of life, the living beings, in all departments of nature, mineral, vegetable, and animal; contain and work in accordance with the principle of

evolution both of form and intelligence; and guide the appearance of variations — not without occasional mistakes needing rectification. Kammerer unwittingly made an indirect appeal to them, and they responded by producing an interior physiological change corresponding with the change of exterior temperature which he maintained.

We come here upon specifically Theosophical criticisms of vivisection. The man who vivisects has made himself the enemy of conscious nature — at work in his own body as much as in that of the animal he injures.

To make the matter clearer, let us think of the One Supreme Intelligence of the universe as manifesting in two ways or directions: in the first, as the spiritual souls of *men*, and, lower down, as their minds; in the second, as the spiritual directive intelligences of *nature* and, lower down, as the lesser “gods” whom these direct. In time, when men’s minds are sufficiently spiritualized and potentized, sufficiently at one with the omnipresent spirit of evolution and intent upon co-operating with it, they will themselves be able to direct the lesser gods, helping and guiding them in their work upon animal, plant, and mineral — the power of immense prolongation of their own lives then coming within their reach. There is already — as the abnormal success of men like Burbank shows — *some* interplay between man’s mind and the working “gods”; whilst the relation between man’s *soul* and the *greater* nature-powers, the directive, is very much closer. He who serves and studies nature in the right way, begins at once to stand nearer to her consciousness, and is at once the better for it on one or more planes of his being. The partnership begins. And a first way to serve her is to make her children, the animals, feel man as friend, a feeling which enables their minds to come into some measure of inner contact with his and thus be suddenly and immensely stimulated in their evolution.

There is vivisection attended with much immediate pain connected in the animal’s mind with man as its cause; and other with little, say a hypodermic injection, the pain following later in the form of the disease sown by the syringe and often not connected by the animal with man at all.

Either way the operator is a disease-producer and has the mental attitude of one. To say that he is recognized by nature as such may seem absurd. But as he who really wills and pictures health, whether his own or that of some other, finally affects the nature-mind in his

own body and — other things being co-ordinate — begins to move toward it: so likewise the constant willing and picture-making of disease and pain at last affects the same mind but in the contrary direction. The man moves and is moved *away* from health.

There are states of ill-health unattended, at any rate for a long time, by a single definite symptom. The activities of the bodily machine may maintain their *relations*, their general balance, yet drop as a whole to very low levels. If there is no radiance, no responsiveness to the finer forces of nature, no vital spring, there may yet be no point of actual friction, and to its human tenant the body may seem in average working order.

We say then that the preoccupations of the vivisector's mind have taken his body outside the conscious life-stream of nature, have stopped her constructive and vitalizing work. The body is not simply *a* living thing; it is an organized complex of living things, conscious centers, life-charged monads, far finer than any of the bacteria which the microscope has shown us or can show us. Drawn in from nature, they dwell with us a while and then return to her somewhat as the blood cells go to the lungs for aeration. *It is the quality of our mental states which determines the quality of the elemental coming in* and determines also the intervening history of those which leave. The circulation is constant, and if we lived ideal mental lives we could, as already said, achieve something like physical immortality. The monads would come back to us refreshed and recharged with electric vitality.

Death liberates them *all*. They take their ways into the nature-stream and are regenerated in nature's thought and life. The process continues during all the time between death and rebirth. Whilst the man, the soul, rests, his body (the subtler elements of it) is being re-fashioned and reinvigorated for him. At his rebirth *his own* monads, blended with those he receives from hereditary sources, are animating the infant form with which he connects himself and in which he will ultimately incarnate. So far as the thought and habit of his last life permitted — for, as said, they are absolutely sensitive to the thought-color of their owner's mind and feeling — they have been renewed.

But there will have been little renewal possible for them if that mind was filled with the color and thought of death, disease, pain, was occupied with the will to *produce* these — a will exactly oppositely directed to that of the worthy physician. They were untuned with

nature's keynote during life and consequently return nearly unchanged — which, in medical language, will mean a case of congenital disease, ill-health, or deformity; and, as part of the penalty, the reaction of the physical defects and disease upon the mind and disposition of child and youth and man.

Nor does the penalty finish at that. The entire personality of such a child and man is in greater or less degree repellant to others, to children, to animals. The latter especially, feel him not as a friend but as enemy. Their dislike is instinctual. And all this will continue till in one or another life the man has been stung to the redress of the evil he has done, has returned kindness for hostility year by year, has changed, freshened, and sweetened his thought and feeling and so by degrees every atom of his body.

Truly the plight of the vivisector is a thousandfold worse than that of the animal he worst outrages.

THE EKOI; Children of Nature: by H. T. Edge, B. A. (Cantab.)



THE ideas current about ancient or ethnic peoples are largely qualified by the "personal equation" of those who have observed and described them. These ideas are not facts but points of view. In too many cases the point of view is so colored by an unsympathetic attitude on the part of the viewer as to constitute a misrepresentation — a fancy picture, having no counterpart in reality. Thus have been described the classical times and the non-Christian races. But times are changing. As our civilization grows older it grows wiser, loses some of its supercilious ignorance, and can view other times and places than its own with more sympathy and sense. Already the histories and geographies of our childhood seem prejudiced in our present eyes. But we cannot boast; for there is still much to be done in the same direction.

As a notable instance of what may be achieved in the way of beauty, charm, and uplifting of the mind, by viewing and treating a subject sympathetically, we welcome an account of "The Land of the Ekoi, Southern Nigeria," by P. A. Talbot, B. A., F. L. S., F. R. A. S., F. Z. S., in *The Geographical Journal* (London, Dec., 1910). By the adoption of such an attitude, in place of the too frequent attitude of

superiority and condescension, error is avoided, truth learned, and both writer and reader benefited. We give some extracts and comments, and refer to *The Geographical Journal* for the rest.

The Ekoi live to the north and northwest of Calabar, the headquarters of the eastern province of Southern Nigeria, partly under British rule, partly under German.

The river is magical, and bold indeed would be that man who should break an oath sworn on its name. For somewhere in its depths dwells Nimm — the terrible — who is always ready, at the call of her women worshipers, to send up her servants, the beasts that flock down to drink and bathe in her stream, to destroy the farms of those who have offended. She manifests herself sometimes as a huge snake, sometimes as a crocodile.

This could have been described so as to make it a heathen superstition. But we see it is possible to give it another color. The interdependence of man's conduct and the powers of nature is indicated; and retribution is shown as the logical consequence of violating natural law. Honor and fidelity are qualities essential to man's well-being. Evil fortune is the result of his putting himself out of tune with nature by his conduct.

We take care about the physical needs of children, but are strangely reckless in other and more important matters concerning them. Contrast this with the following about the Ekoi:

The Ekoi are devoted parents, but it will take years of patient teaching before they grasp the importance of fresh air and the simplest sanitary measures for the health of their little ones. They have curious beliefs as to the advent and death of their babes. One charming superstition [!] forbids all quarreling in a house where there are little children. The latter, so they say, love sweet words, kind looks, and gentle voices, and if these are not to be found in the family into which they have been reincarnated, they will close their eyes and forsake the earth, till a chance offers to return again amid less quarrelsome surroundings.

Rather a healthy superstition, is it not? One that we might adopt with benefit, so that fewer of our children should grow up with quarrel interwoven with every thread of their bodies, mentally, psychically, and physically too. We wish well of the efforts to teach the Ekoi the use of soap and toothbrushes; but only on condition that it does not mean *unteaching* them their own "beautiful superstition."

The children gave a particularly charming series of games, singing all the while in the pretty lilting way usual among them. Nothing could be more graceful than the waving arms and swaying limbs of the little brown forms as they bent and moved, always in perfect time to their song. The musical faculty of

this people is certainly wonderful, though developed along peculiar lines. During the whole period spent among them I have never heard a false note nor found a dancer or accompanist one fraction of a second out of time.

Of this, by way of contrast with us, but one thing can be said: that if it be true, then in time and tune they are immensely our superiors; for how few people can whistle a tune correctly, and how difficult it is to drill people into keeping time!

The religious observances of the Ekoi are altogether a fascinating study. Beneath many modern corruptions and disfigurements are yet to be found traces of an older, purer, form of worship, traces which carry us back to the oldest-known Minoan civilization, and link the belief of the modern Ekoi with that of the ancient Phoenician, the Egyptian, the Roman, and the Greek.

Trees are sacred; birds are sacred, for

Should the birds be injured or driven away the women would become barren and even the cattle cease to bear.

More recognition of the inviolability of cosmic law! Call it self-interest, if you will, it is at least a higher and worthier form of self-interest than the kind that rips the feathers off the birds and turns them loose to die a lingering death, or planes off the wooded hills in order to pile up riches on high.

The Ekoi spend their whole lives in the twilight of the beautiful mysterious bush, peopled, to their fancy, not by wild animals alone, of which they have no fear, but by were-leopards, and all kinds of terrible half-human shapes, and by the genii of rocks, trees, and rivers. Here, more truly even than in old Greece, the terror of Pan is everywhere!

Verily "savage" life is not without its consolations. We have dwelt on the bright side of the picture, and purposely so, for the other side has been too much dwelt upon; and so far from exaggerating, we are merely tending to restore the balance of an equable view. If we regard life as mainly the experience of a Soul, then the outward appurtenances of civilization count for less; and a people like the Ekoi may possibly fulfil the purposes of Soul in quite a satisfactory way. One can even imagine a Soul, wearied with life in modern civilization, taking a resting incarnation in such a people, to dwell with Pan in these beautiful glades.

That the journal of the Royal Geographical Society should publish such a sympathetic account is a noteworthy sign of the times. There seems to be a reactionary movement by which the heathen in his darkness is shedding a little light on our inveterate superstition.



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A SEMINOLE INDIAN

(Photo. by the Albertype Co., Brooklyn, N. Y.)



Lomaland Photo. and Engraving Dept.
A FAMILY GROUP OF SEMINOLE INDIANS

AN UNKNOWN AMERICAN NATION: by H. S. Turner



UT few people know that living within the precincts of this country, there is a nation, independent and virtually free from dominance of the United States Government, or of any of its States. Its history is a singular one and is practically unknown. Even our school histories have but little to say about it; so that the impression left on the minds of casual readers is that this nation long ago ceased to exist, as a body of people.

Far down in the southern part of the peninsula of Florida, this nation has its center; its rulers, laws, and government. It has no written treaties with foreign governments — for such is the United States considered by them — yet there is an unwritten treaty accepted by both, which to their common credit has never been broken. This treaty, or agreement as it should be called, stipulates that each nation shall go its own way and not interfere with the other.

The Seminole Nation is its name, and its existence, as at present constituted, dates from the year 1842. Seven years previous to this date, the United States Government decided that the Seminole Indians, who belong to the family of the Muscogees, should be moved from their fertile Florida lands and taken to those of the Creek Nation, far away in the West. At this time the authorities concentrated our Indian wards in a few special places.

The Seminoles bitterly resisted the efforts made to remove them. It was only after a seven years' war that two thousand of them surrendered and were duly sent westward.

Originally the Seminoles had been numerically strong. This hard-fought war reduced their numbers to such a point that after those who surrendered had been transported, but five hundred remained in Florida. They represented, however, the strongest and most determined of their tribe; those who preferred death to surrender.

Separating themselves from those who decided to surrender, they penetrated to the innermost recesses of the Everglades, that death-dealing morass, covered with reeds and jungle-growth, through which winds a veritable labyrinth of stagnant streams, in whose mud crocodiles and alligators disport themselves, and where snakes, mosquitos, and other poisonous life abound. What little solid earth was to be found was nothing but a bog-like mass of sodden ground, thickly covered with grass and vines. Yet there and under such conditions these were determined to look up their home. They valued their freedom

above all, and were willing to make any sacrifice and undergo any hardship rather than lose what they valued so highly.

White men could not endure the conditions they had to meet in the swamps, neither could they ever equal the Red man in ability to move quickly in such a place. The little band of Indians scattered and built their shelters on the driest spots they could find, maintaining themselves by hunting the game that was found on every hand.

So accustomed have they become to the conditions in which they live, that they are almost amphibious and absolutely immune to the bites of mosquitos or other poisonous insects.

At times some of the Indians will come out of their retirement and visit their white neighbors. Quite often many of them can be seen on the streets of Miami, Florida, where they go to purchase what limited supplies they may need, the money for the same being obtained by the sale of alligator hides.

At times a few white men have been invited by them to visit their homes in the Everglades. Those who have accepted this invitation have always been glad to hasten their departure, on account of the ravenous hordes of mosquitos and the familiarity of the water-snakes, and this notwithstanding the hospitality and sincere cordiality of their hosts.

Undoubtedly it is due to the ravages of these so-called pests — to their beneficent protection in this instance — that these Indians owe their freedom from the usual contaminating vices of the white man. The latter is simply unable to get close enough in touch to demoralize them. So we find these Indians today, whose life is the same as it was before the white man set foot upon the North American Continent.

They are free from the vice of drink, they live according to the highest moral code, they do not gamble, and are altogether a happy and care-free people. Let us hope they will ever remain so; that they will never lose their natural simplicity of character and their dignified reserve.

The typical costume of the Seminoles is as singularly different from the one usually adopted by American Indians, as their customs and mode of life are. The accompanying photographic reproductions show this feature, as well as give one an idea of their strength of character. The "American type" is clearly shown by the facial angles.

THE CONFINES OF SCIENCE: by Investigator



It is still debated whether the earth in its orbital motion drags the adjacent part of the ether along with it, or whether the earth travels through the ether without stirring the latter. On the one hand it is argued that if the earth (and presumably other planets also) dragged the ether along, complex currents would thereby be set up in the ether; and this circumstance would upset the calculations with regard to the aberration of light, whereas the observations of aberration do not indicate the existence of any such currents in the ether. On the other hand are cited certain delicate experiments of Michelsen and Morley, connected with the measurement of vibration-rates of light, which go to show that there is little or no relative motion between the earth and the ether, or, in other words, that the circumjacent ether moves with the earth. Hence we are required to make the ether stationary for some purposes, but moveable and full of currents for other purposes; not the first time that the ether has been required to perform inconsistent, or apparently inconsistent, rôles.

This quandary has led some petulantly to throw the ether overboard, alleging that "there ain't no such a thing"; while others have sought refuge in abstruse mathematico-metaphysical speculations as to the nature of our conceptions of space and time and the meaning of such conceptual words as *mass* and *velocity*.

It must be remembered that the ether so far is not an observed object but a hypothetical something. The necessities of our reasoning have demanded that we should, on various occasions and for various purposes, postulate a fixed standard of reference. Thus the undulatory theory of light has required the supposition of a medium to convey the undulations; the kinetic theory of matter has required that we postulate a substantial basis wherein the supposed vortices or centers of energy can inhere. But the ether is, and *ex hypothesi* must be, beyond the reach of sense perception. Could we but weigh it or measure it in any way — at once we should stand in need of another ether yet more subtle. In a word, however far we go, there is always something beyond.

Physical science, being admittedly a limited sphere, must of course become indeterminate near its borders. Rules which are found to apply with sufficient exactitude within certain limits will be found to apply no longer when we transcend those limits. So long as we

study physical phenomena in their relation to each other, we may find those mutual relations sufficiently exact and constant; but when we begin to study physical phenomena in relation to *what lies beyond*, then the uncertainty supervenes. We find it necessary to inquire into the nature of our own perceptions and conceptions.

A phenomenon has its subjective factor as well as its objective factor; but our physics has so far been based on the tacit assumption that the subjective factor is fixed and constant. And it may indeed be so regarded within certain limits. But now we propose to explore the limits of the illimitable and the confines of eternity, regions whither our senses and our instruments cannot penetrate. What wonder that we find those conceptions of time, space, and motion, which we have derived from our sensory experience in this world, inadequate as a means of formulating what lies beyond!

A slight acquaintance with certain ancient sciences suffices to show that they took into account the subjective component of our perceptions and conceptions, studying the mind and its organs along with nature and its qualities. Regarding phenomena as the result of interactions or coalescences between faculties within and qualities without, they studied both concurrently. Neglecting to do this, we have landed ourselves in not a few difficulties. Needing a fixed standard of reference in our study of motion, we have postulated *space* as objective, while at the same time our very hypothesis has divested that space of every property which could entitle it to be regarded as an object at all. In vain do we try to overtake our shadow, to put things on a shelf out of our reach, to explore the land of nowhere, or to measure the cubic contents of zero. The notion of "space" as possessing size and three-dimensional extension, but *nothing* else, is an assumption that may well be regarded by Nature as groundless; yet it is to this standard that we refer our calculations as to motion, etc.

Practical science strides ahead in defiance of such speculations, for it is founded on an investigation of what actually exists in Nature. And even where the theories serve to guide our path to new discoveries, it is as likely as not that our discoveries will outstrip the limits of the theories. There is bound to come a time, if it has not begun to dawn already, when we shall be uncertain whether it is external nature or our own internal faculties that we are studying; as was brought out in connexion with those very singular "Blondlot rays," which were visible (apparently) to Latin races but not to Teutonic!

Having thus suggested the possibility of a study of states of consciousness, such as might result in placing the observer in an entirely new relation to external nature and thereby rendering nugatory all his previous conceptions of time, space, and the like — it remains to add a few words on that topic. There are many people engaged in a heedless and unguided dabbling in such fields, and both old-time wisdom and contemporary experience indicate that the practice is fraught with dangers to health and mental balance. Such explorations demand that we shall step out from the safe shelter of our familiar five-sense consciousness and brave the perils of an unknown land. We are in precisely the position of a man who forsakes the dry land, his native element, where he is lord of the beasts and can plant his feet and his dwelling firmly, and plunges into a sea without bottom or stability and teeming with sharks, and where his life depends on his constant energy and watchfulness. Hence the study of science in its deeper aspects becomes primarily a question of *discipline* — a fact always recognized in the ancient Mysteries. In proof that this statement is true, we need only point to the state of affairs in the world of psychic investigation today; a condition which breathes more of menace than of promise to the future welfare of society, a world where fatuity and folly seem to dog the steps of the heedless explorer.

We give out all our secrets to the mob because there is no one who can successfully assert his claim to be above the mob; our only rule of fair-play is indiscriminate distribution. One cannot presume to set up a sacred college, and the mob rightly and justly fears the possible domination of a clique of biological or theological theorists. Yet knowledge is inseparably connected with duty and obligation; and if this connexion is ignored, that which should be a blessing will prove a curse. What has already occurred in connexion with dynamite and drugs can occur in far worse form in connexion with hypnotism and mental influence. This is sufficient to explain the Theosophical program of work and the reason why Theosophical workers do not find such public researches a profitable field for their efforts while there is so much preliminary work yet to be done both in their own characters and in the world.

When we begin to explore the ether of our own inner nature, we find that investigation comes second to management; we must *control* our nature — or it will control us. Knowledge is relative to Duty.

THE TOWER OF LONDON AND THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT: by Carolus

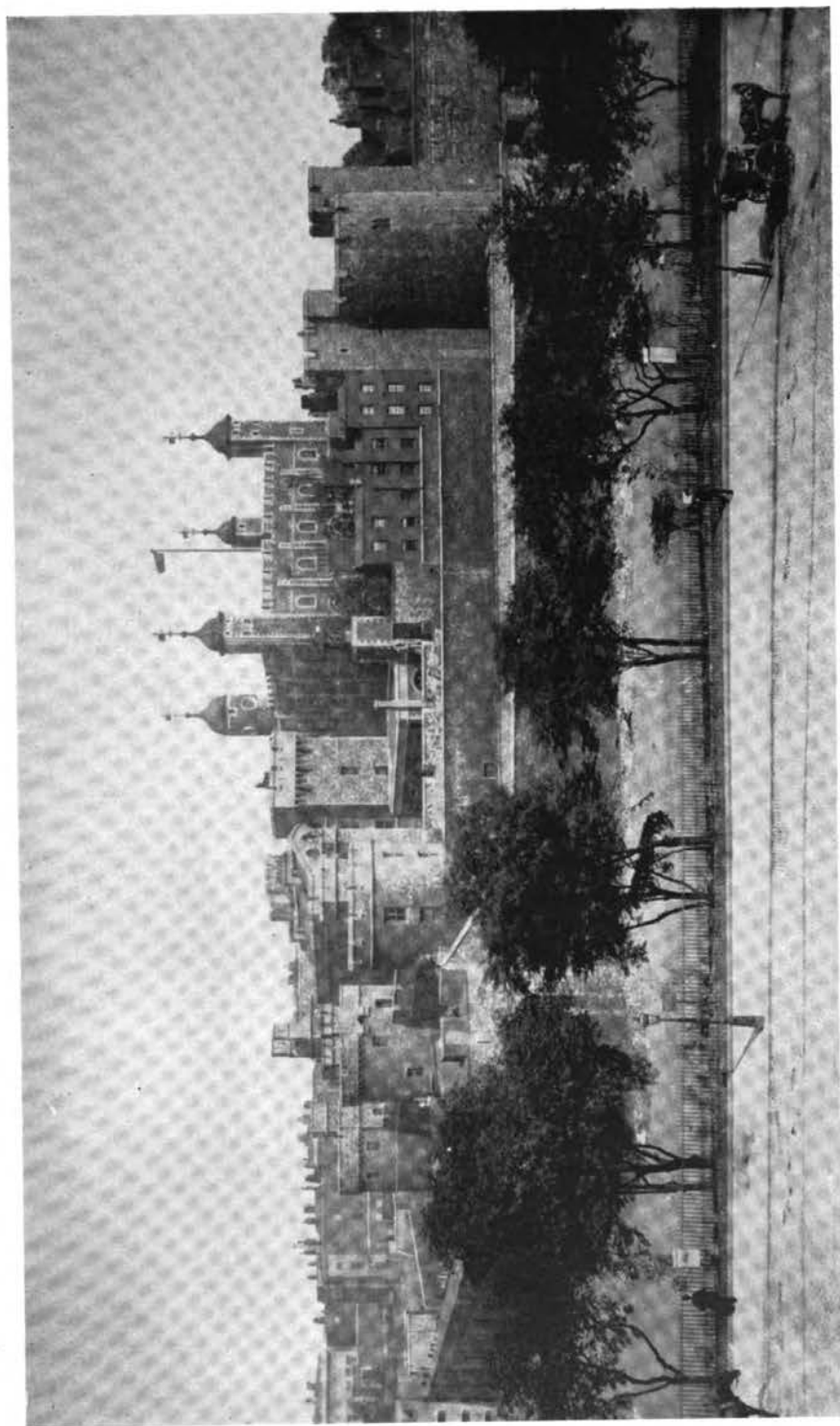


THE Tower of London and the Houses of Parliament, Westminster, are the most striking and important buildings that stand on the banks of the Thames in London. Both are on the north side of the river, but are at a considerable distance from each other.

The Tower is one of the few early Norman castles which have come down to us in a fairly perfect condition. Tradition says a fortress was built by Julius Caesar on the site, but the nucleus of the present building was begun in 1078 by William the Conqueror. This was the White Tower, the highest building with the four turrets shown in our illustration. It was completed by William Rufus, who also built the famous "Traitor's Gate," through which the unfortunate victims of Royal displeasure were rowed in from the river. Many additions were afterwards made, and the building and courts now cover thirteen acres surrounded by a moat. The Tower was closely identified with many of the most tragic events in English history for at least five hundred years after its erection, and if its walls could speak the tale of horror could hardly be surpassed by the record of any other medieval building. In the Chapel of St. Peter-in-Chains, lie the bodies of Queen Anne Boleyn and her brother, Queen Catherine Howard, the Earl of Essex, the Duke of Monmouth, Bishop Fisher, More, and many other great personages who suffered death in the Tower. It was a short road from the Traitor's Gate, through the Bloody Tower, to this chapel. Many State prisoners have spent weary years of incarceration in the Tower; Sir Walter Raleigh, one of the greatest and noblest, was confined here for thirteen years.

The Tower of London was occasionally the residence of the earlier sovereigns of England, but its main purpose was the defense of the city. In these days of powerful weapons it would be useless as a fortress, but it is still a military post and headquarters, and contains a large collection of armor. The Jewel Room, in which the Royal Regalia are kept, and the rooms where distinguished prisoners were confined, attract many visitors.

The Houses of Parliament at Westminster are — with the exception of Westminster Hall, built by William Rufus — quite modern, and have no gloomy associations such as those of the Tower. The building covers about eight acres and the façade overlooking the



Lomaland Photo. and Engraving Dept.

THE TOWER OF LONDON



Lomaland Photo. and Engraving Dept.

HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, LONDON
VIEW FROM THE RIVER



Lomaland Photo. and Engraving Dept.

TRAFALGAR SQUARE, LONDON
TAKEN FROM THE NATIONAL GALLERY

Thames is nine hundred feet long. The tall tower on the left in the illustration is the Victoria Tower; it is supported upon four pointed arches sixty feet in height, and the highest point is three hundred and forty feet above the ground. The central tower is three hundred feet high, and the picturesque Clock Tower, on the right, is three hundred and twenty feet high. During the evening sittings of the Houses a lamp is kept burning near the top of the Clock Tower, which is extinguished when the debates are over. The building consists mainly of the House of Peers and the House of Commons, with the connected apartments and offices, the whole forming one structure. Just above the river, along the front of the palace runs the Terrace, a broad paved walk where the members of Parliament can stroll in the fresh air and yet be within sound of the division bell.

The towers of Westminster Abbey are visible to the left of the Victoria Tower, and a small portion of Westminster Bridge is seen at the extreme right.

Not far from the Houses of Parliament is Trafalgar Square, which is probably more familiar to the general public than any spot in London, for it is the meeting-place of so many important thoroughfares. Our illustration is taken from the steps of the National Gallery of Pictures. The fluted Corinthian Column erected to Admiral Nelson dominates the scene. The colossal bronze statue of the hero is elevated one hundred and seventy-six feet in the air and, needless to say, the artistic workmanship is above criticism, for no one can distinguish any detail at that height! The bronze lions at the base are by Sir Edwin Landseer, and possess considerable dignity. At the far end of the street to the left of the Nelson Monument (Parliament Street) the faint outline of the Clock Tower of the Houses of Parliament can just be distinguished. At the top of this street, not far from the Nelson Monument, stands the fine antique equestrian statue of Charles I, one of the few outdoor monuments that are creditable to the British metropolis. A few steps to the left of Trafalgar Square as shown in the plate is the new Charing Cross; the original one was destroyed by the Puritan Parliament.

POINT LOMA NOTES: by C. J. R.



HERE at Lomaland the yerba santa, whose leaves never lose their delicate gray-green, is a widely scattered bush. It is a favorite of the Leader's. Among other plants, the sumach, the manzanita, the grease-wood, the "mahogany," and the dwarf-oak, clothe the sides of the romantic cañons and the tops of the hills with bright verdure throughout the year. There are always some wild flowers too, though the kinds that blossom during the summer are generally not as plentiful or beautiful as those of the spring. The thousands of eucalpts and cedar trees, etc., which have been planted mainly upon the lower portions of the grounds during the past few years by the Lomaland Forestry Department, have greatly improved the beauty of the landscape for miles along the ocean front; and the Canary palms and Date palms, the lemon and pepper trees, the acacias and pines, within the Homestead gardens and bordering the avenues, have now grown to a size and beauty which make them a pleasure to look at. Every visitor who comes into the grounds expresses delight at the wealth of foliage and cultivated flowers which surround the Râja Yoga College and Temple as well as the student's homes and bungalows.

In a few weeks we may expect the first rains, though sometimes they do not arrive till nearly Christmas, and then the multitude of seeds that have been quietly biding their time will begin to stir, and soon after the opening of the new year the hills will assume the vivid green which will not diminish till next summer; the five varieties of Lomaland ferns will unfold their delicate fronds on the shady southern side of the cañons; and then the ground will become carpeted with spring flowers of many colors, chiefly purple and gold. When Katherine Tingley first established the headquarters of our Society here there was very little grass, except at the lower levels near San Diego, but it has been gradually creeping up the hills until it has become a characteristic feature of the Spring; it seems to have increased in proportion to the enlargement of the human population of Point Loma.

WE have been reading with sympathy of the terrible heat that has been such a marked feature of the present summer throughout Europe and the larger portion of the United States. In Lomaland, and all along the Pacific slope, nothing of the sort has been felt, for the constant westerly breezes which blow from the ocean keep the tempera-

ture down; no case of sunstroke has ever been recorded here, and there is never any need to cease from outdoor work or exercise during the heat of the day; the nights are never too hot for a blanket.

THOUGH we usually do not get our best sunsets until the so-called "winter" months, lately there have been several of the magnificent ones for which Lomaland is famous. In August a very remarkable mirage was seen by a large number of persons at a sea-coast town about a hundred miles to the northward. It represented a ship ashore on dangerous rocks with the waves beating over it, and it was so real and vivid that the lifeboat went out to rescue the supposed drowning crew. But when it reached the spot (less than a mile from the beach) the boatmen could see nothing, and there were no rocks near. From the shore it appeared as if the lifeboat passed through the wreck. An attempt made to photograph the mirage turned out a failure. About ten years ago a strange mirage was seen from the Homestead in the form of an island far out at sea. It persisted for several days and was so realistic that some persons were on the point of chartering a boat to sail out to it and take possession when it disappeared. The mystery of many well-authenticated mirages has never been explained by the ordinary laws of refraction and reflection. *The Century Path* of October 25, 1908, which can be found in nearly all the libraries in America and other countries, contains a special article on the subject, giving many examples and treating it from the Theosophical standpoint.

THE Woman's International Theosophical League, with its center at Point Loma and its world-wide membership elsewhere, is becoming, or has become, one of the most potent instruments for the spread of our work that the Leader possesses. First organized under the name of the Woman's Propaganda League, it has greatly extended and enlarged its activities under the new title. During the Spring months of this year the women of the League in Lomaland organized a most successful series of meetings for women only at the Isis Theater, San Diego, at which the Leader gave addresses which are said by those who were present to have been the most uplifting and inspiring she has ever delivered. She spoke out in the plainest language about the causes and the only remedies for the steady degeneration of the so-called civilized world, and she showed what a marvelous power for redemption women have in their own sphere, the home. The Isis

Theater was crowded to its utmost capacity on each occasion Katherine Tingley spoke, hundreds of eager women of all classes could not find accommodation and, to judge by the mass of correspondence received, the impression made was most profound. According to the Leader's words, the splendid organizing work of the women of the Woman's International Theosophical League and the perfect harmony and unity prevailing among them in no small degree helped in producing this admirable result; the conditions were ideally perfect, and the audiences felt that there was an entirely different spirit present from anything ever before experienced. From the loyal, impersonal and womanly efforts of the League a new life has come into the atmosphere of Lomaland, a broadening and harmonizing influence. Its members are giving a fine expression to the principle of Co-operation between men and women which the Leader is ever striving to build up.

SOON after the last of the women's meetings at Isis Theater the Leader gave the signal for dramatic work, and the Woman's League began the preparations for the Greek Symposium, *The Aroma of Athens*, several representations of which were given with conspicuous success, first in the Isis Theater and then in the open-air Greek Theater, Lomaland. Here was an excellent opportunity for the co-operation spoken of, and it was realized to the uttermost. While the artists and craftsmen prepared the scenery and properties, or built the stately Grecian structures in the open-air theater which remain permanently for use in the future dramatic work, the skilful and tireless needlewomen made the hundreds of costumes needed, all being done under the personal supervision of the Leader and from her own designs. The same cheerful spirit of co-operation was evinced in the musical and dramatic rehearsals for the Symposium, and in the frictionless management of the arrangements for the staging of the couple of hundred characters who appear in the play — no easy task.

In view of the greater activities of the Woman's Theosophical League which are shortly to take place, it has secured a spacious hall within the Homestead grounds which will afford ample accommodation for the present as a headquarters for its business meetings and other general activities. It is known as the Woman's League Hall.

THE WOMAN'S INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

Woman's Work in Lomaland; a Side Light: by a Member of the League

THAT is the true athlete, the man who exercises himself against appearances (illusion). Pause, consider, do not be carried away. Great is the combat, divine is the work. It is for kingship, for freedom, for happiness. — *Epictetus*

I DESIRE not to disgrace the soul. The fact that I am here certainly shows me that the soul had need of an organ here. Shall I not assume the post? Shall I skulk and dodge and duck with my unseasonable apologies and vain modesty and imagine my being here impertinent — less pertinent than Epaminondas or Homer being there? and that the soul did not know its own needs?

LET us, if we must have great actions, make our own so. All action is of an infinite elasticity, and the least admits of being inflated with the celestial air until it eclipses the sun and moon. Let us seek *one* peace by fidelity. — *Emerson*



SEVERAL years ago Katherine Tingley said to a group of Lomaland Students, while touching in a cursory way upon the general world-problem of woman's work and true place in life, that her great longing was to take up this question in a public way. She added, reflectively, and with a trace of sadness in her voice,

But I cannot do this as yet. I should have to do it Theosophically, and while the need is there, conditions are not yet ready; the time for it has not come.

As all Students know, the time came early in 1911, and the work that had waited so long was ushered in by a series of meetings for women only, at Isis Theater, San Diego, under the auspices of the Woman's International Theosophical League of Lomaland, a body founded by Katherine Tingley on July 24th, 1906. Any question as to this being the right time — the psychological moment — had a two-fold answer in the eager and wide-reaching public response, and in the superb nature of the service rendered in the arrangement and conduct of the meetings by members of the Lomaland Woman's League. Everything was placed in their hands, though under the Leader's direction, from the advertising and distribution of tickets — the meetings of course being free although admission was by tickets secured in advance — to the seating of the audience and the carrying out of the beautiful and impressive program, of which Katherine Tingley's address was at each meeting the central feature.

The work was begun at a time when the tourist season was at its height and in the audiences that crowded Isis Theater to the doors were hundreds of women from distant points — Canada, Vancouver,

the far South, the Middle States, the Atlantic Coast, Europe, and even the Orient. Consider that these were thinking women, by their very interest in Theosophy marked as women apart from the mass; consider as well that the subjects taken up by Katherine Tingley in the impassioned addresses that formed the axis, so to speak, the real fulcrum, of the meetings, were subjects of the most vital import to the home — the higher duties of wifehood and motherhood, the sacredness of the home as a spiritual temple and woman's duty as guardian of that temple, the key to a knowledge of child nature, the protection of the growing child, the Theosophic keynote of duty — and add to that the fact that nearly every woman in those vast audiences was an important factor in some home, and it is evident that the influence of these meetings could not be measured.

Consider also that this work was launched at the present time of transition, when all the old ideas of woman's work are being torn up, root and branch, in some cases, by fanatics who little dream of the reaction their frenzy and unwisdom is certain to produce, a reaction that will make doubly difficult the path of unselfish workers for a long time to come.

The climax of effort in the Woman's International Theosophical League was of course reached in the marvelous production of *The Aroma of Athens*, given under the League's auspices, with accounts of which both Students and the public are familiar. Social Hall was converted into a huge costumer's shop and greenroom for the space of nine magic days, with the Leader here, there, everywhere, directing, designing and fitting costumes, designing properties, drilling individuals, rehearsing, oblivious for the time of all such gentle excellencies as food, relaxation, or rest.

Here again shone forth in the members of this Woman's League the qualities that were of such pre-eminent service in the conduct of the women's meetings — intuition, fidelity, alertness, conservation of energy, the power to work on lines of least resistance, unity, trust. There was no friction, no personal competition, no jealousy, no over-reaching, no gossip, no "rule or ruin" spirit, no personality, and as a result there was a general capacity to get things done that made the onlooker wonder if some hidden Aladdin's lamp were not in a nearby corner, just "rubbing" results into existence.

What *was* it? Pre-eminently, it was the power these women had created by learning to *work together*. It was the Christos-spirit, that

magic-working something that harmony is powerful to create, the spirit of which Jesus spoke when he said, "For where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them."

But *what* did it? Theosophy as a system of thought did not, or it would have done so in past centuries, for Theosophy has been brought to the world before under this and other names. The inspiration that is born when women work for women did not, for if this could do it then we would have some royal examples of unity in women's organizations elsewhere. What then did it in Lomaland?

There was a Sower once who went forth to sow; and some seeds fell on stony ground and the fowls of the air devoured them; and others fell on thin and shallow soil, springing up only to wither in the noontide heat because there was no depth of root. But of the seeds which fell upon good soil we are told that they sprang up and bore fruit an hundredfold.

There is the answer, and the answer also to the question as to why Katherine Tingley could not and would not start this woman's work earlier. The seeds were waiting and they are forever the same, the Sower was waiting, the world was waiting, for whatever may be the needs or conditions of any age the true Teacher knows how to adapt her message to it. But—oh women of Lomaland! *we* were not ready, for we were the soil. The Sower was compelled to wait until *we* would let the hot plowshare of truth *in action* break through, and break up, the hard surface-crust of mental limitations and personality, and reach, with its diamond-tipped point, the warm, rich, moist soil of integrity and soul-life that lay underneath.

It has taken time, and patience on the part of husbandman, and trust on our part, though with greater trust it could all have been done so much earlier. But we had no knowledge of our own natures, when we first touched Theosophic truth, and it was necessary to learn that in Katherine Tingley's curriculum lip-knowledge and wisdom are two different things—that one *may* have a brain-mind understanding of the literature of Theosophy without being a Theosophist in the slightest degree; that in short, the Theosophy that is not lived, that is, applied to every act, every problem, every relationship of daily life, need not hope to be recognized in Lomaland.

And this takes time. From the precept to *the life* there is a path to be traveled, often a long one. It is indeed plain that the work upon which the women of Lomaland have been permitted to enter is one

that could not be done Theosophically by any body of women who had not gotten beyond the limitations of the lower psychology, that master of the brain-mind, where only diversity lies; it could not be done by any who had not found and clasped hands on the plane of soul-life, where alone is unity. If all other proofs of brotherhood as a fact in nature — Theosophy's shibboleth and standard — were to be swept away and the Woman's International Theosophical League alone permitted to remain, that would suffice to demonstrate to the world that Theosophy is what the Teachers declare it to be, a living power, and that universal brotherhood *is*. Small wonder that as we listened to Katherine Tingley's heart-appeal to the women of the great world — truly orphaned, as is all humanity — we saw barriers swept away, limitations dissolve, mountains move, and, verily, a new world come into being. In the discourses of Epictetus, slave of the profligate Epaphroditus, and in chains, but the grandest Stoic in all Rome, we read:

Never then look for the matter in one place and progress towards it in another. . . .

What then is progress? . . . lo, if a man, in every matter that occurs, works out his principles, as the runner does in reference to running and the trainer of the voice does with reference to the voice — this is the man who truly makes progress, and who has not traveled in vain.

If I were talking to an athlete, I should say, Show me your shoulders. And then he might say, Here are my Halteres. You and your Halteres look to that, I should reply, I wish to see the *effect* of the Halteres!

That is the point and that is Theosophy.

The burden of this ancient problem of woman's work lies heavy upon the world, unspeakably heavy because so many lesser problems are enfolded within it — the problems of the home, of the protection of childhood, of man's true place in the grand creative scheme, of the much misunderstood and more discussed sex-question, in short, of education in all its phases. To borrow the old Socratic metaphor, myriad other problems hang down from it as from a ring held in suspension by a magnet other rings hang down, chainlike, one depending from the other. To carry such a burden, or even part of it, requires not treatises nor diplomas but *shoulders*, strong shoulders, strong in a threefold sense, physically, yes, but still more mentally and spiritually.

We women of Lomaland see now why this great public work for women could not have been begun earlier with absolute confidence on the Teacher's part that the heat of noontide endeavor would not cause

it to wither and fall away. It would have withered if begun earlier, as women's efforts are withering all over the world today, partly because they are mistaken in themselves, it is true, but mainly because *the soil is not there*. The workers themselves cannot stand the test. The storms of jealousy and rancor, the hot winds of ambition, the noontide heat of heavy demands, the shallow soil of brain-mind interests and desires which point like a weathercock to a new quarter with every gust of illusion — ay, these are what test the nature.

Thinking it all over, a gratitude wells up within the heart too deep for words to touch — gratitude to the Teacher who has led us along the path with so much patience and love; helping but not putting props under us; heartening and encouraging, but not carrying us along on silver platters; forcing us to put into practice these treatises we have been studying — for Theosophy is the science of soul-strength and it enunciates principles and possesses rules. Lomaland is verily a great School of Philosophy, greater than those of past ages, for here divine principles are actually demonstrated which in the golden days of our historic past were but dreamed of, and the Woman's International Theosophical League is one of its Halls of Learning. Plato and Epictetus, Sappho and Hypatia, would understand.

Gratitude — it is a feeble word, plumb the depths of its meaning though you will. Even the most splendid examples of womanhood that graced the audiences at the various Women's meetings which the Teacher of Theosophy addressed, can realize what is being done and what is going on only to a very limited degree. We in Lomaland do not realize it fully for if we did we would rise to that height of trust and calm that would verily make us *like* the Teacher; not like her in wisdom, for that is the rare fruit of ages of search and service, and we are but beginners on the Path; but like her in a certain *quality* of courage and devotion that would makes us ten times in effectiveness the instruments in her hands that we are today.

For the acquirement of soul-strength is the object of this soul's gymnasium, this *life*, the living out of which in all its fulness of opportunity alone makes it possible for the Teacher to sow the seeds of that tree the leaves of which shall be for the healing of the nations. Here is the keynote, sounded clear amid the resolving harmonies of Katherine Tingley's last address:

Overcome! That is the song the gods would sing to you women and to all the world. Overcome! Learn to overcome and learn to love!

ILLUSION AND REALITY: by Lydia Ross, M. D.



THE Man was wearied with success. He had sought to win beauty, fame, fortune, and personal power, and he had linked them all with his name. Around him was a wide circle of desirable things; within him was a restless center of discontent.

Far into the night he sat musing over his career. He had been fortunate beyond all expectation. He could name no ambition which had not been gratified; but the thought brought with it no feeling of elation or of satisfaction. Just now his keenest sense was that stinging ache in his breast which so often came of late at quiet times like this.

"It is all illusion and disappointment," he said, at last. "Marriage is a failure; fame is a mockery; happiness is not had at any price, and life is not worth living."

That nameless hunger from which he suffered was so baffling. If it were only possible to find the meaning of that dreary want. With all the new inventions for lighting the world why was there no illumination for the dimness of the inner life? If he could only find the source of that hungry need which devoured all the pleasure in his possessions.

Filled with intense desire for light, he drifted into the Land of Dreams with its countless pictures. There he saw a moving figure which was himself and yet not himself. There were no familiar lines in the form; but the eyes were his own and through them he read the thoughts.

He knew that this Traveler had come from afar. Along dusty highways, in shady bypaths and green meadows, through thickets and unwholesome swamps and across waters he had played a part in many scenes of a changing world. Youth and strength and gaiety were his companions, and together they sought activity and pleasure. Through places all unknown and often full of hidden dangers they made their way with merry jest and idle song and noise, fearing nothing save it were the Silence.

Then came a day when the Traveler grew tired of dust and heat and stains, of noisy mirth and empty songs and poisonous miasma. He wished for solitude and rest. As his companions sped along he turned aside and wandered into the deep forest. Throwing himself upon the ground long he lay beneath the trees with closed eyes and

fingers threaded through the soft grass, finding refreshment in the touch. His chest rose with deep draughts of clear air, and as the cool quiet stole into his blood the throbbing pulses sank into a healing stream.

He had found some pleasant places in the old life that seemed so far away now, but this was beyond compare. Filled with a novel sense of awakening, the past appeared but a feverish dream. The sweetness of the place seemed to be taking form somewhere near and to be surrounding him with a delicious perfume.

As he sprang up his wondering eyes rested upon a new-blown Rose growing near. The dainty folded petals had uncurled and opened out until its golden heart was centered in tinted light. Its fragrance filled the air with a subtle tenderness. It was beautiful!

He had not failed to gather flowers, too, in his time — conventional hot-house blooms and gorgeous tropical beauties, and some with cold, odorless petals — how many had drifted through his hands. Never was there one among them all like this. Standing out against the guardian green leaves like a beloved queen, it shed a royal circle of uplifting peacefulness over everything.

Softly he knelt before this symbol of purity and loveliness with its message from the source of light and sweetness. The soul of the Rose was glowing upon him with tender beauty and glad fearlessness. His own soul stirred into life and looked out of eyes all too sadly strange to their indwelling guest. The littleness and folly of the past were but faded pictures of half-forgotten dreams. He knew that this was the awakening; this was the steady, noble, tender glow of real life.

His heart dilated with a sense of all that life might mean: its dignity, its love, its aspiration, its unspeakable destiny. Oh, but he would struggle to keep alive this enlarged and transfigured sense of things! His rapt gaze rested on the Rose until the mystery of color and light and sweetness entered into his very heart. He felt himself a part of the brightness that lives at the center of all things, and his confident soul swept out to the unseen stars to claim its own. Beyond and beyond, throughout distant space, everywhere was a flush of light and beauty and a radiant heart of peace.

Then came a memory — a mere shadow from his dream-life — and a selfish doubt brought him back to earth again. The Rose still smiled upon him in sweet faith. He would never leave it, but together they

would live the larger life. As the wind whispered in the leaves the Rose bent and brushed his cheek and a swift wave of tenderness surged over him.

What if someone else should find this flower and should rise upon its power as he had risen? What if he should lose it? A hungry look stole into his eyes and his old self in a misery of longing cried hoarsely, "Never! It shall be mine, mine, only mine!" He leaned forward until the petals quivered beneath his breath. What if it should turn from him? "It is mine, mine," cried the selfish self as with eager, passionate grasp he kissed it and crushed it close, close, until he grew faint and sick with the spent sweetness.

He is stung with pain. Ah, the thorns, the thorns! Impatiently he tries to pick them out, but the sting remains. And oh! the pitiful Rose that he holds — so crushed and weary and broken! Gone is the delicate fire of the higher life that breathed through every curve of its free-born petals. And the fragrance which had radiated waves of tender gladness falls like the faltering breath of some beautiful, wounded, dying thing.

In the dim light which fills the mind in sleep, a mountain scene took form upon the moving screen. Up the steep side a Hunter toiled, burdened with weapons and game. In his strangely familiar eyes was a weary, dissatisfied look. The trail he had followed grew indistinct and was lost; but as he pushed onward he reached a place where the rough mountain side stretched out into a broken level of fertile plateau. How grateful it looked after the steep climb. This was the place to rest, he thought, catching sight of a tiny, sheltered lake and turning his steps toward it. Even now he can see its unruffled surface reflecting the blue sky and a drowsy chorus of encircling pines.

On the lake-shore the Hunter stood spell-bound with the beauty of the scene. The spoils of the chase and the weapons dropped from relaxed fingers as with uncovered head he drank deeply of rest and comfort and inspiration.

As the wind swayed the bordering pine-branches flecks of light came and went through the shadowy circle of scintillating water. Around the shallow border the glint and tint of glossy stone and delicate shell lighted the mosaic curtain of shadows with the fire of a living iris. Deep and dark and clear was the mystical center. A tall, slender fringe of grasses around the edge softened and deepened

the whole liquid beauty before him like the lashes of a sentient eye.

A feathery cloud floated by overhead. Its reflection brushed the surface like a breath of fancy, a mere passing thought. The opalescent gold of the sunshine sank down, down, down, until, transmuted into a look of love in unfathomed consciousness its glow was diffused through the limpid depths.

Beyond the beauty of the lake was the infinite calm, the untouched purity and the perfect peace.

The atmosphere was filled with restfulness. From the lighted depths came an answering look to his eager eyes. The soul of the lake speaks to him in lingering softness and silence; and oh, how serene it is! The iridescent picture of a flying bird falls into the clear water, a song in color. He sees his own face bathed in a tender light.

He will seize this mysterious beauty of a living calm and hold it forever. It shall reflect only his face, he thought, jealous of the very sky. "This treasure is for me, for me alone," he said, as his eyes followed the shafts of light that illumined the shadowy depths. "For me," plunging in and stretching out greedy hands.

The first footstep broke the mirror of light into troubled waters. The soil and sand rose beneath the desecrating feet in a sorrowful cloud that hid the glory in advance and around him. "The peace lies deeper yet," he thought, watching the center and pushing on. But ever before him rose the obscuring cloud of his own creation. He can no longer wade, but strikes out boldly, greedily, to plunder the lake of its secret. He finds that no physical force or finesse can touch the delicate beauty he desires; and after vainly striving to grasp the fine lines of soul-sense, he returns to the shore, weary, disappointed, and bitter.

"It is all illusion," he railed. "No other Hunter excels me in strength or skill; yet when this promised happiness is almost within my grasp, it fades and disappears. There is no reality behind the dissolving pictures of a deceitful world."

The Dreamer looked from the fair strength of the Hunter on the bank to the cloudy, restless water. There he saw reflected his own figure — a dusky, broken image with the pessimistic poise. Then the light which he had longed for shone full upon his mind. He was the Traveler whose rude selfishness had despoiled the trusting Rose. He was the Hunter of Happiness. Around him were the rejected trophies of his skill — sweet-voiced birds and creatures fleet of foot and

quick of eye. Too well they vouched for his unerring aim with bloody breast and broken limb and dull, unseeing eyes. He had wasted the life that gave these things their joy and beauty. Only the pitiful, unlovely forms were his possessions; from these his wearied senses turned in sick distaste.

The Dreamer's eyes fell before the luminous scene in which the Hunter was the one dark stain. How worse than blind his whole career had been. His life was but a crowded list of failures. How fair were Nature's pictures everywhere before he marred them with greedy, sordid touch. Now he saw that the world was alive with a wondrous reality for those who sought it unselfishly.

"The fault is all my own," he groaned in bitter shame. "That is mine, indeed, all mine. Oh, for a chance to redeem this wretched past!" he cried, pierced with so keen a heartache that he awoke.

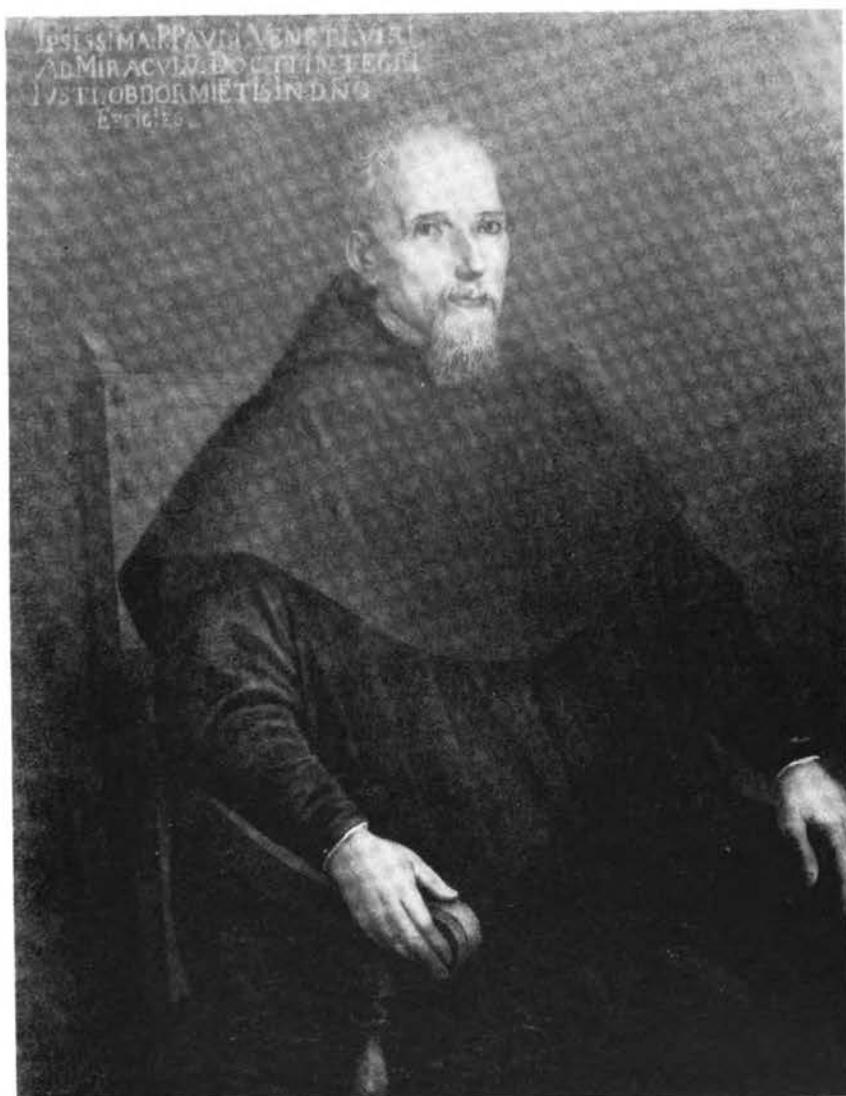
Through the open windows the dewy morning air came in, sweet with the breath of flowers and alive with the subdued joy of birds. The great elms brooded over the lesser things with stately tenderness, while with slender, outstretched branches, like waving magnetic fingers, they soothed and awakened the freshened earth. In the east the lavender veil fell down before the sacred flame which daily gives new hope and strength to light dull lamps of clay.

VENICE: by Grace Knoche



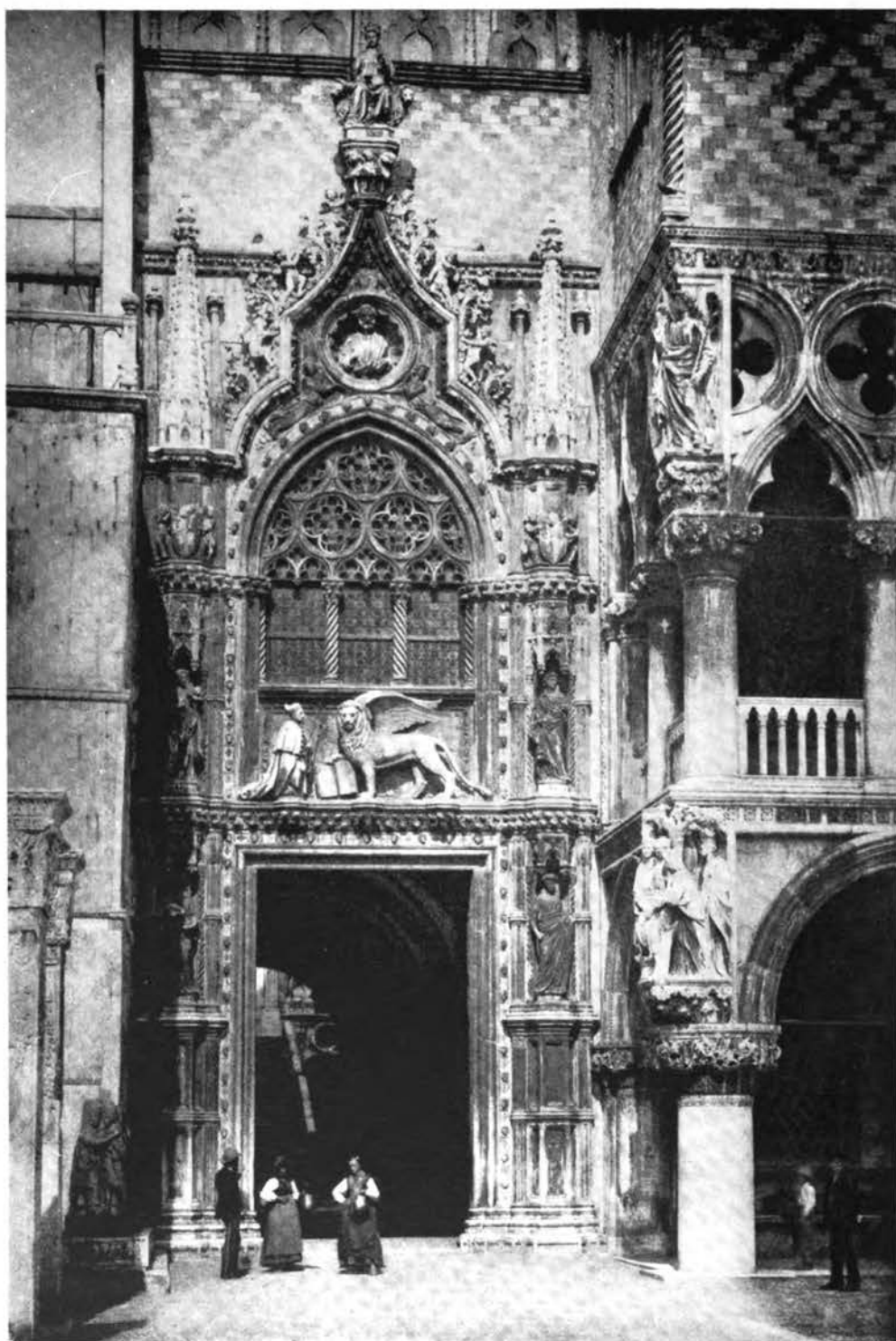
IT is one of the world's wonders that a little community should rise up from the midst of untillable marsh lands — literally out of the sea — and within a few centuries, through its energy, thrift, invention, and sheer ability, should become a world power not only in diplomacy, arms, and commerce, but in architecture, art, philosophy, and *belles lettres*. And all this, in spite of envy and attacks from without and conspiracies from within.

The power of Venice, "the wealthy republic," was so great in her palmy days that the honor of alliance with her was covetously sought by emperors and popes alike. At a time when, as history declares, a dictum from the Pope, or a threat of excommunication, would have brought almost any other nation of Europe to its knees in groveling



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FRA PAOLO SARPI



Lomaland Photo. and Engraving Dept.

CARTA GATE AND CORNER OF DUCAL PALACE, VENICE, ITALY

terror, Venice laughed at both and pursued the even tenor of her imperial way.

The climax of her independence of dogmatic rule was reached in those glorious and courageous later days when Fra Paolo Sarpi lived and guided her destinies, Sarpi, "the noblest of the Venetians," who realized more fully than any other in that republic the dangers that would threaten should outside influences ever gain a foothold in the chambers of government. Had there been a successor to Fra Paolo, one worthy of his example, one who grasped his purposes, knew the spirit of the teacher that molded them and what beneficent power lay behind, who possessed as well the power to continue Sarpi's work — had such an exceptional soul appeared, Venice would not have decayed. At Fra Paolo's death the decline of Venetian greatness set in.

In the course of her history — and three centuries practically included the period of her undisputed greatness — Venice attained a position of supremacy on virtually every line of activity. In war she was dreaded. Says Yriarte, author of *L'Histoire de Venise*:

The arsenal of Venice, which still exists, was its palladium; the high organization of this establishment, the technical skill of its workmen, the specially selected body of the "arsenalotti," to whom the republic entrusted the duty of guarding the senate and great council, and its admirable discipline, were for centuries the envy of other European powers. . . . At the most critical period in its history, when it (Venice) was engaged in its great struggle with the Turks . . . the arsenal regularly sent forth a fully equipped galley each morning for a hundred successive days. . . . At the acme of its prosperity the arsenal employed 16,000 workmen.

It is impossible to touch upon the political life and fortunes of Venice in the short space of a single article. Moreover, information on this is very accessible, for the Venetians themselves were great chroniclers, who firmly believed that their city was building in a strange way for the future and that its foundation stones should not rest unmarked. And though the last thing these old recorders dreamed of was the imminent decay of their proud city — their idol, their divinity, the object of their passionate adoration — they were right. Venice *was* building for the future — to which seeming mystery Theosophy also has the key.

Suffice it to say that when the inner history of Katherine Tingley's visit to Venice, upon the occasion of her first trip around the world in the interest of Theosophy, is given out publicly, a new interpretation

will be given to some of these old records. The spirit of Venice has never died although untoward aims and evils have for nearly four centuries obscured the outer expression of it. But that, like the history of Fra Paolo, is another story, too, and volumes would be needed to contain it.

Venice was in her days the commercial link between Europe and the Orient and her merchants neglected no opportunity. The result was that not only did the city become fabulously wealthy but new trades and wonderful art-crafts sprung up. Rare damasks, glass, tapestries, silks, enamels, metal-work of various kinds, plastic work, mosaics, brought from the countries of the Orient by Venetian merchants, served as models to craftsmen who not only copied but improved upon them in the great industrial centers which sprang up. Venetian art-craftsmanship became throughout Europe a synonym for the ultra, the perfect.

A link between Italy and Greece, Venice afforded an asylum for Grecian men of letters when the light in their own land failed. These men Venice honored. They taught in her universities; they lighted up in the city not only a knowledge of the great literary monuments of the ancients but a love for them; they filled her libraries with translations. Plato, Socrates, Thucydides, Strabo, Xenophon, Homer, and Orpheus, became something more than names. Says Yriarte:

Venice, more than any other town, has the credit of having rescued from oblivion, by editions and translations, the master-pieces of Greek literature.

The art of printing was welcomed upon the very threshold of its discovery and the services of Venice on this line are unique in the history of letters. Her printers were not mere workmen; some of them were scholars. "The Aldine Press" is synonymous with scholarship today as it was in renaissance Italy. Symonds describes the enthusiasm of the elder Aldus (or Aldo) for Greek literature, and his life-ambition, which was "to secure the literature of Greece from further accident by committing its chief masterpieces to type." He relates how Aldo, already a scholar and qualified as a humanist, "according to the custom of the country," spent a further two years in a study of Greek literature. Not a Venetian himself and with no ties in the city, by some "accident of fortune" he selected Venice as the place in which to build up a work whose parallel the world has not since afforded and of which a similar record is not to be found in the past unless possibly in the secret records of ancient China.

At Venice Aldo gathered an army of Greek scholars and compositors around him. His trade was carried on by Greeks and Greek was the language of his household. Instructions to typesetters and binders were given in Greek. The prefaces to his editions were written in Greek. Greeks from Crete collated MSS., read proofs, and gave models of calligraphy for casts of Greek type.

Not counting the craftsmen employed in merely manual labor, Aldo entertained as many as thirty of these Greek assistants in his family.

His own energy and industry were unremitting. In 1495 he issued the first volume of his Aristotle. Four more volumes completed the work in 1497-98. Nine comedies of Aristophanes appeared in 1498. Thucydides, Sophocles, and Herodotus followed in 1502; Xenophon's *Hellenics* and Euripides in 1503; Demosthenes in 1504.

The troubles of Italy, which pressed heavily on Venice, suspended Aldo's labors for awhile. But in 1508 he resumed his work with an edition of the minor Greek orators; and in 1509 appeared the lesser works of Plutarch.

Then came another stoppage. The league of Cambray had driven Venice back to her lagoons, and all the forces of the republic were concentrated on a struggle to the death with the allied powers of Europe. In 1513 Aldo reappeared with Plato . . . in a preface eloquently and earnestly comparing the miseries of warfare and the woes of Italy with the sublime and tranquil objects of a student's life. Pindar, Hesychius, and Athenaeus followed in 1514.

But Aldo's enthusiasm for the classics was not confined to those of Greece. He issued superb editions of the principal Latin and Italian classics as well, in an exquisite type especially cast for his Press and which it is said he had copied from the very handwriting of Petrarch.

There is something very reminiscent of the Orient in Aldo's reverence for beautiful calligraphy. To the Chinese scholar the ideograph is sacred and to write it well demands art and philosophy both. There is an ancient Chinese legend which says that once upon a time certain ideographs "came down from their tablets and spoke unto mankind." Curious, that one should recall it here. But not to know Aldo is to miss a great light upon the spirit that made Venice what it became, the spirit that animated every soul in that wonderful city — devotion to a high ideal, absolute unselfishness and service. Where is the Press today that combines these unpurchasable qualities with the acme of scholarship? We know of one — but only one.

Even in a short article, with Venice herself a subject for volumes, libraries, it is impossible to omit the following — also from Symonds:

Aldo . . . burned with a humanist's enthusiasm for the books he printed; and we may well pause astonished at his industry, when we remember what a task it was in that age to prepare texts of authors so numerous and so voluminous from MSS. Whatever the students of this century may think of Aldo's scholar-

ship, they must allow that only vast erudition and thorough familiarity with the Greek language could have enabled him to accomplish what he did. In his own days Aldo's learning won the hearty acknowledgment of ripe scholars.

To his fellow workers he was uniformly generous, free from jealousy and prodigal of praise. His stores of MSS. were as open to the learned as his printed books were liberally given to the public. While aiming at that excellence of typography which renders his editions the treasures of the book-collector, he strove at the same time to make them cheap. . . . His great undertaking was carried on under continual difficulties, arising from strikes among his workmen, the piracies of rivals, and the interruptions of war. When he died, bequeathing Greek literature as an inalienable possession to the world, he was a poor man.

To touch with any show of justice upon the architecture of Venice would task the eloquence of a Ruskin. But it is possible to indicate a few of the causes that contributed to make Venice the architectural marvel of Europe and her palaces and churches unique in the world.

According to tradition, there were both castles and "churches" in Venice several centuries before the earliest examples that survive. The first "church," it is said, was founded in 432 by one Giacomo del Rialto, but the earliest of which we have tangible evidence — and it is still standing — was built in the eleventh century. Of the eleventh and twelfth century castles or palaces, a number still may be seen.

Venetian architecture, like her literary and industrial life — indeed, like her whole life — was a combination of Oriental and Occidental influences. Her people were discoverers, adapters; they had a perfect genius for appreciation of the artistic, the eloquent, the statesmanlike, the progressive — in a word, "the Good, the Beautiful and the True" in the work of others — and with opportunities strewn along her path thicker than flowers in June, Venice seemed to grasp them all.

Although Venetian architecture was complex and composite to a degree, it is possible to trace the predominating influences as they set their mark upon style after style. Up to the thirteenth century the prevailing style was Byzantine, of which the leading characteristics seem to have been in Venice the semi-circular arch and a prodigal use of sculptured ornament. The method of construction employed by the Venetians — the walls being of a fine hard brick which was covered with stucco, or in the finer buildings with thin slabs of costly marbles and porphyries — permitted no end of surface decoration. And in this the color-loving Venetians reveled. Moldings, carvings, rolls, *cavettos*, flutings, panels, bands and diapers of flowing scroll work,



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VENICE

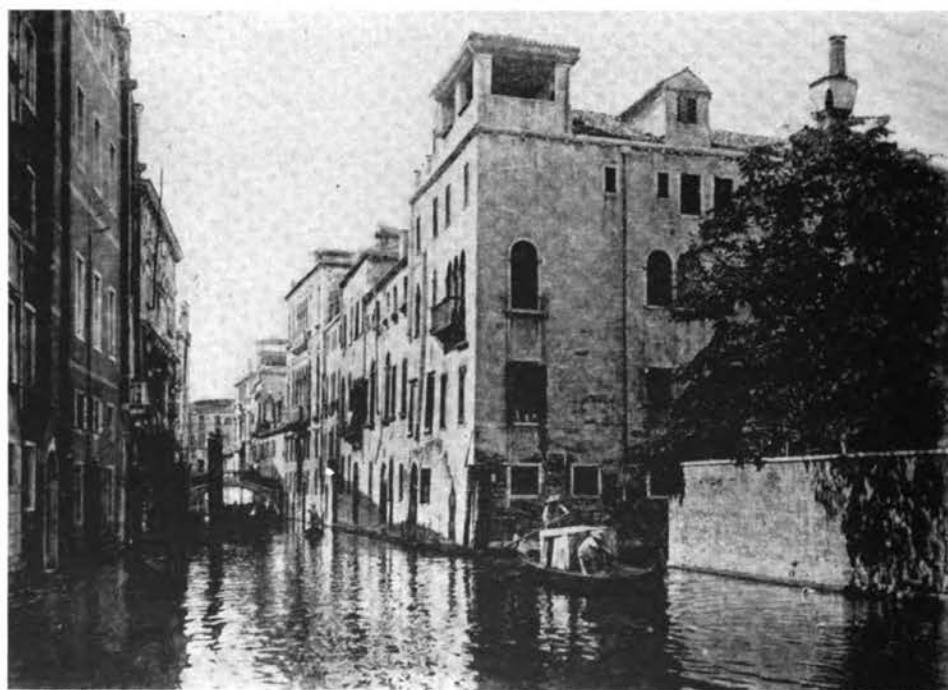


Lomaland Photo. and Engraving Dept.
A "STREET" IN VENICE



Lomaland Photo. and Engraving Dept.

ST. MARK'S, VENICE



Lomaland Photo. and Engraving Dept.

RIO PINELLI

lent their support to most varied adaptations of characteristic Persian or Moslem design, with its semi-conventional foliage, animals, dragons, birds, flowers, etc. Markedly beautiful, and in a way peculiar, is the effect of the façades of many buildings, "studded with gorgeous panels like jewels on a rich brocade."

But in the thirteenth century a period of transition ushered out the round Byzantine arch, and in the pointed Gothic arch of the countries immediately north. Very soon, however, the Early Renaissance style, as exemplified in Verona and other Italian cities, became a dominating influence, this in turn to give way to the Classic, which became the "grand style" of sixteenth-century Venice. After that, the deluge — of mediocrity.

The Venetians, a conquering people by virtue of their navy which was the envy of Europe, made their city the storehouse of rich treasures stripped from the ruined cities of the past, and from other cities made her own by conquest. And her merchants did the rest. Quantities of rich marbles were brought from fallen Aquileia, Ravenna, and Heraclea, cities which in their turn had brought them from Egypt, Greece, and Arabia, and Numidia —

the red porphyry of Egypt and the green porphyry of Mt. Taygetus, red and gray Egyptian granites, the beautiful lapis Atracius (*verde antico*), Oriental alabaster from Numidia and Arabia, the Phrygian *pavonazzetto* with its purple mottlings, cipollino from Carystus, and, in great quantities, the alabaster-like Proconnesian marble with bluish and amber-colored striations.

Add to this magnificence a lavish use of gold and color, particularly the warm ochres and earth reds, and the costly ultramarine, and the modern mind, accustomed to uncolored and unstriated marbles and the quiet gray of stone, can hardly imagine the gorgeous luxuriance of color that marked the city in her prime.

The architectural glory of Venice is of course the Church of St. Mark, which, says Professor Middleton,

stands quite alone among the buildings of the world in respect of its unequalled richness of material and decoration, and also from the fact that it has been constructed with the spoils of countless other buildings, and therefore forms a museum of sculpture of the most varied kind, nearly every century from the fourth down to the latest Renaissance being represented in some carved panel or capital, if not more largely. . . .

During the long period from its dedication in 1085 till the overthrow of the Venetian republic by Napoleon, every doge's reign saw some addition to the rich decorations of the church — mosaics, sculpture, wall linings or columns of

precious marbles. By degrees the whole walls inside and outside were completely faced either with glass mosaics on gold grounds or with precious colored marbles and porphyries, plain white marble being only used for sculpture, and then thickly covered with gold. . . . No less than five hundred columns of porphyry and costly marbles are used. . . . A whole volume might be written on the sculptured capitals, panels, screens.

The use of inlay is almost peculiar to St. Mark's, as is also the method of enriching sculptured reliefs with backgrounds of brilliant gold and colored glass mosaics, producing an effect of extraordinary magnificence.

One of the great glories of St. Mark's is the most magnificent gold retable in the world, most sumptuously decorated with jewels and enamels, usually known as the *Pala d'Oro*. . . . This marvelous retable is made up of an immense number of microscopically minute gold cloisonné enamel pictures, of the utmost splendor in color and detail.

Of the architecture and art of the great council hall of the doges, the Ducal Palace, little need be said after the description of St. Mark's, for while not so lavishly ornamented, it is a world in itself in the style of architectural beauty that most appealed to the Venetians.

The original Palace of the Doges was built in the ninth century, but the vicissitudes of war and of fire decreed its rebuilding several times, and the Ducal Palace that we know today dates from the fourteenth century. Says Professor Middleton:

The two main façades, those towards the sea and the *Piazzetta*, consist of a repetition of the same design, that which was begun in the early years of the fourteenth century. . . . The design of these façades is very striking, and unlike that of any other building in the world. . . .

The main walls are wholly of brick; but none was left visible. The whole surface of the upper story is faced with small blocks of fine Istrian and red Verona marbles, arranged so as to make a large diaper pattern, with, in the center of each lozenge, a cross made of verde antico and other costly marbles. The colonnades, string-courses, and other decorative features are built in solid Istrian stone.

Very beautiful sculpture, executed with an ivory-like minuteness of finish, is used to decorate the whole building with wonderful profusion. At each of the three free angles is a large group immediately over the lower column. At the south-east angle is the Drunkenness of Noah, at the south-west the Fall of Man, and at the north-west the Judgment of Solomon. Over each at a much higher level is a colossal figure of an archangel — Raphael, Michael, and Gabriel.

The sculpture of all the capitals, especially of those on the thirty-six lower columns, is very beautiful and elaborate, a great variety of subjects being introduced among the decorative foliage, such as the virtues, vices, months of the year, age of man, occupations, sciences, animals, nations of the world, and the

like. On the whole, the sculpture of the fourteenth century part is finer than that of the later part near St. Mark's.

On the walls of the chief council chambers are a magnificent series of oil paintings by Tintoretto and other, less able, Venetians — among them Tintoretto's masterpiece, Bacchus and Ariadne and his enormous picture of Paradise, the largest oil painting in the world.

Up to and during a part of the sixteenth century the state prisons were on the ground floor of the Ducal Palace, but they were finally removed to a new structure on the opposite side of the narrow canal, and a bridge, the "Ponte dei Sospiri" or "Bridge of Sighs," was thrown across the canal, connecting the two buildings.

In the magnificence and beauty of its homes—its *palazzi* or palaces — Venice is unique in the world. It is said that no other city, then or since, is to be compared with Venice in the loveliness and romantic interest of its domestic architecture. Up to the twelfth century the Byzantine style of architecture prevailed, but the thirteenth and fourteenth century palaces — whose builders were more or less influenced by the design of the Ducal Palace, then nearing completion — are Venetian Gothic.

The climax of splendor was reached in the "Golden House" the wonderful *Ca' d'Oro*, so named from the lavish use of gold leaf on its sculptured ornamentations. It was literally a "golden house."

No words can describe the magnificence of this palace on the Grand Canal, its whole façade faced with the most costly variegated marbles, once picked out with gold, vermillion and ultramarine, the walls pierced with the elaborate traceried windows and enriched with bands and panels of delicate carving — in combined richness of form and wealth of color giving an effect of almost dazzling splendor.

But following close upon this magnificence — which was reflected in nearly all the palaces that were built toward the close of the fourteenth century — came the inevitable reaction toward a less ornate style, the Early Renaissance. Compared with the *Ca' d'Oro* one writer has described the sixteenth century palaces, which followed Early Renaissance and Classic models, as "dull and scholastic." They certainly must have been a restful change.

So much for the architecture of Venice —

White swan of cities, slumbering in her nest
So wonderfully built among the reeds
Of the lagoon.

But the visitor to the Venice of today finds his interest in her

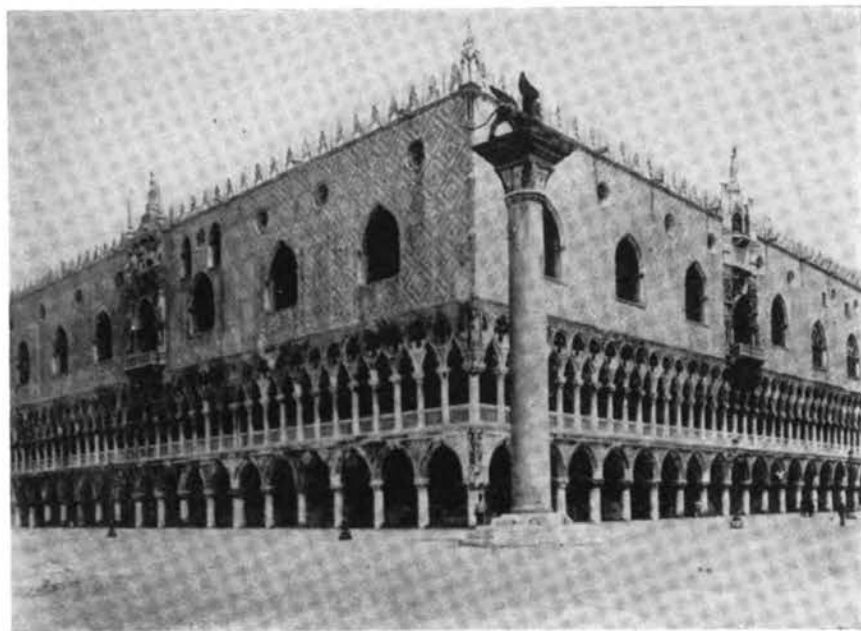
buildings doubled from the fact that upon the walls of many of them are to be found the works of some of the greatest painters the Occident has known. When we reflect that in the sixteenth century Venice possessed a school of art that for power, technical perfection, and gorgeous interpretation of color, stood pre-eminent in its own day and has not been surpassed in ours, little more need be said. Palma Vecchio, Giorgione, the great portraitist Lorenzo Lotto, Paul Veronese, Tintoretto, and — Titian! What a galaxy! Surely nothing more need be said upon the art of Venice. As in everything else, the impossible seemed not the exceptional but the mediocre.

In short, to give one the outline of only a few of the activities of the people of this City of Destiny is to drown oneself in superlatives. Her history is as fraught with heroism, with simple dauntless courage, as that of the Dutch Republic; it is as colored with romance as that of Palmyra or Thebes. *Karma* is the only key to an understanding of the strange destiny which brought to flower such transcendent energy in so seemingly sterile a soil. *Reincarnation* is the only theory which can hope to throw light upon the *quality* of effort that marked her citizens as a body of people apart, who must have worked together in the past as they unquestionably will in the future.

Not that Venice was perfect; her citizens made their mistakes; there were the jealous and the covetous, and there were conspiracies within her borders as well as without. Her doges were not all, like Caesar's wife, "above suspicion," her counsellors were not all like Fra Paolo nor all her scholars like Aldo. But there was no apathy and there *was* a nucleus of impersonal, united effort sufficiently vitalized to hold back the agencies of disintegration during century after century of steady upward effort. And then the Wheel of Destiny turned and the Venice of Sarpi passed.

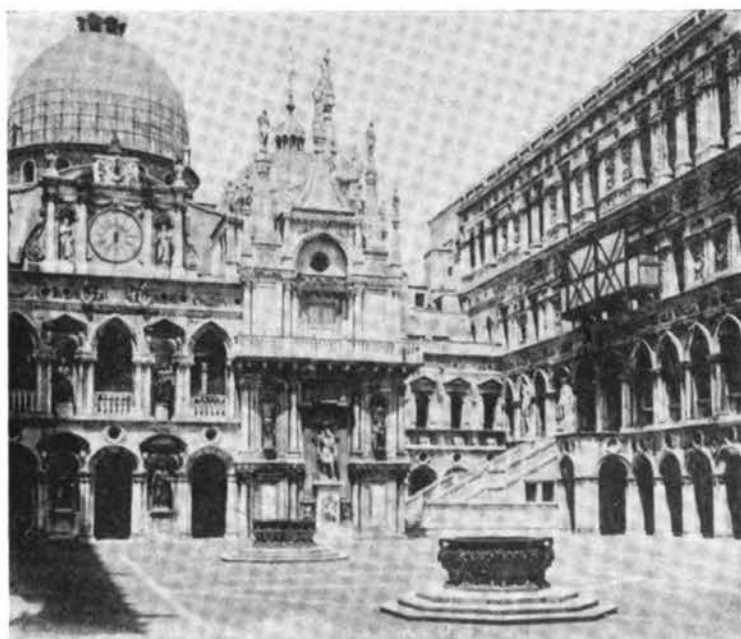
But the days to dawn will again see Venice whirled upward into the light on the rim of this mighty Wheel. This is inevitable. It is Theosophical teaching. The old clans will gather — and *there* — and they will work again and aspire again and build again; and in the light of the lessons learned through the failures and successes of the past will rise again to greater heights.

Doge and counsellor, artist and craftsman, scientist and scholar, statesman, philosopher, and poet — as the "whirling wheel of spiritual will and power" brought to you great opportunities in the past, so will it bring them to you again and yet again, in the future.



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THE DUCAL PALACE, VENICE
IN THE FOREGROUND THE LION OF ST. MARK'S



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COURTYARD OF THE DUCAL PALACE



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BRIDGE OF THE RIALTO



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PONTE DEI SOSPIRI — THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS, VENICE

HUMANITY AND THEOSOPHICAL EDUCATION:

by Elizabeth C. Spalding

Had our modern philosophers studied, instead of sneering at, the old Books of Wisdom — they would have found that which would have unveiled to them many a secret of ancient church and state. As they have not the result is evident. The dark cycle of Kali-Yug has brought back a Babel of modern thought, compared with which the “confusion of tongues” itself, appears a harmony. — *H. P. Blavatsky*



O the placid minds of one part of humanity the idea that there is an imperious need for Humanity to be saved, may seem quite absurd. To them the world appears to be moving on well enough; children are born to them, and are trained in the same methods they were, and their ancestors before them for centuries, possibly; life passes smoothly along, so they ask in wonder, Why change?

On the other hand is noticeable amongst a large class, a great unrest, a fretting against established conditions, and a reaching out for something new. Individuals striving with different motives, but massing together into various societies, and associations, united in the purpose of breaking down the old, but with no ideals upon which to form new and better ones. It is like building an edifice on shifting sands.

This vague but extreme restlessness is permeating every race and country. Is it not pitiful that with such an expenditure of force, there should be a lack of the right understanding to lead men and women out of all their difficulties, discouragements, and adverse conditions, to the correct solution of life's problems? Truly the world is harvesting a chaotic mass of thought that unless checked, will tend rapidly towards degeneracy, and the disintegration of all things. We need a clearer and cleaner atmosphere mentally, morally, and physically, and to secure this the minds of people must be opened to the truth.

Theosophy offers to humanity this knowledge, and shows the way to restore balance and harmony. These few words convey a simple declaration of the truth, but a world of meaning lies in them.

Down through the ages has this touch of wisdom been kept burning in the hearts of a few. Great Teachers passing its light to their pupils, they in their turn to others, thus forming a noble and devoted band. They held the knowledge as a sacred trust awaiting the time to come, when humanity could receive these truths, without crucifying the great Souls who revealed to them the teachings.

H. P. Blavatsky had the key to this knowledge, the "Secret Archaic Doctrine" in other words "Theosophy," which she brought to the western world. In *Isis Unveiled*, written thirty-three years ago, she wrote:

The said key must be turned seven times before the whole system is divulged. We will give it but one turn, and thereby allow the profane one glimpse into the mystery. Happy he who understands the whole.

In her book, *The Secret Doctrine*, which followed later, she gave out much more information. So little did the world then understand her that she was considered a charlatan by some. But others did recognize that a Teacher had come, and they gathered around her. She appointed Wm. Q. Judge, another Teacher, as her successor, to carry on the work she had created, the Theosophical Society. He, in his turn, appointed Katherine Tingley, the present Leader of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, who is electrifying the world with her educational work in different countries.

Katherine Tingley is now making practical the true Theosophical education.

What is a Theosophical education?

"Man Know Thyself," was one of the most valued teachings of the ancients. To know that one is a compound being, spiritual, mental, and physical; to know that this trinity also makes man a dual being; that he has both the potentiality of the God, and the lower forces as well; to learn how to conquer the evil that the God may prevail, and the soul be liberated to become the living power in him for good. All this is but a part of what Theosophy teaches.

Socrates asked "Which of us is skilful or successful in the treatment of the Soul, and which of us has had good teachers?" If that question were asked today Katherine Tingley's students could answer, here, at Point Loma, and her various centers throughout the world. Consider what it means to a child, to enter upon life's path favored with an understanding of these truths, imparted to him in such a simple, practical, logical manner that he lives naturally from the beginning, the proper life. "The first shoot of every living thing is by far the greatest and fullest." Such a child has the right foundation on which to build; he is truly educated.

The physical has not been strengthened at a loss of the mental and spiritual; the intellectual has not been so abnormally developed that the intuitional and spiritual have been absolutely shut off. The

Theosophical education gives a gradual unfolding of the whole nature, from within, outwards. Its growth may be likened to the ripening of the Lotus seed into the pure, white perfect blossom. The soul of the child who has developed under this training (making due allowance for Karmic heredity) will look forth, when matured, upon the world with so clear a vision, that confusion of ideas will be to him an unknown quantity. He can more clearly detect right from wrong — the necessary from the unnecessary, the practical from the impractical — the true brotherhood from the selfish independence. In fact he will restore equilibrium, and always for humanity's welfare.

Theosophy has been a revelation to the women. Women as a rule cling to old established forms and conventionalities, some from fear of varying kinds, others from ignorance, or a lack of desire to take the initiative, owing to an inertia which the habits and customs of centuries have bred in them. It is mainly because of the manifold possibilities which have been dormant so long in woman that she feels the impelling urge to do something now, perhaps more than ever before. In her effort to respond, she sometimes strikes an extreme note which results in making the whole tide of life about her, of which she should be the harmonious center, stormy and discordant. Without the spiritual thread of knowledge how can she act wisely? Yet woman is responsible to a large degree for the unsettled condition that the minds of men are in today, and she always will carry a heavy responsibility, because she is the matrix of humanity.

One of our best-known American cartoonists has pictured the condition of the world, as a large globe held in a woman's hand. Consider what a power for good woman has in her position of motherhood, which must of course embrace wifedom. Words cannot depict all the fine possibilities and capabilities of mother-love. It has been said that great men have great mothers, and if we trace the life and thought of the mother prior to the child's birth, we can invariably find a clue which explains the strength, or weaknesses of the child.

Are not the majority of humanity simply drifting? Men and women growing apart, the seeds of separateness and consequent disintegration being sown, instead of their growing together into the nobler, fuller comradeship which Theosophy encourages.

As Katherine Tingley has said:

We want not only the hearts, but the divine fire, the divine life, and the splendid royal warriorship of men and women. Theosophy is the panacea.

THE SCREEN OF TIME



BOOK REVIEWS: "Commentary upon the Maya-Tzental Perez Codex" (William E. Gates) by C. J. Ryan



THE Peabody Museum of American Archaeology and Ethnology at Harvard University recently published a new *Paper* (Vol. VI, No. 1) on the subject of Central American hieroglyph writing. The *Paper* is entitled "*Commentary upon the Maya-Tzental Perez Codex, with a concluding Note upon the Linguistic Problem of the Maya Glyphs.*" Professor Wm. E. Gates, International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, the author, has been a member of the Theosophical Society for about twenty-five years, beginning the serious study of Theosophy during H. P. Blavatsky's lifetime. Later, an ardent supporter of William Q. Judge, he is now one of the most active workers at Point Loma under the direction of Katherine Tingley. Professor Gates has applied himself largely to the historical and ethnological side of H. P. Blavatsky's teachings, and, by a careful study of her *Secret Doctrine* and other works, he has been able to bring to the problem of ancient American culture a fund of information and many valuable clues not familiar to the average student of archaeology. Professor F. W. Putnam of the Peabody Museum, Harvard, in his prefatory note to the *Commentary*, says:

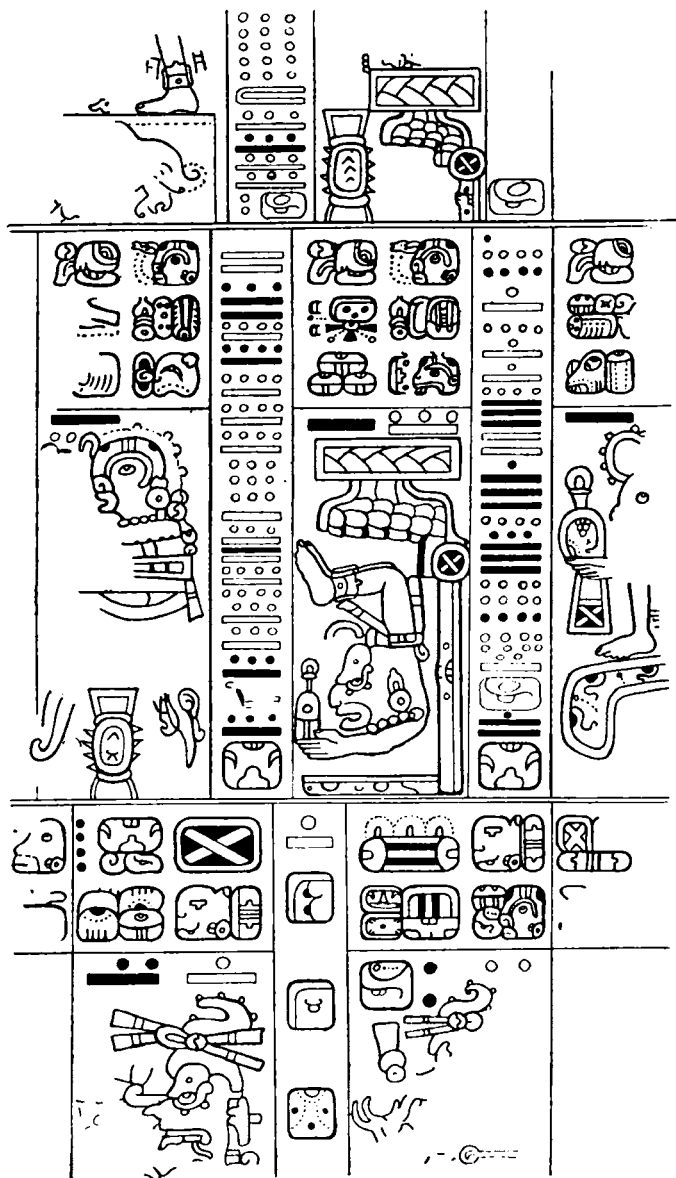
The Museum is fortunate in adding to its collaborators Mr. William E. Gates, of Point Loma, California, who for more than ten years has been an earnest student of American hieroglyphs. From his life-long studies in linguistics in connexion with his research in "the motifs of civilizations and cultures" he comes well-equipped to take up the difficult and all-absorbing study of American hieroglyphic writing. Mr. Gates has materially advanced this study by his reproduction of the glyphs in type. These type-forms he has used first in his reproduction of the Codex Perez, and now in this *Commentary* they are used for the first time in printing. This important aid to the study will be highly appreciated by all students of American hieroglyphs, as it will greatly facilitate the presentation of the results of future research.

The Harvard *Papers* are taken by the principal Universities and learned societies throughout the world. The *Commentary* on the Perez Codex and the reproduction of it have been printed by the Aryan Press at Point Loma and are fine examples of the highest class of printing.

The Perez Codex itself, of which Professor Gates' *Commentary* treats, and of which he has just issued a new, definitive edition, redrawn, colored as in the original and slightly restored, is a Central American manuscript on specially coated "maguey" paper, of unknown antiquity. It was discovered about fifty years ago in a forgotten chimney corner of the Bibliothèque Impériale, Paris, black with dust and without record of its antecedents. It is but a fragment, but



A PAGE OF THE MAYA-TZENTAL PEREZ CODEX
FROM CENTRAL AMERICA



PÉREZ CODEX: PAGE 17

fortunately the twenty-two remaining pages contain several chapters complete. The artistic quality of the work is of a high order; the coloring is most harmonious and the drawing of the hieroglyphs firm and refined. The human figures in the accompanying illustrations are conventionalized in certain grotesque though evidently intentional ways, but they have character and a real dignity, and admirably fit the spaces allotted to them. As an example of decorative art the manuscript must take high rank. It irresistibly reminds one of the best Egyptian Papyri. Professor Gates says:

And when, . . . one advances to an appreciation of the work in its bearings as a whole, one has to acknowledge himself facing the production of craftsmen who had the inheritance of not only generations, but ages of training. Such a combination of complete mastery in composition, perfect control of definite and fixed forms, and hand technique, can grow up from barbarism in no few hundred years. . . . Had we nothing but the Perez Codex and Stela P at Copan, the merits of their execution alone, weighed simply in comparison with observed history elsewhere, would prove that we have to do not with the traces of an ephemeral, but with the remains of a wide-spread, settled race and civilization, worthy to be ranked with or beyond even such as the Roman, in its endurance, development and influence in the world, and the beginnings of whose culture are still totally unknown. As to the Codex before us, we can only imagine what the beauty, especially of the pages we now come to discuss, must have been when the whole was fresh and perfect.

But, alas, no one can yet read the meaning of this and the two other Maya Codices that have escaped the destructive hands of the over-zealous Spanish missionaries who saw nothing in such things but hindrances to the spreading of the "True Faith," yet at the time of the Conquest they could be read easily by the cultured natives, and the *language is still spoken!* Though it seems almost incredible, there is no living person known who can decipher any of the hieroglyphs on the manuscripts or the hundreds of stone monuments except a few calendar signs and other signs of little consequence. We are indebted to Don Diego Landa, second bishop of Yucatan, for the destruction of all the manuscripts he could find, but it is to him also that we owe some gratitude for preserving the meaning of the hieroglyphs of the days and the months and a few other signs, which he inserted in his book. The little he has given us is not enough to help much; we may have to await the discovery of some "Rosetta Stone" like that which opened the lost secret of the Egyptian sacred writings to Champollion. In Professor Gates' words:

Up to date our knowledge of the meanings of the glyphs is still to all intents and purposes limited to the direct tradition we have through Landa, and the deductions immediately involved in these. We know the day and month signs, the numbers, including 0 and 20, four units of the archaic calendar count (the day, tun, katun and cycle), the cardinal point signs, the negative particle. We have not fully solved the uinal or month sign, which seems to be *chuen* on the monuments and a *cauac*, or *chuen*, in the manuscripts. We are able to identify what must be regarded as metaphysical or esoteric applications of certain glyphs in certain places, such as the face numerals. But every one of these points is either deducible directly by necessary mathematical calculation, or else from the names of certain signs given by Landa in his day and month list, and then found in other combinations, such as *yax*, *kin*, etc.

That we have as many of the points as we have, and still cannot form from them the key—that we cannot *read* the glyphs—is a constant wonder; but a fact nevertheless.

A large portion of the *Commentary* is devoted to a highly technical, detailed and closely-reasoned examination and analysis of the glyphs and illustrations in the Codex, of interest chiefly to specialists, but a considerable space is given to some general conclusions on language which are highly significant to students of Theosophy.

There is one point from which this question of American origins, at least of American place in human society and civilization, can be studied in its broader lines, even with what materials we have. It is that of language in general. From one point of view language is man himself, and it certainly is civilization. Without it man is not man, a Self-expressing and social being. . . . It is the constant effort of the conscious self to formulate thought. It is the use of the energy of creation, of objectivation, a veritable many-colored rainbow bridge between the inner or higher man and the outer or lower worlds. And it is not only the expression of Man as man, but in its varied forms it is the inevitable and living expression of each man or body of men at any and every point of time. Itself boundless as an ocean, it is in its infinite forms and streams and colors and sounds, the faithful and exact exponent both of the sources and channels by which it has come, and of the banks in which it is held, racial, national or individual. . . . Every word or form comes to us with the thought-impress of every man or nation that has used or molded it before us. We must take it as it comes, but we give it something of ourselves as we pass it on. If our intellectual and spiritual thought is aflame, whether as nation or individual, we may purify it, energize it, give it power to form and arrange the atoms around it—and we have a new literature, a new and beneficent, creative social vehicle of intercourse, mutual understanding, and human unification. . . .

It is evident that the criterion of the perfectness of any language is not to be found in a comparison of its forms or methods with those of any other, but in its fitness as a vehicle for the expression of deeper life, of the best and greatest that is in those who use it, and above all in its ability to react and stimulate newer and yet greater mental and spiritual activity and expression. The force behind man, demanding expression through him, and him only, into the human life of all, is infinite—of necessity infinite. There is no limit, nor ever has been any limit, to what man may bring down into the dignifying, broadening and enriching of human life and evolution, save in his own ability to comprehend, express, and *live* it. And the brightness and cleanness of the tools whereby he formulates his thought, as well as the worthiness and fitness of the substance and the forms into which he shapes it for others to see, are the essentials of his craft. . . .

There is one great broad line that divides the nations and civilizations of the earth, past and present, in all their arts of expression. We may call it that of the ideographic as against the literal. It controls the inner form of language and of languages; it manifests in the passage of thought from man to man; it determines whether the writing of the people shall be hieroglyphic or alphabetic; it gives both life and form to the ideals of their art. It is a distinction that was clearly recognized by Wilhelm von Humboldt, when he laid down that the incorporative characteristic essential to all the American languages is the result of the exaltation of the imaginative over the ratiocinative elements of mind.

Ideographic writing directs the mind of the reader by means of a picture or a symbol directly to the idea existing in the mind of the one who uses it; while

alphabetic or literal writing is simply the written expression of the sound, and only indirectly expresses the idea.

Passing on from the culture of ancient America with its ideographs, the writer draws attention to the great transition of thought, as indicated by language, that took place in Central Asia probably, the supposed seat of the Aryan beginnings after the destruction of Atlantis and the general break-up of the former civilizations. He says:

I believe . . . that coincident with a new and universal world-epoch, as wide in its cultural scope as the difference between the ideographic and literal, there was finally formed a totally new vehicle for the use of human thought, the inflectional, literal, alphabetic. That this vehicle was perfected into some great speech, the direct ancestor of Sanskrit, into the *forms* of which were concentrated all the old power of the ancient hieroglyphs and their underlying concepts. For Sanskrit, while the oldest is also the mightiest of Aryan grammars; and no one who has studied its forms, or heard its speech from educated native mouths, can call it anything but concentrated spiritual power. That the force which went on the one hand into the Sanskrit forms, was on the other perpetuated on into the special genius of Chinese, in which, as we know it, we have a retarded survival, not of course of outer form so much as of method and essence. And in Tibetan, in spite of all that is said to the contrary, I suspect that we have a derivative, not from either Chinese or Sanskrit as we know them, but by a medial line from a common point.

Many students feel convinced that once we solve the problem of the Maya-Tzental manuscripts and carved inscriptions, which undoubtedly relate to enormous periods of time, we shall have conclusive evidences of the civilization and destruction of Atlantis. Several illuminating quotations from H. P. Blavatsky's *Secret Doctrine* are given by Professor Gates, and in his last paragraph he sums up the results of his long application to the study of ancient American and other languages, in which he has been so notably helped by the teachings of Theosophy, in these words:

And I am convinced that the widest door there is to be opened to this past of the human race, is that of the Maya glyphs. The narrow limitations of our mental horizon as to the greatness and dignity of man, of his past, and of human evolution, were set back widely by Egypt and what she has had to show, and again by the Sanskrit; but the walls are still there, and advances, however rapid, are but gradual. With the reading of America I believe the walls themselves will fall, and a new conception of past history will come.

A NEW MAGAZINE

Translation of an article that appeared in the Gothenburg paper *Göteborgs Handels- och Sjöfarts Tidning* for August 23, 1911, written by the literary and dramatic critic of the paper, J. Atterbom.

THE first number of a new international magazine which seems worthy of recognition is now out in a Swedish edition. The publication is called *Den Teosofiska Vägen* (*The Theosophical Path*) and the ultimate direction is in the hands of Katherine Tingley, the Leader of the international Theosophical Movement. The editor of the Swedish edition is Dr. Gustaf Zander, Stockholm.

This monthly magazine is intended to continue, on a broader scale, the work of the former magazine *Theosophia*, which has been published for a good many years. The interest in Theosophy has grown steadily of late, not only in our country but in all civilized countries. And the more attention the Theosophical Movement has attracted through its propaganda and educational activities, the more the need has been felt of a publication which, instead of devoting most of its space to theoretical Theosophy and the deeper teachings of its philosophy suited to advanced students, would serve primarily to enlighten and inform all genuine seekers of Truth upon the essential character of this Theosophical Movement throughout the world, and indicate *the path* along which its workers are trying to make Theosophy a living power in the world's life, as well as in the daily life of each of them.

The new international magazine, which is published in America at the Center of the Movement, Point Loma, California, and in England, Germany, Holland, and Sweden in the respective languages, will thus be a valuable source of information for all who wish to know what Theosophy, as understood in the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society and as an ideal power for good, is really doing in a practical way. The magazine seems to have an important mission to fulfil towards the public in dispelling divers prejudices which the Movement has encountered in its progress; prejudices of which its adversaries have readily sought to avail themselves. And all who would like to see better established those principles of compassion and helpfulness that lead to practical results have in this magazine an excellent means of reaching and helping new fellow-travelers on the path of Theosophy.

The international character of the magazine ensures contributions from prominent foreign writers on problems and questions of general human and international interest. And the intimate connexion with Point Loma, it is stated, will allow it to present some views of the life of the Students there, and to show some of the causes that have made the Râja Yoga College at Point Loma an educational institution of world-wide significance.

Not long ago Mrs. Tingley secured an estate on Visingsö, as all know, in order to establish a school there on the same lines. As a reminder of this the Swedish publication opens with a picture of the ruins of Visingsborg Castle. Under the heading "The Path" are given some quotations from William Q. Judge, who was a Student and co-worker of H. P. Blavatsky's, the Founder of the Theosophical Movement. Later he became her successor. He passed away in 1896 and was followed by Mrs. Tingley. General information regarding the early days and growth of the Theosophical Movement can be found at the end of the magazine, where a résumé is given.

H. P. Blavatsky and the Theosophical Society is the subject of a special article. Then follow under the heading "On Firm Basis Stands the Doctrine of Karma" some profound thoughts of Viktor Rydberg. He says in part:

Our acts and their effects constitute a series as everlasting as all other series of causes in nature. If you think that death on earth is able to break it, do not for confirmation plead the judgment of natural science. Science has its own ground and method, and knows that it has to explain the quantitative series of

causes; beyond these it is unable to go. If you have not conviction with respect to the unseen, beware of the contrary shallow idea, that everything which cannot be seen does not really exist. . . . The doctrine of Karma has sprung from the depths of righteousness, which are indeed those of truth. No one escapes the effects of his acts.

An article by the editor, Dr. Zander, is on "The Power of Imagination Inherent in Man." Professor Osvald Sirén gives a profusely illustrated description of Point Loma; and Mr. Per Fernholm, M. E., who is living at that place, gives some thoughts on Sweden in the Stone Age, elucidating some points in our ancient history in the light of Theosophical chronology, which seems to differ somewhat from that still adopted by archaeologists and geologists.

The American publication presents perhaps a still fuller outline of the field proposed to be covered by the magazine, as also of the resources that the Theosophical Movement possesses for the realization of its objects. A prominent place is evidently given to Art—music, painting, and sculpture, literature and drama—as a means to reach a wider circle; serving as a mediator between the supersensible and the sensible, the immaterial spiritual life and the material physical life.

The object of the magazine is placed in a special light by a quotation from H. P. Blavatsky, chosen as motto in the American edition. It reads:

The Secret Doctrine is the common property of the countless millions of men born under various climates, in times with which History refuses to deal, and to which esoteric teachings assign dates incompatible with the theories of Geology and Anthropology. The birth and evolution of the Sacred Science of the Past are lost in the very night of Time. . . . It is only by bringing before the reader an abundance of proofs all tending to show that in every age, under every condition of civilization and knowledge, the educated classes of every nation made themselves the more or less faithful echoes of one identical system and its fundamental traditions—that he can be made to see that so many streams of the same water must have had a common source from which they started. What was this source? . . . There must be truth and fact in that which every people of antiquity accepted and made the foundation of its religions and its faith.

A full list of general Theosophical literature is found in the magazine.

THE STRANGE LITTLE GIRL: a Story for the Children, by V.M.

Illustrations by N. Roth. 12mo, about 70 pages, cloth 75 cents.

THIS little book, printed by the Aryan Theosophical Press, Point Loma, California, will be ready in time to form a wholly charming Christmas or New Year's gift. It is in large clear type on good paper, and the fourteen illustrations are quite unique. Eline, a princess who lived in a marvelous realm of joy and peace, divines from what some travelers left unsaid that there is another and a different world. She interrogates the king, who finally says the children are free to come and go. A harper arrives whose music speaks of far off sorrow. They pass away together; she drinks the cup of forgetfulness, and reaches the other world where many things happen of interest so supreme that we fancy older folk will be eagerly reading this book when the children are asleep, for it will interest both young and old.

The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society

Founded at New York City in 1875 by H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge and others

Reorganized in 1898 by Katherine Tingley

Central Office, Point Loma, California

The Headquarters of the Society at Point Loma with the buildings and grounds, are no "Community" "Settlement" or "Colony." They form no experiment in Socialism, Communism, or anything of similar nature, but are the Central Executive Office of an international organization where the business of the same is carried on, and where the teachings of Theosophy are being demonstrated. Midway 'twixt East and West, where the rising Sun of Progress and Enlightenment shall one day stand at full meridian, the Headquarters of the Society unite the philosophic Orient with the practical West.

MEMBERSHIP

in the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society may be either "at large" or in a local Branch. Adhesion to the principle of Universal Brotherhood is the only pre-requisite to membership. The Organization represents no particular creed; it is entirely unsectarian, and includes professors of all faiths, only exacting from each member that large toleration of the beliefs of others which he desires them to exhibit towards his own.

Applications for membership in a Branch should be addressed to the local Director; for membership "at large" to G. de Purucker, Membership Secretary, International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California.

OBJECTS

THIS BROTHERHOOD is a part of a great and universal movement which has been active in all ages.

This Organization declares that Brotherhood is a fact in Nature. Its principal purpose is to teach Brotherhood, demonstrate that it is a fact in Nature, and make it a living power in the life of humanity.

Its subsidiary purpose is to study ancient and modern religions, science, philosophy, and art; to investigate the laws of Nature and the divine powers in man.

It is a regrettable fact that many people use the name of Theosophy and of our Organization for self-interest, as also that of H. P. Blavatsky, the Foundress, and even the Society's motto, to attract attention to themselves and to gain public support. This they do in private and public speech and in publications. Without being in any way connected with the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, in many cases they permit it to be inferred that they

are, thus misleading the public, and honest inquirers are hence led away from the original truths of Theosophy.

The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society welcomes to membership all who truly love their fellow men and desire the eradication of the evils caused by the barriers of race, creed, caste, or color, which have so long impeded human progress; to all sincere lovers of truth and to all who aspire to higher and better things than the mere pleasures and interests of a worldly life and are prepared to do all in their power to make Brotherhood a living energy in the life of humanity, its various departments offer unlimited opportunities.

The whole work of the Organization is under the direction of the Leader and Official Head, Katherine Tingley, as outlined in the Constitution.

Inquirers desiring further information about Theosophy or the Theosophical Society are invited to write to

THE SECRETARY

International Theosophical Headquarters
Point Loma, California



The Theosophical Path

An International Magazine
Unsectarian and nonpolitical

Monthly

Illustrated



Devoted to the Brotherhood of Humanity, the promulgation of Theosophy, the study of ancient & modern Ethics, Philosophy, Science and Art, and to the uplifting and purification of Home and National Life

Edited by Katherine Tingley
International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California, U.S.A.

A knowledge concerning spiritual and Divine things is surely attainable with much greater precision than commonplace modern philosophy dreams of; it has been attained by great Theosophists in all ages; it is recorded in a hundred enigmatic volumes, the comprehension of which exacts the care and effort which in due time it will so well reward, and the pursuit of this knowledge is one of the great aims of the Theosophical Society. . . . And another great aim of the Theosophical Society has been to show how the pursuit even of the highest philosophical knowledge must itself, to be successful, be wedded with the wish to do good to the whole family of mankind. As a mere intellectual luxury, sought for in a selfish spirit, spiritual knowledge itself must necessarily be futile and unprogressive. This is a great mystic truth, and out of the full knowledge thereof on the part of those from whom the Theosophical Society received its creative impulse, has arisen THAT PRIMARY WATCH-WORD OF OUR ASSOCIATION "UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD."—H. P. BLAVATSKY
(*The Theosophist*, Vol. I, No. 2, Leading Article.)

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EDITED BY KATHERINE TINGLEY

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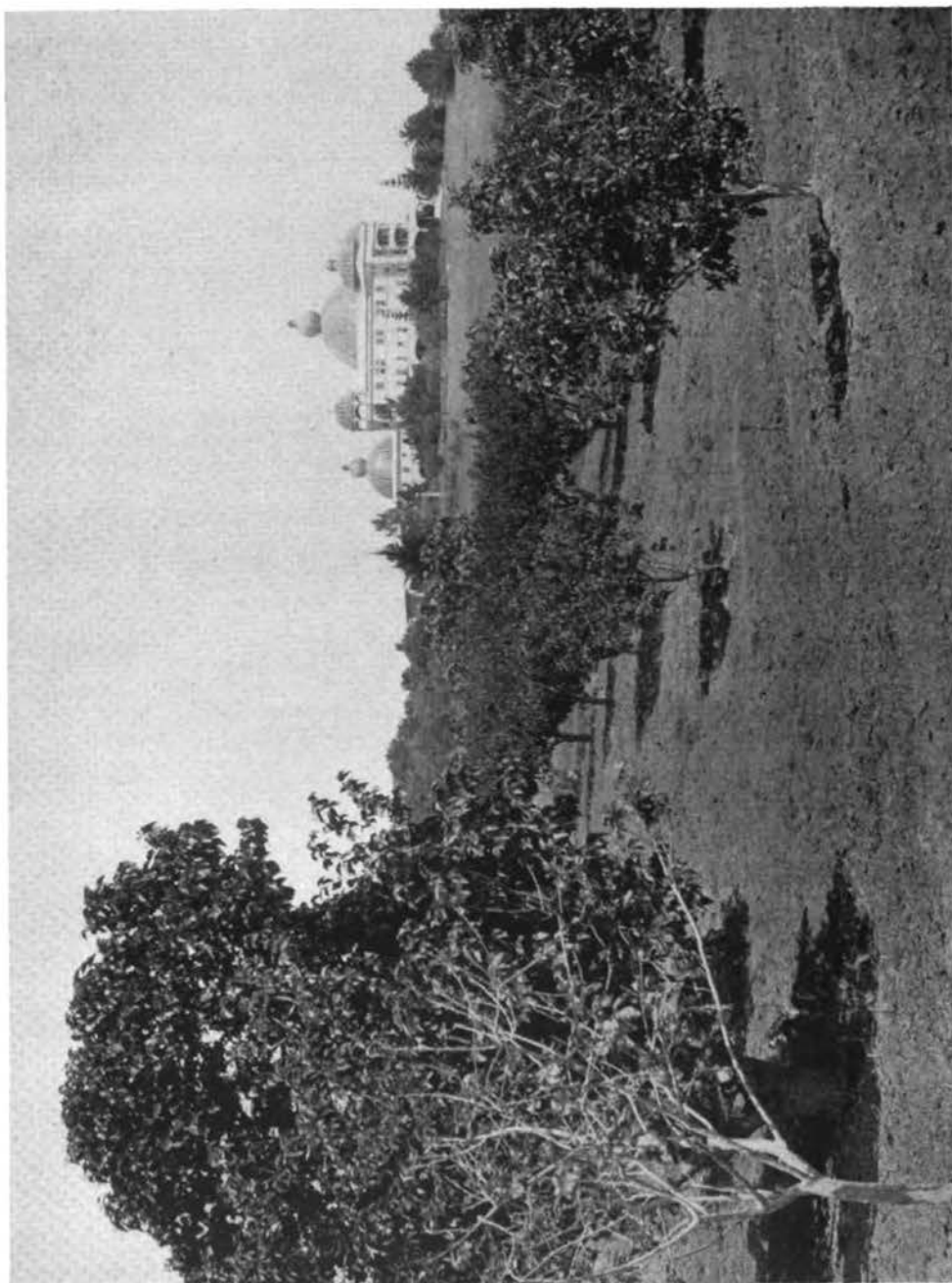
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SOUTHEASTERN VIEW OF THE RÂJA YOGA COLLEGE, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA
THE ARYAN MEMORIAL TEMPLE TO THE LEFT

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

VOL. I

DECEMBER, 1911

NO. 6

THE dayspring from on high hath visited us, . . . to guide our feet into the way of peace. — *Luke i. 78. 79*

CHRISTMAS: by Kenneth Morris



THIS is the time when we decorate our habitations with holly and mistletoe, and our hearts with unwonted good feeling, commemorating the dawning of a great light. There are certain stations in the journey of the year, where we may see the legend writ large on the sign-boards: "Change here for a better way of life; change here for happiness." We read, and come out on the platform; make festivity a little in the waiting (and refreshment) rooms, and then bundle back into the old train, having never changed at all. The Christmas-New Year time, and the Easter-time of the flowers, are two such important junctions; and it is worth while to note that these feasts were kept long before the advent of Christianity. For Christmas is in the very nature of things, and not merely historically, the birthday of the Christ. It is the end of the winter solstice, when the sun is, as it were, born anew after his months of decline, and begins to flow towards the high tide mark of his power.

That there is a certain reality in the significance of the season, is proven by the bright good will that greets us when we rise on a Christmas morning, and that it is so hard to escape. Marley's ghost and the three spirits will be apt to haunt the veriest Scrooge among us, forcing issues, compelling us to see that benevolence and kindness are part of the essential business of life. Though we starve our souls on a thin diet of self-interest during the rest of the year, now our fare shall be less meager, and the whole world demands of us that we share in the common joy. There lies the heart and crux of it all

—*share*. It is a great thing that there should be the habit of present-giving; it is so easy, when one is considering the giving of a gift, to escape from self, and take thought in some degree for the one to whom the gift is destined. Just a little such thought is cleansing; for even the least trickle of it, Augean selfhood is the sweeter and more habitable. And here it is flowing at Christmas time, a full current of which all the world may partake. The force of age-long custom has dedicated the day, and the habit has been formed of making an effort at brotherly feeling. We think of the children, of absentees, of many we give no thought to at other times. No doubt but for this, many a soul still flickers on, that would else have dwindled long since into pin-point insignificance, or waned altogether out of minds anchored at all other times to dreary and sordid self-interest. No doubt our civilization would be nearer to the rocks even than it is, or quite battered and broken on them, were it not that we do put some strain on the rudders, and turn, if falteringly and without clear design, to the free open waters on this one day of the year.

It is the proof of brotherhood, and that we are all filled with a common life, this generality of Christmas good will. We share in thought and feeling, as much as we do in the very air we breathe; mental infection is as real, and perilous, as the physical infection of disease. One man's thinking, though unuttered, shall pass through a thousand minds, sowing wheat or tares, good or evil, light or darkness, health or disease, in every one of them. What a new light this sheds on the question of reform! New laws are only efficient as old modes of thought are sweetened and uplifted. Will you move heaven and earth over the mote that is in your brother's eye, forgetting the beam that is in your own? Then do you stand accused, not merely of hypocrisy, but of being a worthless, profitless laborer, a twister of sand-ropes, a plower of the barren shore.

But what might not Christmas be for us, were we to treat it really reasonably! Happiness lies not in the region of sanctimonious ecstasies; but then, it is also incompatible with an overloaded stomach. We begin well enough with the wishes for a "Merry Christmas"; excellently well with the geniality and present-giving. What a promise there is for all sorts and conditions of men, or nearly all, on a Christmas morning: what a general sun of Austerlitz is it that rises! But how of its setting? What heavy physical clouds there are apt to be; what a sinking low, a simple vanishing, of ideals — what mere brute,

material indigestion! Heigho! here's a come-down — from PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD WILL TO MEN, to these well-known, brain-deadening results!

It all comes of our erratic, freakish extremism. We pride ourselves on the practical trend of our lives: Gad, there's no nonsense here; it is a businesslike and commonsense generation, with the whole trade of the world on its hands; and what would you have, sir? Why, some evidence of that same so-much-bragged-of commonsense, if there be any. Our notion of carrying on the work of the world is, on the whole and for the most part, a fever; a wearing out of manhood, a furious, unseemly jostling round the trough wherein providence, like a swineherd, pours the wash of money, position, fame, power, etc.; and while we are so fighting and swilling, the work of the world is left undone; it may take care of itself, it may go hang, we will have none of it. Does anyone doubt that? Let him look around and see the abuses that remain and fester, heaven knows, till the world is rank with the corruption of them. Let him think of the reformatories that don't reform; of the horror that walketh by night in the cities. When he has taken note of *all* the work left undone within the limits of his own nation, let him consider, but with more charity — for the conditions will be less easy for him to understand — the work that other nations are leaving undone; the work that humanity as a whole whistles past unheeding. And meanwhile we sweat and drudge and strain, strain and drudge and sweat after the things we desire, money and so forth; we give health for it, culture for it, leisure for it, honor for it, virtue for it, manhood for it; and call that business; call that doing the work of the world. Oh how this aching earth must be desiring a humanity that can put in some claim to be human!

We cannot go on so always; we must of course have safety-valves somewhere; and so we arrange these holidays and festivals, when we shall react and revolt against the things of common day, and be wildly different, for those few annual hours at least. Now we will have pleasure, rest, recreation. So —

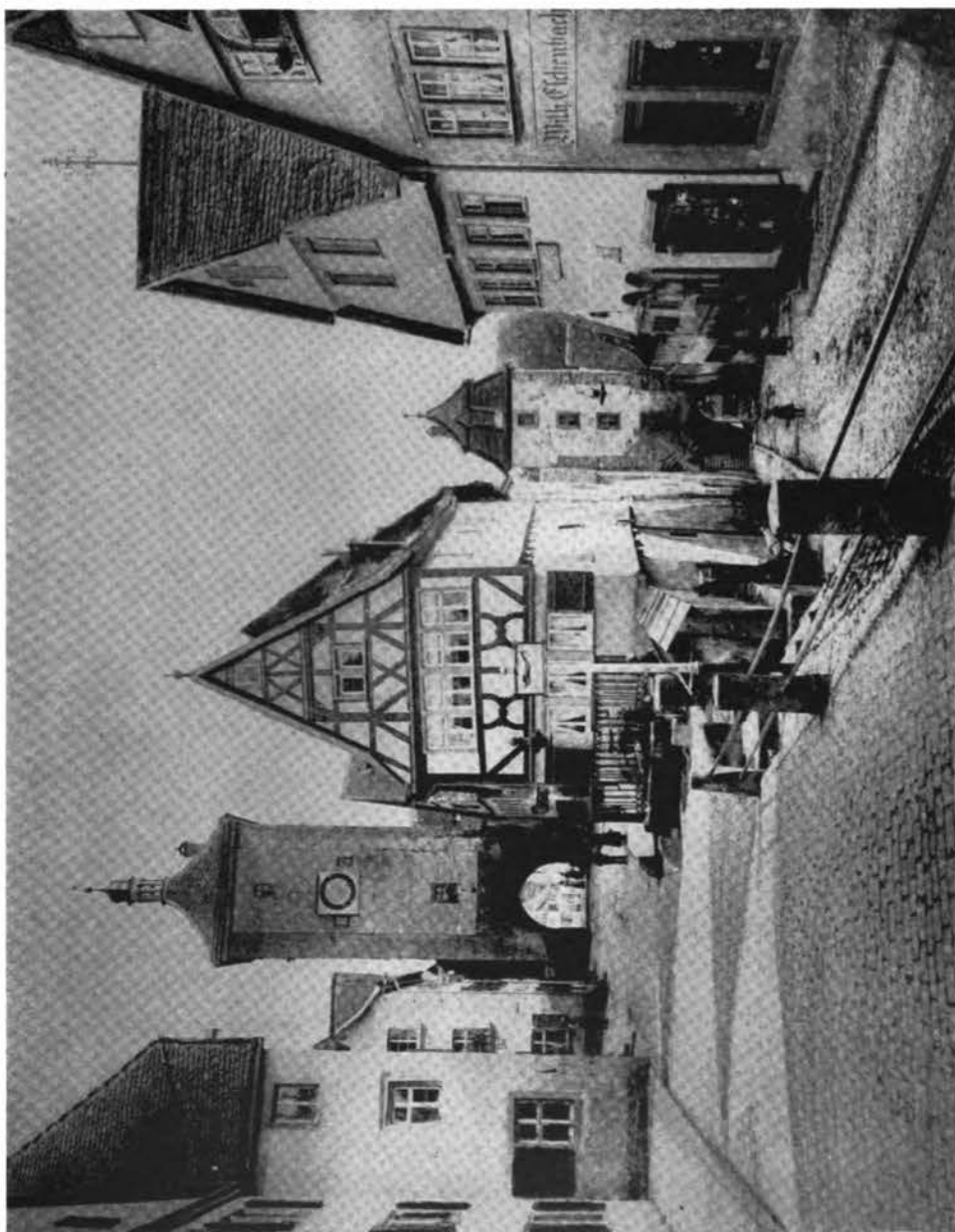
Oh, we know the sweet fair picture! We know how it is done, only too often, this recreation business. Come now, who is it that is recreated? Which element, which party, which guild or stratum of society in that curious pathocratical republic, that kingless, impolitic, mob-swayed kingdom called the human personality, rises like a giant refreshed from the somnolent, torpid nebulosity wherewith the liver,

poor drudge on strike, has its revenge on its tyrant? How much of Christmas good will, Christmas merriment and cheer, will be carried forward? What new light will shine on our workaday activities?

You pass through a treasure-house, from which you may take what you will, and the more you take, the better. But you "take no thought for the morrow" — with a vengeance! you pay no heed to the rich and beautiful things; you allow yourself to be beguiled, from entrance to exit of it, by that most wily esurient companion Appetite, that should be slave and porter but has tricked himself into the position of master and guide. We do go in there, indeed; we do see the treasures; it is proven for us that they exist, and undoubtedly we are the better for that. But we might go forth enriched for the whole year; and — we don't. Christmas, that might be perennial, hardly lasts for a whole day.

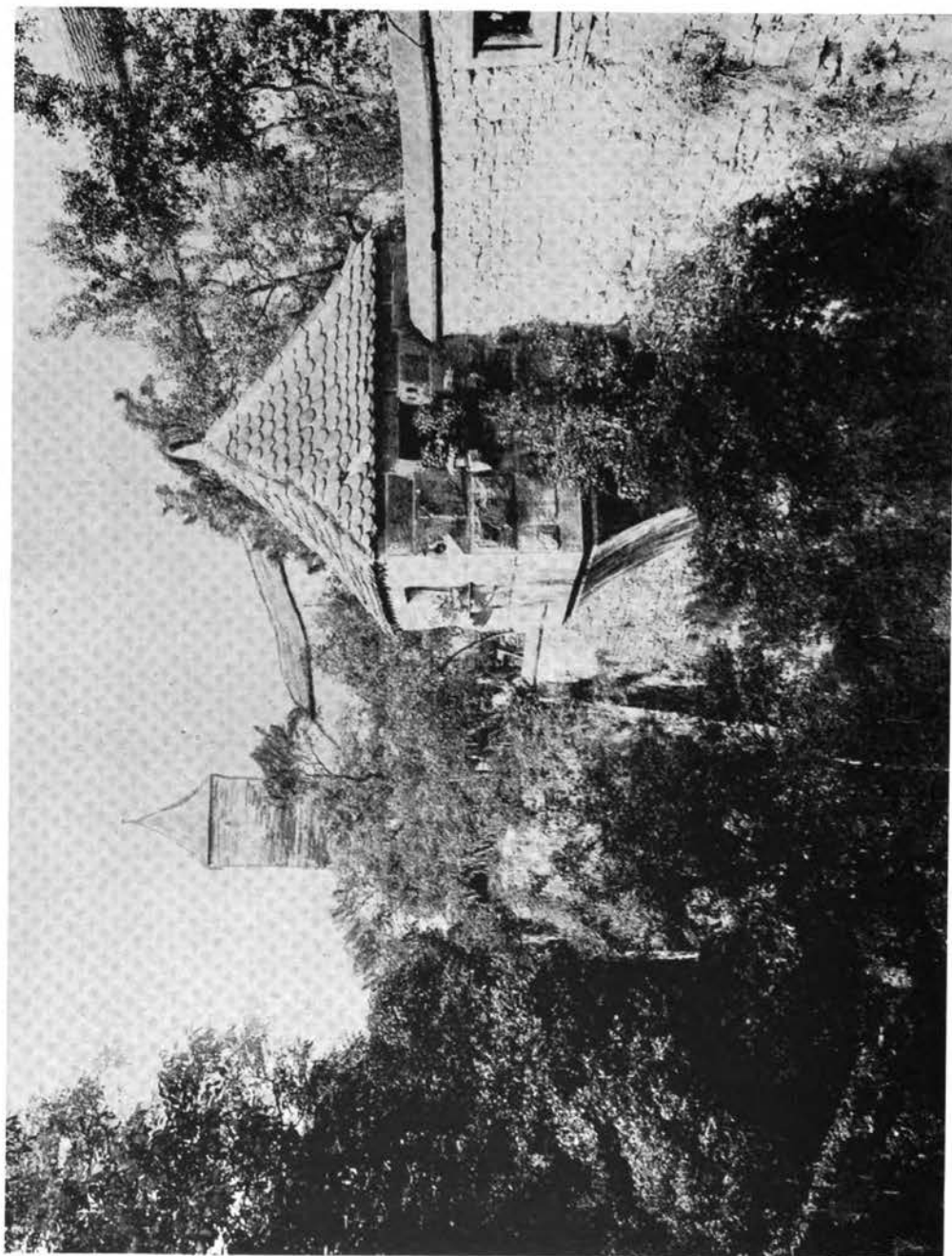
Why should not such a birthday be kept in a fitting manner? Is there nothing within ourselves that corresponds to the Hero of the day — no sunbright redeeming principle? Indeed there is; and it is the service of that that pays (to put it vulgarly); for that is the soul, whose mere garments are brain and body and appetites; indeed, whose mere hopples and handcuffs they are. No joy is acceptable, or without its sickening foul aftertaste, unless countersigned by It; that feast is poisonous of which It does not partake. To carry through the day the jolly atmosphere of good will and good service, of stepping outside selfhood; to keep one's insolent servant, appetite, cowed and right down in its place, finding pleasure in the things that belong to ourselves, not to it — that would be to celebrate Christmas rationally. When we do so, we do not find that the Christmas spirit wanes with the waning of the holidays.

I wish the whole world could have just a glimpse of the Lomaland Christmas, which is such a rational one, permeated with sunlight "both within and without." Then it would be more generally understood, how that the day may be, and ought to be, the feast-day of Human Brotherhood, the annual reconsecration of the celebrants to all things bright and beautiful, and cheerful and excellent, and happy and thoroughly practical and of good report. By heaven, the influence of these Theosophical Christmases will make its mark on the world yet!



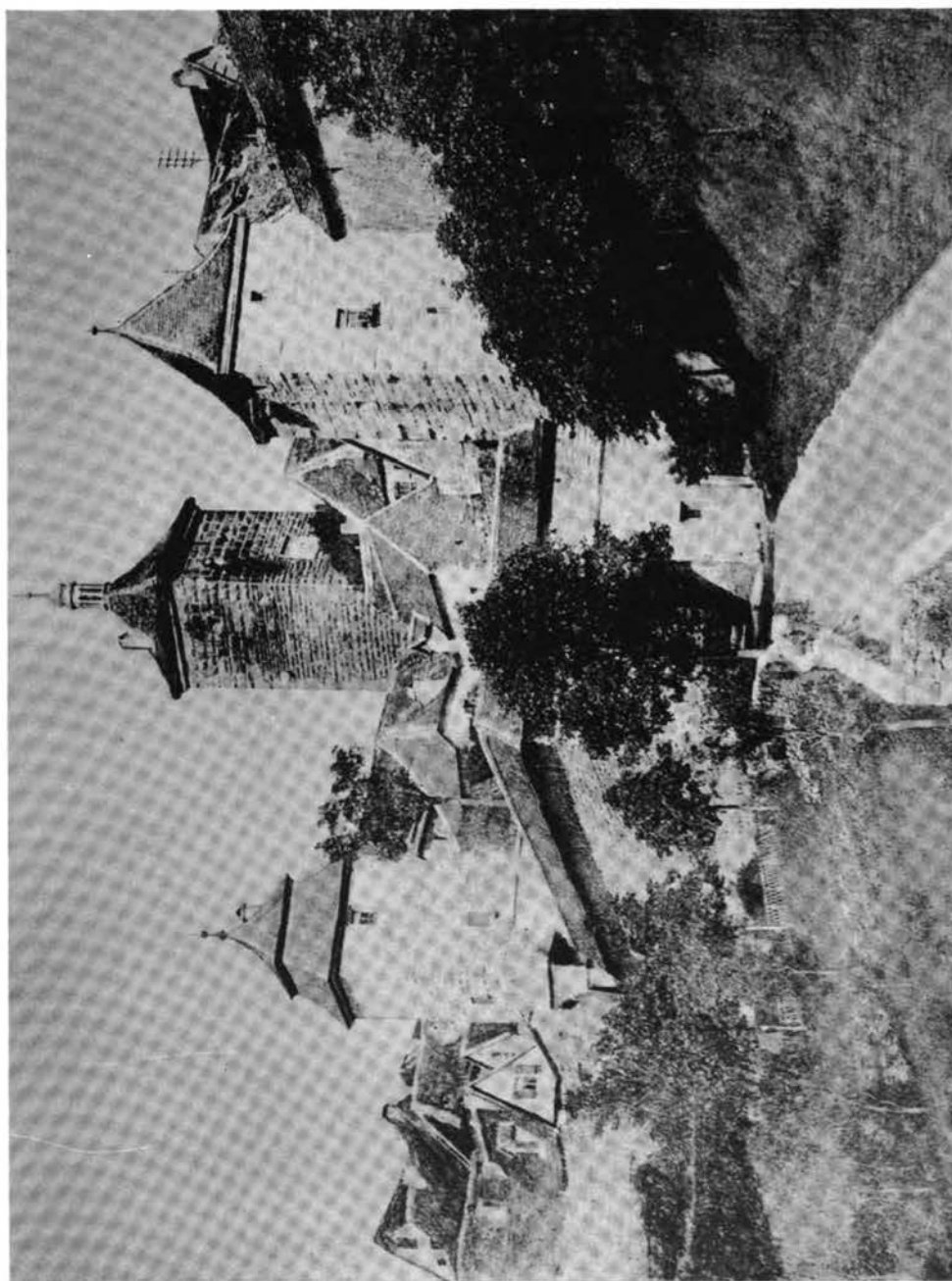
Lomaland Photo. and Engraving Dept.

ROTHENBURG: A VIEW OF THE MEDIEVAL TOWN



Lomaland Photo. and Engraving Dept.

ANOTHER VIEW OF ROTHENBURG: A ROMANTIC CORNER



Lomaland Photo. and Engraving Dept.

VIEW OF ROTHENBURG SHOWING SOME OF THE OLD TOWN HOUSES



Lomaland Photo. and Engraving Dept.

ROTHENBURG: THE "STRAFTHURM"

PEACE ON EARTH: GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN:

by R. Machell



PEACE to all beings! is an Eastern benediction. Peace on earth: good will toward men! is the Christian expression of the same heart-felt emotion. But what is peace? Is it merely the suspension of war, or the prevention of war, or its postponement? Is a long period of peace merely *in itself* productive of "good will toward men"? Does prosperity necessarily produce generosity, love, nobility, dignity, purity, or happiness? Can we possibly answer in the affirmative with the statistics of want and crime, corruption and suicide before our eyes constantly? Is peace the absence of war? If so we must stretch the meaning of the word war very considerably, stretch it indeed until it includes all unbrotherly acts; but then it will include a great part of our commercial system as well as of our social life. What then? Is peace a mockery? If so why is it so generally recognized as a desirable state, a blessed state, a state of beauty and joy? The cessation of international wars, so greatly to be desired, is peace of one kind only. "The peace of God that passeth all understanding," is another.

It has been found that the greatest stability can be attained by maintaining rapid motion in a heavy body, as in the gyrostat, the power of which has made the monorail train and other strange things a possibility. Thus stability in mechanics is found to be increased by rapid motion; rest is produced by action. Even in the arts of peace, and indeed more particularly in these, prosperity depends upon intense activity; when the works are at rest there is not usually an extra amount of peace and good will in evidence. Prosperity is not the result of idleness, and peace is not attained by the prevention of war; an idle man may grow fat, and a nation that does not fight may grow rich; but the fat man is not the healthy man, not the ideal human being, and the rich nation is not the happy nation; neither the fat man nor the rich nation are types of true progress in the eyes of any but the grossest of materialists.

I venture to think that peace is not at all a question of war or its prevention, but entirely a matter of *self-discipline*: self-discipline in the individual, in the family, the community, the nation, and the entire human race. It is the result of ceaseless activity. If this activity of self-discipline (*not* self-torture or abuse of the body) ceases there is an end of the state of peace as surely as the top or gyrostat falls when

its rotation ceases. The essence of this rotation is the recognition of the center or axis of rotation by all the particles of the revolving body, from which an important analogy may be drawn. Self-discipline begins at home, as surely as the circle can only be described around a center. A circle without a center is unthinkable, and so is self-control without a self; but as the center of any visible object is itself an abstract point (having no magnitude) but subsisting on the plane of the immaterial, so the self is not material, but in its spiritual reality bears a similar mysterious relation to the material body that the abstraction called the center bears to a mass. A homeless man may be self-disciplined, but a nation is not composed of homeless men; national life depends upon the family and the family depends upon the home. The home is the spiritual center of the nation. It is everywhere and depends upon the ceaseless activity of its parts. This is the great binding-force that holds a nation in balance, and when this home-life weakens, the whole nation, like a top whose rotation slows down, begins to wobble; then, like the top, it is likely to fall over and rush off violently in any direction, and it becomes a dead body.

So if we would have peace in ourselves we must keep up a ceaseless fight against the inertia of the lower nature and replace the false peace of inertia by the stability, which, as in the gyrostad, results from rapid motion round its own center — that is to say, constant attention to duty. If we would have peace in the nation we must have it in our homes, and the home must have its invisible center of attraction, and the constant attention to duty of its parts or members.

If this is established there will be no great need to think about the sorrows of international wars or the means of preventing them.



UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD has no creeds or dogmas; it is built on the basis of common sense. It teaches that man is divine, that the soul of man is imperishable, and that Brotherhood is a fact in Nature, and consequently takes in all humanity.

Men must rid themselves of fear, and reach a point where they realize that they are souls, and where they will strive to live as souls, with a sense of their duty to their fellows. — *Katherine Tingley*

PSYCHISM: A Study in Hidden Connexions:

by H. T. Edge, B. A. (Cantab.)



THE wave of psychism which is sweeping over us grows more pronounced as time goes on. If we do not master it, it will master us and bring our civilization to an untimely end.

Theosophy did not bring on this tide of psychism. Theosophy was introduced (in part) for the purpose of coping with it. When H. P. Blavatsky entered upon her work she foresaw what was approaching. An era of materialism was about to be succeeded by a reaction towards psychism. The first beginnings were already manifest in the rise of phenomenalism. One of the objects of founding the Theosophical Society was to prevent the disasters that would arise if this wave of psychism should come in the midst of an atmosphere of selfishness and ignorance. Some people still wrongly suppose that H. P. Blavatsky initiated the interest in psychism; but what she really did was to prepare the way for a successful fight against the abuse of psychism; to prepare the way by introducing to the world a knowledge of OCCULTISM — a very different thing. She did work among the Spiritists because that movement was there ready to hand; among them she found many awaiting the teachings of Theosophy. She sought to turn the prevalent craze for phenomena into channels of true knowledge. Her writings all show how strongly she emphasized the dangers of dabbling in phenomenalism and the distinction between Occultism and the occult arts, between Spiritual powers and psychic powers.

Some may think the warnings of Theosophists against psychism are exaggerated, but the record of facts tells a different story. Every day brings new justification of these warnings. In a newspaper published by the American-Examiner Company there lately appeared an article entitled "The Soul-Destroying Poison of the East." Let it be said at the outset that the phrase thus unqualified would constitute a libel upon the East, and that it is not the East in general, but merely a particular phase of orientalism, that is intended. The title goes on: "The Tragic Flood of Broken Homes and Hearts, Disgrace and Suicide, that follows the broadening stream of Morbidly Alluring Oriental 'Philosophies' into Our Country."

The article begins as follows:

It is startling to realize that in many a commonplace flat . . . occult rites

are being celebrated as shocking as the ancient worship of Moloch and Baal. A long series of recent occurrences has proved that Oriental occultism in various forms has many followers in the United States. . . . Hindu occultism is leprous.

This kind certainly is; but should it not be the ambition of Hindûs to clear their name from such an aspersion? The article then recounts several cases of the breaking up of homes, suicides, and other calamities, of a kind with which we are daily becoming more familiar through the columns of the newspapers; and it traces all these to the subtle influence of the said poison. It goes on to speak of "Tantrikism," a cult which is said to have 100,000 followers in the United States and to have been introduced by the "Swamis," many of whom came over ostensibly to attend the Congress of Religions in 1893. We know of a certain class of Swâmis, sanctimonious and plausible individuals, who reap a harvest from a credulous and admiring public.

According to my interpretation of the following quotations, the basis of this cult is a deification of passion and sensuality. Indeed that seems to be the whole tenor of it. It exalts weakness and vice into an appearance of virtue and makes a religion of depravity. The fundamental principle is thus expressed:

Our emotional longings are not to be crushed, but we must lend brain, heart and muscle to secure their eternal gratification.

To quote again:

Some of the American Tantriks would persuade American parents that it is an honor to have their daughters chosen as nautch-girls, *and it is sad to say that they sometimes succeed.*

Oh, parents! Fond and foolish, but how ignorant!

All this fully justifies Theosophists in asserting that there is a cancer lurking at the roots of our racial vitality. How futile and frivolous, in face of this terrible fact, seem our puny efforts at reform by legislation and philanthropy, a mere tinkering at the symptoms. The sexual passion has obtained a fearful hold on us, as is manifested in numerous ways, in secret and open depravity, in the form of new religions and philosophies. Here we have a cult which exalts it into a worship and which is well calculated to ensnare the morbidly excited imaginations, debilitated nervous systems, and untrained minds of our ill-guided youth of either sex.

No doubt the above account will come as a revelation to many,

and it may serve to enlighten them on some matters which before were dark, particularly as to the underground connexions between certain things which on the surface seem unconnected. One of these is *the connexion between psychism and crank religions on the one hand and sexual depravity on the other*. From the beginning Theosophists have insisted on this fact and issued warnings against the danger. It is a commonplace of the history of religions and cults that, when the devotees fail in following the path of light and duty, they lapse into sensual perversions. As far as we can trace back, we find instances of pure worship and sacred symbolism being perverted into gross license and corrupt teachings. In our times we have witnessed many eruptions of vice associated with crank religions. The connexion is not accidental; it simply means that when anyone dares to try and make the higher nature serve the lower he ends in a complete breakdown.

How well is illustrated the truth that psychic practices merely stimulate the animal centers, send up a foul current to the brain, and produce an emotional and erotic intoxication, which is often mistaken by the ignorant dabbler for divine inspiration!

And here we call attention to the circumstance that innumerable people today are *ignorantly and heedlessly dabbling in psychism*. Many of them are perfectly innocent of any leanings to depravity. Yet observe the connexion. Theosophists have never failed to warn them; and for their pains have been laughed at; yet see the confirmation of their warnings. We merely take this occasion to point out to the heedless and innocent experimenters the dangers that lie ahead of them in the path they are treading. There are only two paths in Occultism — the right and the wrong; the right path is the path of duty, service, and righteous living; any other path is the wrong path.

In an age when nothing is immune against perversion, it is no slur upon the Theosophical Society to say that even that body, pure and lofty as its teachings and work are, has not been free from attempts made to divert it into some wrong direction. From time to time ambitious and misguided adherents have deserted its ranks that they might pursue outside the courses which they were prevented from pursuing within.

In this way a number of so-called "Theosophical" cults have originated, which in varying degrees carry on a propaganda that

misrepresents Theosophy and thereby wrongs the public. The reason for alluding to this here is that some members of these cults are preaching the very psychism which, as has just been shown, is so intimately related to these grave abuses. In books and on the lecture platform we may find their leaders reproducing some form of the original Theosophical teachings and even professing lofty principles of morality; but a closer examination of the teachings prevailing among them reveals only too often the same unsavory atmosphere of psychism. If these "teachers" really followed the lofty teachings they profess there could be no reason why they should not be working in harmony with real Theosophists; but it is because they have cut themselves from the pure teachings of H. P. Blavatsky and the original Theosophical program that Theosophists are obliged to repudiate them.

It behooves all people who have a reputation to preserve to search out carefully these hidden connexions and make sure of the nature of everything they may endorse; for a man is judged by his associations.

Again, all kinds of "new" social doctrines are being preached, usually in the name of liberty, honesty, and purity; and those who protest against them are dubbed "slaves of Mrs. Grundy." But in view of the above newspaper revelations it would seem as though the protestors had some justification for their warnings. In much of this talk about liberty we detect not liberty but license. We are told, on high authority, apparently, that it is better to give vent to one's "youthful vitality" than to let it smoulder; but what becomes of this argument in view of the Tântrik program mentioned above, or other similar cults?

There is a class of popular writers who, having won the public ear by novels, brilliant criticism, or some such way, are now using the opportunity to vent their crude speculations and unripe imaginings, which pass current as "daring and original views." The morbidity, acidity, or angularity of their minds—seemingly unsuspected by themselves—is revealed in a way that dismisses them from the consideration of the more thoughtful readers; but they serve as ringleaders to a host of readers who share their temperament if not their literary gifts. They analyse in their peculiar fashion the institutions of human life as though they were people sent from another planet to inspect this world. Ignorant of the existence or possibility of points of view other than their own, they discuss marriage as if it were a physiological

problem, and men as if they were but draughts on a checkerboard.

We have had novels based on the theory that human life is a physiological question, whose heroines are soulless over-cerebrated women of the most intolerable type; and a continuous torrent of smart writing whose aim seems to be to turn everything upside down and take the perverse view on every possible occasion. All this literary rubbish, whatever its moving spirit may be, must be regarded as a part of the general disintegrative force that is at work among us; its effect is to unsettle inexperienced minds at a time when they need guidance; and thus to pave the way for the implanting of the noxious seeds described above.

Time and space will not suffice for a full list of the movements and cults and fads which are all heading, consciously or unconsciously, in this dangerous direction — fads scientific, religious, social, what not. Sometimes one can detect the same element at the root of them — the morbid craving, the pruriency of thought, the subtle suggestion of the lower nature seeking new recognition for itself by assuming an attractive disguise.

The difficulties of a Theosophist may be realized when we bear in mind that he has to warn people against dangers which, though real to him, by reason of his knowledge of human nature, are by them unsuspected. So many of the fads seem quite harmless. Yet the Theosophist may be aware of the direction in which they are tending, or of some ugly facts beneath the surface. His warnings are uttered with the voice of genuine compassion. He sees every one of his warnings justified as time goes on and the latent seeds of evil develop and come into view. His one aim in life is to spread a knowledge of the noble and helpful teachings of Theosophy, for these alone can cope with such a subtle and powerful foe. His pity is aroused for those who are innocently lending themselves to such a propaganda, and for those earnest truth-seekers who are deceived by the misrepresentation.

So great is the menace of evils like the above, and so rapidly are they spreading, that every attempted reform sinks into insignificance beside the importance of dealing with this. We fret about the evils of our educational system, the increase of insanity and suicide, child-degeneracy, consumption and cancer, drug-taking, the white slave traffic, unemployment and labor troubles, all kinds of problems; when down in the very marrow of our twentieth century life lurks this frightful decay. Under the most plausible and specious forms it in-

sinuates itself. Many "teachers" are insinuating the same poison into us under the guise of fine high-sounding doctrines, and sometimes *even by using Theosophical terms*. Sometimes from beneath the surface of their public teachings some "inner doctrine" pops up as though the teachers were experimenting with the public tolerance; and we hear whispers of a "new morality," strange sexual doctrines, etc. Then, if we are wise, we suspect what lies at the root.

The consequences to our children and youth are a thing that should surely move our hearts. Parents and teachers alike are by their own confession unable to cope with the evils becoming so rampant among the young. Noted headmasters have given up in despair the attempt to stop unnatural vice among the boys entrusted by loving parents to their care. Most mothers are sublimely ignorant of what goes on in the inner life of their boys and girls, who in secret and in ignorance are all the time sowing in their constitution the soil of debility in which the poison seeds so ruthlessly sown can sprout.

In fact there is no visible power competent to deal with this evil. It lies beyond the reach of any criminal or judicial procedure. Religion is powerless before it; science can find no cure. So the conclusion remains that unless something is done, the evil will continue to grow and spread unchecked, involving in its decay the very powers that should check it, until the fabric of society is altogether loosened and our civilization comes to a premature end.

In the past whole nations probably have been swept away by this cause. Our own race has reached a point in its development where the same fate threatens it. Unless we are to experience a general outburst of libertinism, a welter of disease and insanity, a universal strife, we must find some means of restoring a knowledge of the immutable laws of life and an adherence thereto, such as taught by Theosophy. Passion can never be overcome by being indulged; it has to be subdued by self-knowledge.

Those unfortunately afflicted with unlawful desires should not seek to make society their victim in the hope of thus saving their miserable selves. Let them patiently and loyally bear their burden until unremitting effort at last brings the meed of success. Such infirmities must perish at last if they are not fed by the mind; but as they took a long time in the acquiring, they may take a long time in the undoing. Disease is thrown off by building surely, if slowly, a healthy foundation. We conclude with a few quotations from H. P. Blavatsky:

Do not believe that lust can ever be killed out if gratified or satiated, for this is an abomination inspired by Mâra [delusion]. It is by feeding vice that it expands and waxes strong, like to the worm that fattens on the blossom's heart. — *The Voice of the Silence*

Occultism is not Magic. It is comparatively easy to learn the trick of spells and the methods of using the subtler, but still material, forces of physical nature; the powers of the animal soul in man are soon awakened; the forces which his love, his hate, his passion, can call into operation, are readily developed. But this is Black Magic — Sorcery. . . . The powers and forces of animal nature can be used by the selfish and revengeful, as much as by the unselfish and the all-forgiving; the powers and forces of Spirit lend themselves only to the perfectly pure in heart — and this is DIVINE MAGIC. — *Practical Occultism*

There are not in the West half-a-dozen among the fervent hundreds who call themselves "Occultists," who have even an approximately correct idea of the nature of the Science they seek to master. With a few exceptions, they are all on the highway to Sorcery. Let them restore some order in the chaos that reigns in their minds, before they protest against this statement. Let them first learn the true relation in which the Occult Sciences stand to Occultism, and the difference between the two, and then feel wrathful if they still think themselves right. Meanwhile, let them learn that Occultism differs from Magic and other secret Sciences as the glorious sun does from a rush-light, as the immutable and immortal Spirit of Man — the reflection of the absolute, causeless, and unknowable ALL — differs from the mortal clay, the human body. — *Occultism versus the Occult Arts*

A MAGIC BOAT: by D. F.

IN the Scandinavian saga the vessel *Ellida* one day quietly sailed into harbor and dropped anchor, without a living creature on board. This performance seems at first to be surpassed by that of an electric launch on Lake Wann, Berlin, which though carrying no human freight effected the following feats at the behest of a distant but controlling intelligence: steering; starting, stopping, or reversing of engines; firing of signal guns, fireworks, mines, or torpedoes; ringing of bells; lighting or extinction of electric lamps; and other operations. Of course the agency is an ingenious extension and adaptation of wireless telegraphic methods, said to be applicable also to airplanes, railroad trains, life-boats, etc. But the *Ellida* had some excellent qualities, too, for work in all weather on the high seas.

IRISH SCENES: by Fred J. Dick, M. Inst. C. E., M. Inst. C. E. I.



TO the archaeologist, the geologist, the folk-lorist, and the lover of nature in all her aspects, perhaps no area of similar extent is more replete with interest than that of Ireland. As to fairies, the county Sligo folk will tell you they have more of them to the square yard than can be found in a square mile of the county Kerry. Folk-lorists will doubtless pass upon this claim intelligently, when they wear the right sort of spectacles. Fairies aside, however, hardly a square mile of the country lacks some ruin of great antiquity.

Nearly two thousand years have elapsed since Baile Atha Cliath Duibhlinne (the town of the hurdle-ford on the black river), now Dublin, began to share with Tara the honor of being chief city. Dublin, therefore, has no known history that could be called really ancient; for in the light of the Theosophical teachings and records, two thousand years is merely modern. Tara, on the other hand, was a center of national life and government so ancient as to be probably coeval with Brugh na Boinne. Which means they were there "before the flood," or in other words, long before Poseidon went down, some eleven or twelve thousand years ago.

The fact that the city of Tara was set on a hill, suggests the idea that there may have been a time, once, when cities having certain high functions to fulfil, were usually set on hills.

In correspondence with the withdrawal of the higher influences of the Tuatha de Danaans from visible participation in Irish life, and the reign of the Formorians and their heirs, leading Ireland in common with other places to descent through dark ages, it was fitting that regal and poetic Tara should fade, and Dublin rise with its distilleries, breweries, and vivisection halls, and with many of its folk within hospitals, poor-houses, and insane asylums — in accentuation of the modern spirit. That such conditions are, in point of fact, unnecessary, can easily be deduced from the study of certain small races who have not wholly forgotten some essential principles in the art of living.

Nevertheless, Dublin, equally with other parts of Ireland, has its bright side. Much of its social life is vivacious, artistic, and literary in high degree, surpassing many cities in these respects. This city began to assume its present appearance in the eighteenth century, when Sackville street, as then named, was built. It is one of the finest streets in Europe. The munificent grants of the Irish parliament

enabled many handsome public buildings to be constructed, as well as hospitals, harbors, canals, etc. Among the finest of the public edifices is that of the old houses of parliament, now occupied as a bank.

The first meeting of the Irish parliament within the part of this structure then completed, took place in 1731; but entire legislative independence was only reached in 1782. Eighteen years later, owing to some rather meretricious influences, the parliament voted away its rights; and the Union occurred in 1800. The building, which took many years to complete, possesses majesty in design combined with simplicity in arrangement, and has few rivals. Constructed of Portland stone, the style is chastely classic, owing nothing to extraneous embellishment — the mere outline producing a harmonious effect. The principal front is formed by an Ionic colonnade, raised on a flight of steps, and ranged round three sides of a spacious quadrangle. In the central part a portico projects, formed of four Ionic columns, sustaining a tympanum with the royal arms, while the apex is adorned with a colossal statue — Hibernia — with others representing Fidelity and Commerce on the western and eastern points. From the outer ends of these colonnades the building sweeps eastward and westward in circular form, the walls, unpierced by openings, standing behind rows of Corinthian columns, and having the interspaces tastefully indented by niches. Over the eastern portico are statues of Fortitude, Justice, and Liberty. The original designer of this noble edifice is unknown. The House of Lords has been left practically untouched to this day, save that the Speaker's chair is now in the Royal Irish Academy.

On the opposite side of College Green is the extensive Corinthian façade of Trinity College; and passing a short way towards Sackville (now O'Connell) street, one reaches the Carlisle Bridge, from which can be seen another magnificent building called the Custom House (though so immense as to accommodate many government offices), as well as the Four Courts and other massive structures, so numerous as to give the impression of a people possessing energy, taste, and industry. Since the early years of the nineteenth century, however, there have been no fine buildings added, if we except the splendid pile of the Science and Art Museums and Library in Kildare street.

The environs of Dublin, within a dozen miles or so, possess singular charm and variety; and on Sundays the good folk keep the jaunting-cars busy throughout the regions from Delgany, Powerscourt and the Dublin mountains, to Leixlip, Howth and Malahide. Not many

know that Malahide Castle contains an altar-piece from the oratory of Mary Queen of Scots, at Holyrood, for which Charles II gave two thousand pounds sterling. Among the valuable paintings in this Castle is a portrait of Charles I by Vandyke.

There is a territory within almost equally easy reach of Dublin, whose loveliness excels anything of the kind in Ireland except possibly the Blackwater in county Waterford. It is the Boyne valley between Slane and Beauparc. Everyone in Dublin admits it lovely — but no one has seen it!

In the north and west of Ireland the scenery is frequently wild and stern. Of this character is Fairhead on the Antrim Coast, the *Robogdium Promontorium* of Ptolemy the geographer, where on one's northward journey is obtained the first glimpse of the remarkable columnar basalt formation met with in profusion in the Giant's Causeway region. One of the basaltic pillars forming the stupendous natural colonnade over six hundred feet high at Fairhead, is a rectangular prism 33 feet by 36 on the sides, and 319 feet in height, and is the largest basaltic pillar known.

Further along this coast is the rope-bridge at Carrick-a-Rede, which sways in the wind as you walk over it, while the Atlantic waves boil in the appalling chasm beneath; and woe to you, if overcome by terror you attempt to lean on the thin hand-line.

The coast scenery in the vicinity of the Giant's Causeway is grandly impressive, as seen from a boat. The promontory called the Plea-skin, consisting of terrace upon terrace of columnar basalt, and the succession of extraordinary rock groups such as the Sea Gulls, the King and his Nobles, the Nursing Child, the Priest and his Flock, the Chimney Rock, the Giant's Organ, and finally the Causeway itself, form astonishing instances of nature's sportfulness.

The pillars in the Causeway number about forty thousand, and are composed mainly of irregular hexagonal prisms varying from fifteen to twenty-six inches in diameter, but all fitting together compactly. Among other features of the place is the Giant's Amphitheatre, which is exactly semi-circular, with the slopes at the same angle all round; while around the uppermost part runs a row of columns eighty feet high. As a German writer, Kahl, continues:

Then comes a broad rounded projection, like an immense bench, for the accommodation of the giant guests of Finn MacCumhal; then again a row of columns sixty feet high, and then again a gigantic bench, and so down to the



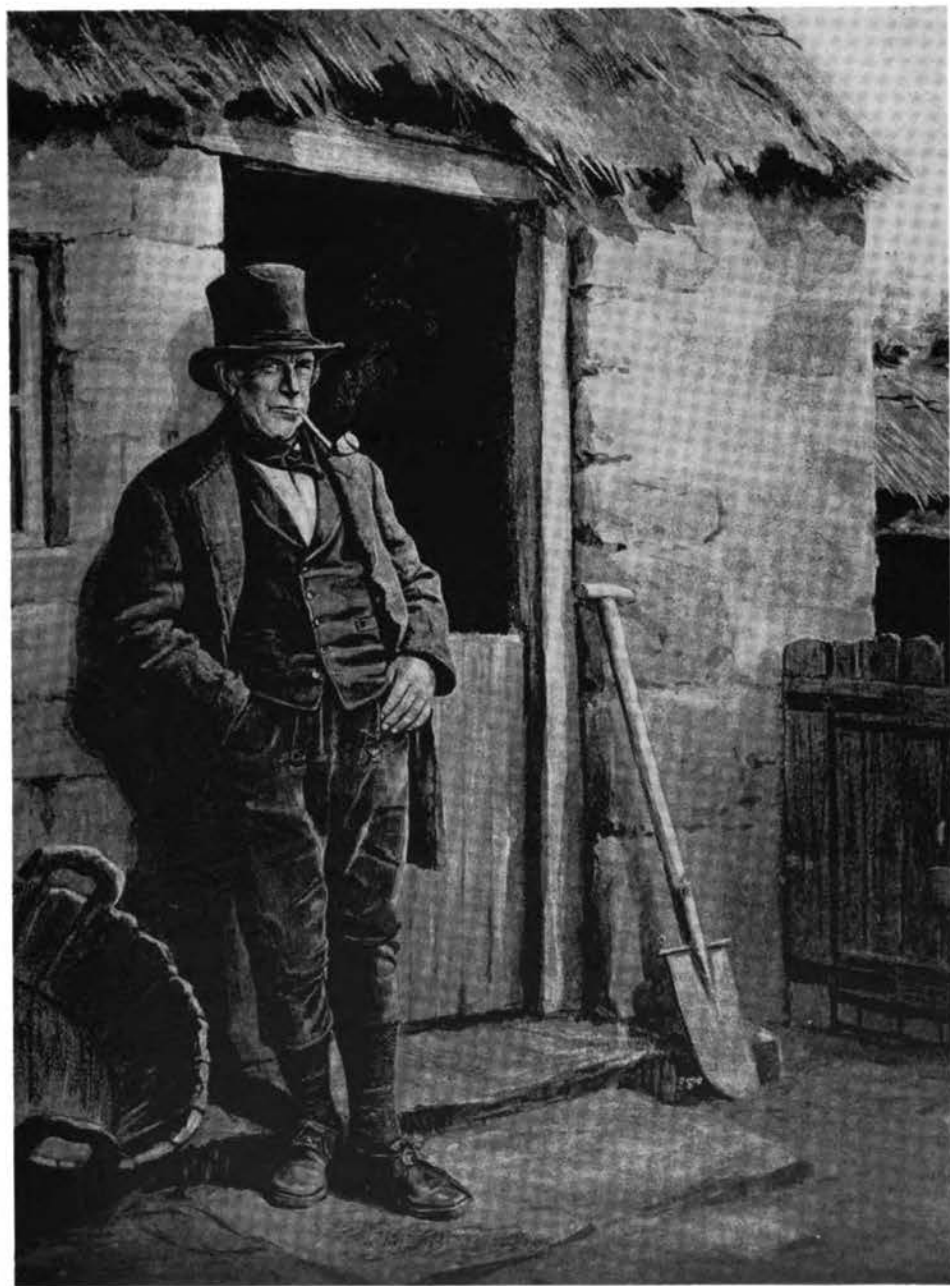
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THE OLD HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT — NOW THE BANK OF IRELAND; COLLEGE GREEN, DUBLIN



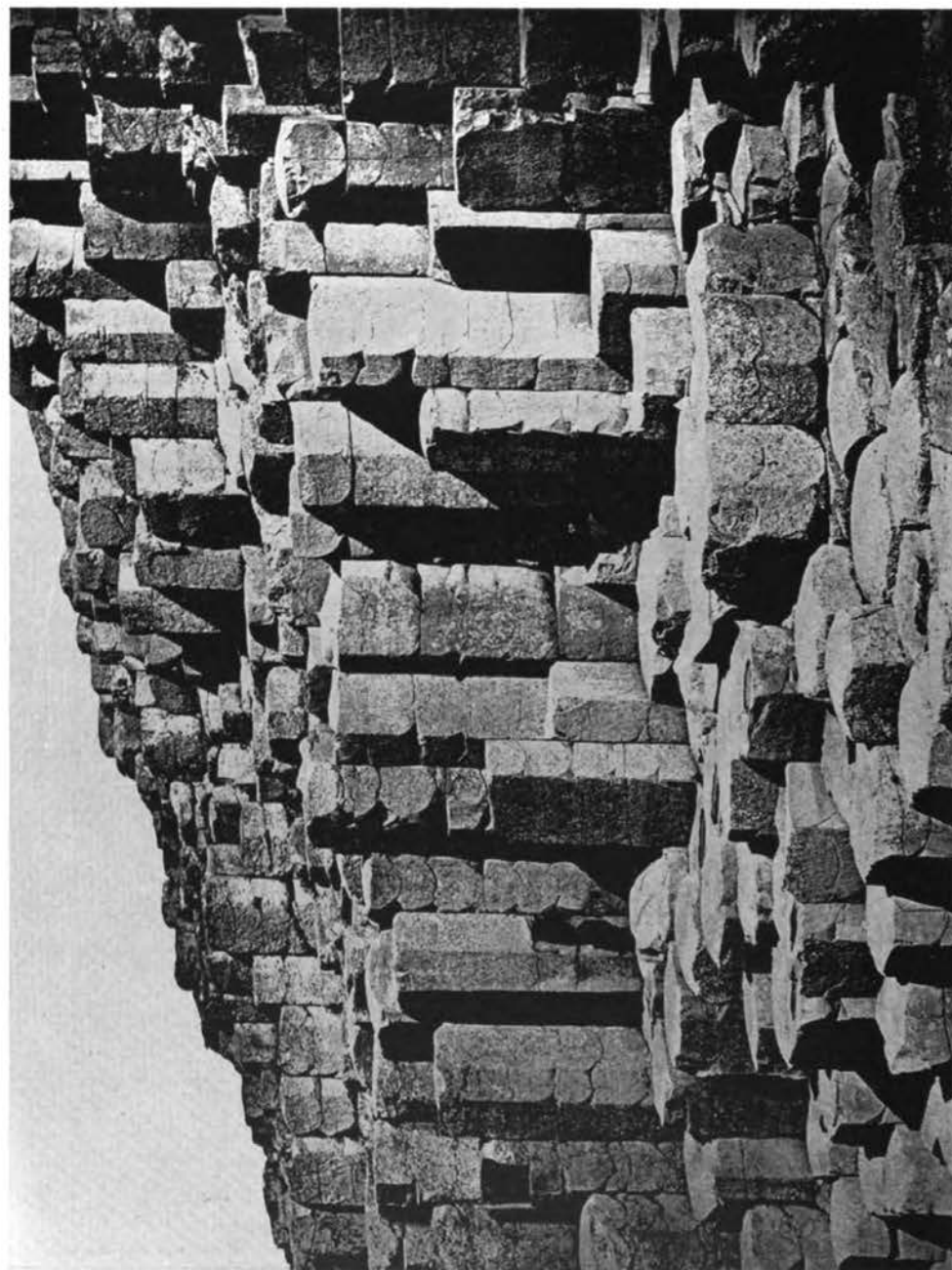
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AN IRISH PEASANT WOMAN



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AN IRISH FARMER



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PART OF THE GIANTS' CAUSEWAY, ANTRIM, IRELAND

bottom, where the water is enclosed by a circle of black boulder stones, like the limits of the arena.

We should have to go back to the era when the Bamian statues were carved out of the living rock (see *The Secret Doctrine*, ii, 388) to find giants tall enough to occupy this amphitheater gracefully.

The convulsion which lowered the Giants' Causeway, with its substratum of ocher, below the upper tier level of the Pleaskin, produced the landslide at the Giants' Organ, and submerged the continuous land connexion with Staffa, must have belonged to far pre-Atlantean times (the Atlantean continental system proper having ended nearly a million years ago), and be referable to the Secondary Age, when there really were giants somewhat approaching the size suggested. It must have been far back in Lemurian times, for the sinking and transformation of the Lemurian continental systems began in the vicinity of Norway, and ended at Atlantean Lankâ, of which Ceylon was the northern highland.

There are traditions of enormous giants in many parts of Ireland. Thus the rope-bridge chasm above mentioned, is said to have been cut by a stroke of Finn MacCumhal's sword, a feat that would have been difficult for even a Lemurian giant. The legends in Kerry express, by similar exaggeration, the size and strength of a former giant race.

This reminds us that the Raphaim (phantoms), Nephilim (fallen ones), and Gibborim (mighty ones) of the Bible refer to the First and Second semi-ethereal Races, the Third (Lemurian), and the Fourth (Atlantean) respectively.

But in order to grasp this subject intelligently, the reader may be referred to those volumes which it will be more and more the principal business of the scholars, archaeologists, and scientific men of the twentieth century to study, interpret and vindicate (vindication is already in full stride), namely, *The Secret Doctrine*, written by H. P. Blavatsky.



TRUE glory consists in doing that which deserves to be written, in writing what deserves to be read, and in so living as to make the world happier for our living in it. — *Pliny*

THE BLUEBELLS OF WERNOLEU: a Welsh Legend

by Kenneth Morris

OUT of the bluebell bloom of the night
When the east's agloom and the west's agleam.
Over the wern at Alder-Light
And the dark stile and the stream,
There's dew comes dropping of dream-delight
To the deeps where the bluebells dream.

It's then there's brooding on wizard stories
All too secret for speech or song,
And rapture of rose and daffodil glories
Where the lone stream wandereth long;
And I think the whole of the Druids' lore is
Known to the bluebell throng.

For they say that a sky-bee wandered of old
From her island hive in the Pleiades,
Winging o'er star-strewn realms untold,
And the brink of star-foamed seas —
Thighs beladen with dust of gold,
As is the wont of bees.

She left the hives of magical pearl,
Of dark-heart sapphire and pearl and dreams,
Where the flowers of the noon and the night unfurl
Their rose-rimmed blooms and beams —
Fain of the wandering foam awhirl
On the wild Dimetian streams,

Of the rhododendron bloom on the hills —
(There's dear, red bloom in the pine-dark dell) —
Of rhododendron and daffodils,
And the blue campanula bell,
And the cuckoo-pint by the tiny rills
That rise in Tybie's Well.

(And where's the wonder, if all were known?
There's many in Michael's hosts that ride
Would lay down scepter and crown and throne,
And their aureoled pomp and pride,
So they might wander and muse alone
An hour by the Teifi side.

And if anything lovely is under the sky,
That the eye beholds, or the proud heart dreams,

When the pomp of the world goes triumphing by,
When the sea with the sunlight gleams —
It's show you a lovelier thing could I,
'Twixt Tywi and Teifi streams.

Let be! whatever of praise be sung,
Here's one could never make straight the knee,
Nor stay the soul from its paeans flung
Where the winds might flaunt them free,
For a thousand o' mountains, cloud-fleece hung,
'Twixt Hafren Hen and the sea.)

Musing, down through the firmament vales,
Here and there in a thousand flowers,
Even till at last she was wandering Wales,
Lured by the pure June hours,
Lured by the glamor of ancient tales,
And the glory of age-old towers.

Peony splendor of eve and dawn,
Tulips abloom on the border of day,
West on fire with the sun withdrawn,
Night and the Milky Way —
Ah, it was midnight's bluebell lawn
Most in her heart held sway.

O'er Bettws Mountain she came down slowly,
Drowsy winged through the tangled wern;
Where in the sky was there hill so holy,
With so much glamor to burn,
As the hyacinth wilds beyond Wernoleu,
With their white bells 'mid the fern?

Musing, round by the wern she wandered
From bell to bell with her wings acroon,
There where they laughed and nodded and pondered
Through the beautiful hours of June;
Bluebell-dark were the dreams she squandered
On the gold and green of noon.

And the wild white hyacinths, wondering, heard her,
Suddenly caught by her starry song;
Gave no more ear to the woodland bird, or
Heeded the wild bee throng,
Or laughed with delight of the sunbright verdure
Of fern they had loved so long.

Marvelous thought took hold of them wholly,
Azure of mingled darkness and light,

And they deepened to dark-heart sapphire slowly
 With brooding on the splendor of night;
 And the first of the bluebells of white Wernoleu
 Bloomed, night-blueness dight.

And that's why the wern at Alder-Light
 Is sweet with silence and deep in dream,
 In that wizard region of dream-delight
 Beyond the stile and the stream,
 When the dews have fallen from the bloom of night
 On the glooms where the bluebells gleam.

International Theosophical Headquarters
 Point Loma, California

THE SOUL AT THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION:

by Henry Travers



THE majority of people are not very original and independent in their thinking, and consequently prefer to await the sanction of some recognized authority before accepting a doctrine. For this reason it is scarcely just to lay *all* the blame on the institutions, ecclesiastical and otherwise, which supply this demand. For this reason, too, it will be a matter of considerable moment that a professor at the meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science should have brought forward arguments which, according to the report of his address, "help the belief that man has a soul."

The arguments brought forward are as old as man himself, it is true; but doctrines are judged largely according to their immediate source. Thus a new color, an additional weight, is given to the idea that the eye has been made by "some external agency cognizant of all the properties of light," and to the idea that the brain is an instrument played upon by some power that is not material. We have heard this from the pulpit, perhaps; now we hear it from the lecture table; so we can believe it a little more strongly than we did before.

The lecturer's cautious remarks, as gathered from a brief report, seem to indicate a belief on his part that there may be a soul after all. The report is headed, "Eye and Brain Show a Soul Possibly Independent of Life." His view is said to be regarded by physiologists as offering a great stimulus to research, and "it provides for the general

public a new exposition of the theory of belief in a divinity." The eye and the brain are such wonderful instruments that they surely must have been made by some intelligent power. That is the argument, and it surely must have occurred to many people before. "The brain's workings and the will-power suggested," he said, "that the brain was mysteriously affected by invisible and untraceable harmonies." The following is of interest to Darwinists:

It was natural to suppose, he declared, the existence of some external agent over and above natural selection, which [latter] would have done no more than assist in the process.

Natural selection is in fact no more than a phrase descriptive of the process itself; it can neither help nor hinder, any more than the theory of the law of gravitation can pull down a stone or the calculus of probabilities affect the destiny of a soul.

One feels as if the ancient faiths of humanity, after being confirmed and appealed against times without number, had been laid before a final court of appeal, which, after many painstaking and protracted labors, had at last begun to hand down opinions, slowly and carefully. The existence of the soul has at last been established beyond all possible cavil. It has passed all the courts, there is no further appeal, it is law. The most irrational rationalist, the most credulous sceptic, the most visionary materialist, may now believe in the soul. There really is one. At least "there was some loophole for the view that mind was not directly associated with life or living matter, but only indirectly with certain dispositions of dynamic state that were sometimes present within certain parts of it." (*Times* report.) At present, then, we may believe in a soul — cautiously. One wonders if the British Association will ever get so far as to say that we *must* believe in a soul.

But why should there be only one soul? Why not separate souls for the eye, the brain, the heart, the liver — all equally wonderful? The fact is that such problems as this have been debated from time immemorial, and one can but refer the curious to the world's literature. While our learned men are cautiously speculating about "a soul," the literature of Hindûstân (to take a single instance), thousands of years old, summarizes the tenets of many different schools of philosophy on the subject of the various *souls* in man, the faculties of these souls, the nature of the mind, its numerous powers and functions, the inner senses and their external organs, and so forth. And

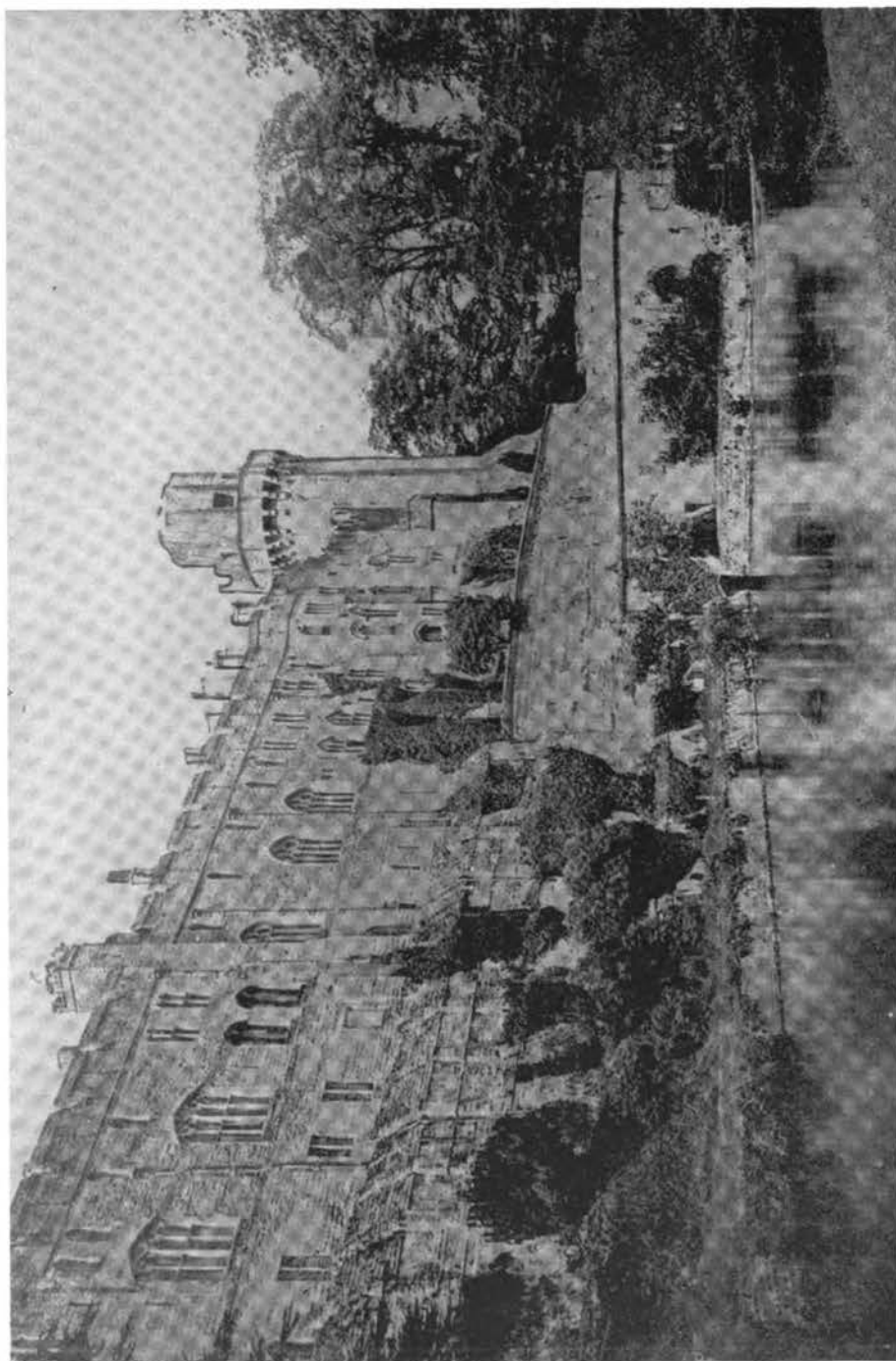
back of all lies the inscrutable Self of man, the Master and possessor of all these powers. Verily we have much yet to learn — the road we are going. It looks like a snail verifying the tracks of a bird. It looks as if these physiologists had just arrived at the edge of the sea, near enough to get their feet wet so as to know there is a sea. And now they are talking about a promising field of investigation.

Of course these physiologists are souls, the same as the rest of us, and they have minds and other faculties which they use all the time. But what they are doing is to bring a little of this actual practical knowledge down to the plane of formal theory. An extraordinary duality of the mind, truly! To be a soul, to act as a soul, and yet to live half in and half out of a mental state wherein conditions are entirely different! One sometimes wonders what bearing these speculations have upon actual life at all. The achievements of science lie mainly in the region of applied mechanics and chemistry. Physiology brings us closer into contact with vital questions that cannot be ignored and that yet lie without the prescribed domain.

The zoological professor also indulged in a little flight of the imagination; for in lecturing on "The Greater Problems of Biology," he made "Wonderment" a part of his theme. He pointed out that the problems of consciousness and the mystery of the reasoning soul were not for the biologist but the psychologist.

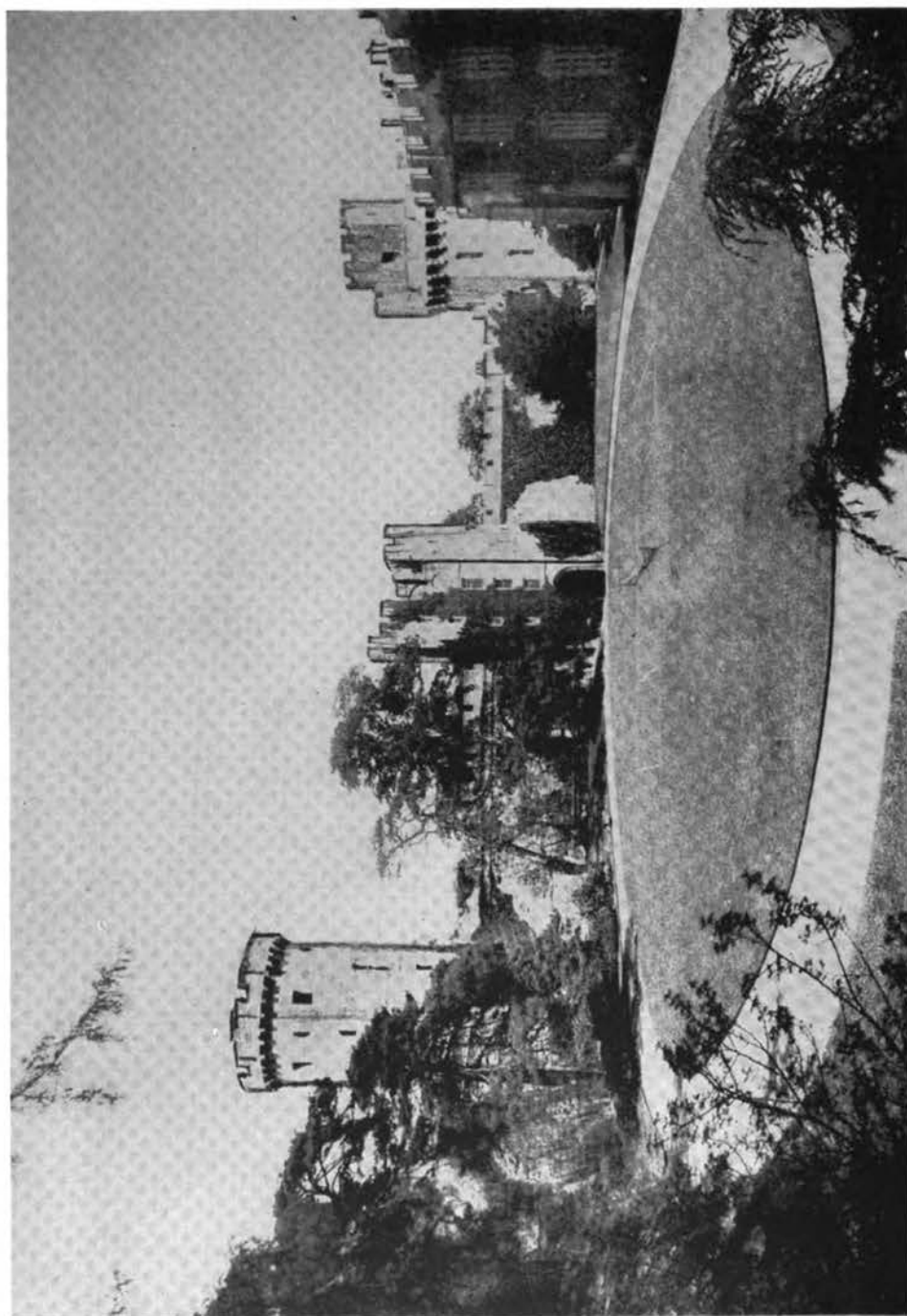
Beyond and remote from physical causation lay the End, the Final Cause of the philosopher, the reason why, in the which were hidden the problems of organic harmony and autonomy and the mysteries of apparent purpose, adaptation, fitness, and design. Here, in the region of teleology, the plain rationalism that guided them through the physical facts and causes began to disappoint them, and Intuition, which was of close kin to Faith [capitals not ours], began to make herself heard.

This is enough to make Tyndall turn in his grave, thereby causing an earthquake in Scotland. He was so very satisfied with the plain rationalism, and died before it began to disappoint. What would he have said of Intuition, if not that it is a secretion of one of our glands? It seems to have taken a long time to realize that purpose, design, etc., are qualities of mind and not of matter. It is absolutely essential that physiologists should study mind and soul, even though their immediate object be the body. What geologist could adequately study the earth if he ignored the existence of the air and the sea?



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WARWICK CASTLE, FROM THE AVON



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INNER COURT AND TOWERS OF WARWICK CASTLE. GUY'S TOWER ON THE LEFT

WARWICK CASTLE: by C. J. Ryan

WARWICK CASTLE, one of the most magnificent and well-preserved of the baronial palaces of the middle ages, is among the first of the historic monuments that American travelers visit in England, for it is in the immediate neighborhood of Stratford-on-Avon, Shakespeare's birthplace, to which most Americans pay their respects early in their tour. Warwickshire is a typically English county. It is not only central in situation but, as Henry James writes, "It is the core and center of the English world, midmost England." He rightly considers there is no better way for a stranger who wishes to know something of typical English life and scenery than to spend some time in Warwickshire, with its richly-wooded and densely-grassed undulating landscape, its famous historical relics, and its literary associations. Not only is the county sacred to the memory of Shakespeare, but it is also the scene of many of George Eliot's finest stories. The backgrounds of *Middlemarch* and *Adam Bede* are here.

The castle stands on a commanding eminence, overlooking the river Avon, and from every point of view it presents an imposing and highly picturesque appearance. It is little touched by time, though some of it dates from Saxon times, and it passed through a great siege in Cromwellian times. The oldest portion which is conspicuous is Caesar's Tower, a solid building 150 feet high, built soon after the Norman conquest. The greater part of the castle was built in the 14th and 15th centuries, and, with the exception of the great Keep, which has disappeared, it has been very little injured. The roof of the great Hall and some parts of the other buildings were destroyed by fire in 1871, but they have been carefully restored. The dungeons below Caesar's Tower are painfully interesting, and the view from Guy's Tower is famous for its beauty. Guy, Earl of Warwick in the tenth century, is a notable hero of chivalric legend, though it is probable that the stories about him have been greatly exaggerated. Tradition relates that he defeated in single combat a doughty champion of the Danes in the time of Athelstan. If the Dane had won the English would have lost their independence, says the legend. Guy, who was disguised as a simple pilgrim when chosen — through a vision — for the defender of his country, immediately afterwards retired for life to a hermitage in a cave near Warwick, at Guy's Cliff, a romantic spot where the river Avon winds through picturesque rocks, woods, and meadows.

The interior of Warwick Castle contains many priceless relics of antiquity, such as the mace of the great Earl of Warwick, the "King-

maker" (died 1471), relics of the legendary Guy, the helmet of Oliver Cromwell, the well-known Warwick vase found in Hadrian's villa, Tivoli, and many celebrated portraits by Vandyck and Rubens.

Warwick Park is noted for its magnificent ancient cedars. Nathaniel Hawthorne has written about Warwick Castle and the surrounding scenery in a way that cannot be bettered. He says, in one passage:

"We can scarcely think the scene real, so completely do those machicolated towers, the long line of battlements, the high windowed walls, the massive buttresses, shape out our indistinct ideas of the antique time."

MAN AND NATURE: by R. Machell



O sooner is the right man in the right place than order begins to take the place of confusion in any department of human activity; for order is natural and disorder is the result of an interference with the law of nature. There are some who seem to think that natural law can operate without agents and instruments, which is absurd; and there are some who seem to think that the agents and instruments of natural law are gods and angels and spirits, but not men; or that they are microbes and bacteria, and "forces," whatever that may be, and anything invisible and intangible, but not man. And why not man? Is man outside the field of nature, while he is still subject to her laws? That is hardly reasonable.

The divine, the human, and the natural, are but different aspects of the Universal, which is called Nature. The right man was not in power when these separations and limitations took the place of the true teaching. The right man is Theosophy. When Theosophy comes in then knowledge of the unity underlying all multiplicity of manifestations takes the place of ignorance which breeds confusion and causes discord. It is so easy to get hold of one part of the truth, and to make it false by separating it from the other parts of the great whole. This is what men have done and still are doing. And the Teachers, while trying to proclaim the greater Truth, have been forced at times to limit their teachings to that which will serve the immediate need of

the hour by correcting some evil that has sprung from making a dogma out of a partial aspect of truth. Yet in the old mythology preserved in the Scandinavian book of the Wisdom of Brunhilda there is the teaching of man's duty to nature as the instrument of the Higher Law plainly stated in the lines from William Morris' version:

Know thou, most mighty of men, that the Norns shall order all;
And yet without thine helping shall no whit of their will befall.

The Norns are the emblems of Natural Law; they are above mankind and above the gods. All-Father Odin, who seems to correspond to the Greek Zeus, was forced to pay dearly for but a glimpse of their knowledge. They are above all the hierarchies of spiritual beings, a primordial trinity, prototype of all lesser trinities; and yet without man's help, their will remains unaccomplished among men.

It seems as if the Universal Law is supreme, but that in the world of man its action may be blocked by man, creating confusion in that world, and in those dependent upon it, which lies within the sphere of illusion we call Time. This great illusion "produced by the succession of our states of consciousness as we pass through eternal duration" (*The Secret Doctrine*), is the field of man's operation, when he blocks the action of the supreme Law by the interposing of his personal will; in it he dreams, and the dream becomes a nightmare, which beneficent nature ends by periodic cataclysms of fire or flood, while the deluded souls returning to their waking soul-state know that it was a dream.

It seems as if this state of illusion, in which we think of ourselves and our world as separate from the divine or from nature, were produced by the refusal of the personal will to carry out the will of the Supreme; for when this opposition ceases and the personal will becomes the direct agent of the spiritual will, order reigns and the world of disorder disappears. This amounts to saying that the illuminated man is no longer in darkness, when the inner light is allowed to shine through his lower mind. But as such men are no longer subject to the darkness, or the illusion of the world, they are lost to those who are still blind and in the dark unless they hold themselves down to that condition in order to help others to get free from the darkness which obscures the true life.

So in the old mythologies we find the Gods, doing on a higher plane what man does in his world, interposing their personal will in

interference with the will of the Supreme, and thereby throwing a veil of illusion over the lower worlds which is the cause of a cycle of strife and discord; for the personal will has shut out the light and suspended the action of the higher Law through the failure of its agent, and produced the illusion of that series of states of consciousness we call Time. The Eternal, being beyond time, is not affected; but that is a mystery to man in his lower consciousness, in which he cannot get away from the reality of time. The lower consciousness is bound up in time, and to it time is reality; but man is not bound up in his lower consciousness, nor is he limited to its field of operation. The eternal is in him and at any moment he may get a ray of that light which we call inspiration or intuition, and by that illumination he may see the solution of the problem and feel his divinity, while utterly unable to put that knowledge so obtained into any satisfactory form of words; he may even be unable to put it into a form of thought, and may find himself with a knowledge that must remain secret.

As natural Law is Universal, so it must operate in an appropriate manner on all planes; "as above so below" (Hermetic maxim); "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven" (a Christian prayer); but as the action of a law is conditioned by the mind and matter on which and through which it acts, it may not be easy to recognize the One Law in its various manifestations. So we find the application of the highest philosophy in the most ordinary circumstances of daily life, for the law is universal; and when we have reached up to some high thought and got some new light, we must find means to see its application to some practical detail of life, or we have again blocked the course of the higher Law, which is seeking to penetrate to the lowest depths of matter through us.

We are thus agents of the higher Law of Nature and it is our duty to get into line as quickly as may be, and to let the light shine through.



COURAGE consists not in hazarding without fear but being resolutely minded in a just cause. . . . The Deity is the brave man's hope and not the coward's excuse. — *Plutarch*

THE WILL AS A CHEMICAL PRODUCT: by Investigator



IN a current review appears an article entitled "The Will as a Chemical Product," accompanied by the portrait of a professor, beneath which is written, "Who holds that what we call 'will' in the lower animals is a mere chemical or physical phenomenon, like the sunflower's turning toward the light." This statement might just as well be turned around so as to run, "What we call chemical action is nothing but a manifestation of the mere will." However, this professor appears to be haunted with the desire to represent the whole universe as a mechanism; for, by a daring use of the "scientific imagination," which vaults scornfully over all gaps in the chain of reasoning, he applies his theory to man — including presumably himself, the author of the theory, since he does not make any mention of himself as an exception.

To begin with the sunflower, which is where the professor begins — the idea is that the solar rays cause chemical actions in the plant, the chemical actions in their turn causing movements which switch the flower around into a position where the balance of forces results in stability. Next we go to the small fresh-water crustacean. This animal, when experimented upon, did not show any heliotropism; but the professor was nothing daunted. He just poured some acid into the water, and the result was that the pollywogs all flocked to the light and stayed there. It was the same when carbonic acid gas or alcohol was put into the water. Our explanation is that the pollywogs were upset by the poisoned water and crowded into that part where the light rendered the water less poisonous or gave them greater strength to resist the ill effects. But the professor has a theory to prop; so his conclusion is that the chemical poured into the water "sensitized" the creature, rendering them heliotropic. It is wonderful what a great theory a little fact can be made to prove!

Passing to ethics — rather a large jump — the professor suggests that persons who exhibit the highest manifestation of ethics — that is, persons who are willing to sacrifice their lives for an idea — are victims of a "tropism." In other words, these unfortunate people have become slaves to the chemical reactions produced in them by the stimuli of ideas.

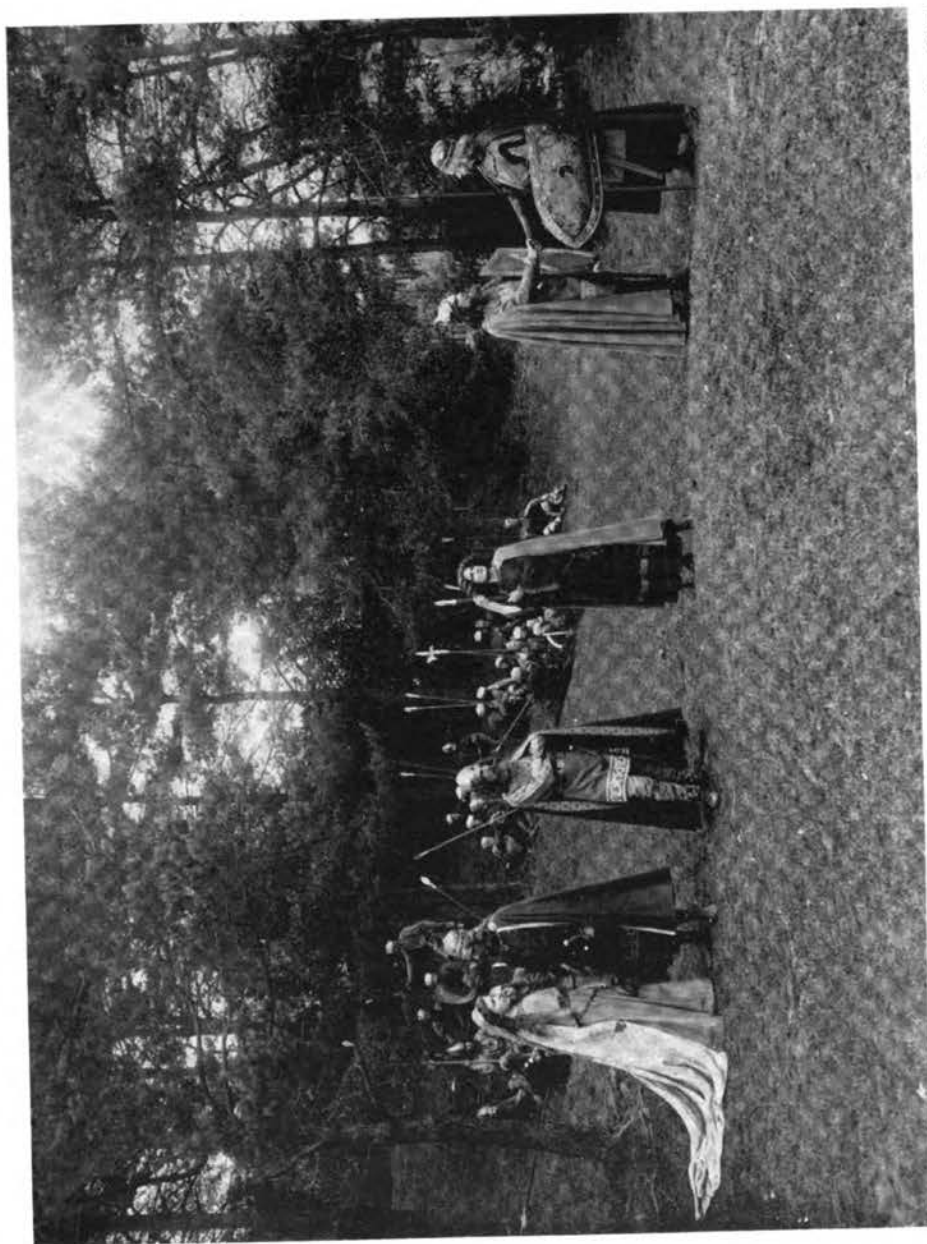
Well, it may suit this professor to define self-sacrifice as an obsession, but we could give other instances of the obsession of ideas which would fit the definition better. Ethics may be a chemical phenomenon,

but in that case it does not much matter after all, since every other thing in the universe is also a chemical process. The professor himself is a chemical process — so, a fig for his theory! say we; who cares for a theory made by a chemical process? Frankly, we do not believe this theory. But, if the theory is false, it follows that it was *not* made by a chemical process after all; hence it is perhaps *not* false. And so the logic goes round and round.

People who weave theories of this fantastic kind are people whose ideas have no relation to life; they live in a world of imagination. People who can define their own mind as a chemical process — the very mind which they are using all the time — must surely have something the matter with their thinking machinery. And we recognize in the sneer at ethics the shadow of a certain destructive “stimulus” which is certainly not of the sun but which acts on people’s brains a good deal in these days.

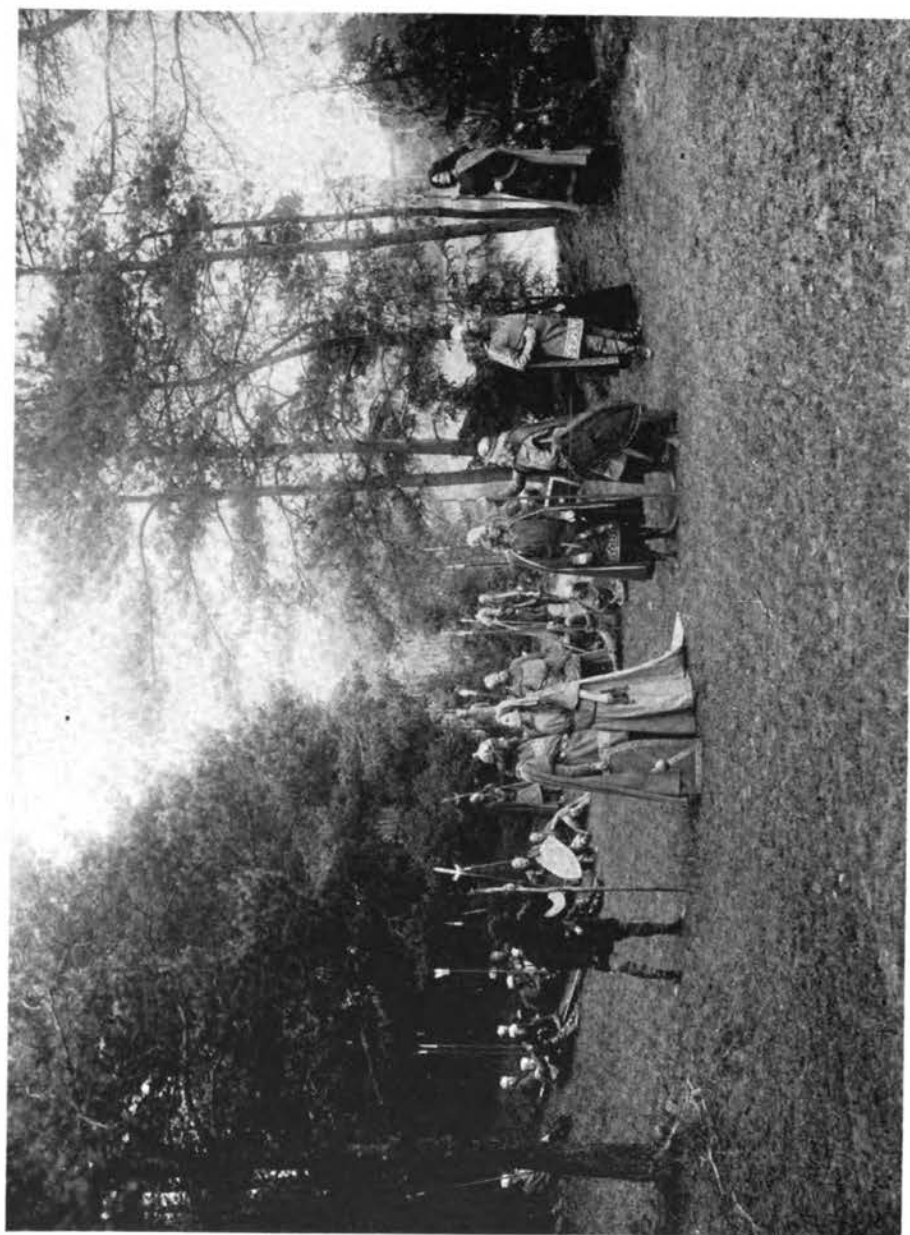
Under the influence of a stimulus which has acted on *our* chemical cells, and which we feel powerless to resist, we state without apology that all chemical, physical, and electrical processes are manifestations of will. The action of the sunflower in turning to the sun is a manifestation of will. Without will, no atom could approach or recede from its neighbor. Physical notation cannot get any further than corpuscles separated by empty space; and what short of a will can bridge such a gap? Shall we define the whole universe as chemical processes, or shall we define it as mind and will? Take your choice. In the one case you have a chemical process defining itself as a chemical process; for your mind, which defines, is a chemical process; in the other case you have mind recognizing mind in other beings. Analysis of the universe must begin with consciousness; we must define matter in terms of mind; to attempt to define mind in terms of matter, while at the same time using a mind to do it with, is to make a fundamental mistake in logic that can only lead to a piling up of absurdities.

In speculating as to the cause of motion, try to imagine any other cause for it than volition. You have, let us say, two atoms; they approach one another; here is motion; what causes it? You can only answer “Attraction,” which is only defining it by an equivalent word; for attraction is nothing more than a name for the very thing we are seeking to explain. If we study our own organism we find that volition is the cause of motion, and we infer that it is the same in other people. We are not conscious of any volition that moves our own vital



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THE NOBLE VIKINGS
Presentations in the Open Air in Sweden, 1911



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ANOTHER VIEW

organs, or the muscles of other people or animals, or the sunflower, or the chemical mixture. But if we do not put these actions under the same category as the ones of which we are conscious, we have to find a new and special explanation for them. It is better to accept, provisionally at least, volition as being one of the fundamental facts of the universe, and to use it as a basis of inference; for volition is a thing of which we have actual experience, while the atoms and blind forces of materialistic speculation are mere suppositions.

But delusions, however erroneous, do actually exist as such in the minds of those obsessed by them; and are capable of giving rise to mischievous actions. We have at present a regular epidemic of awful sociological theories, threatening to develop into action, and based on these mechanical and chemical ideas of the universe. Such proposals as that criminals shall be vivisected, that private or co-operative self-abuse shall be officially taught as a means of keeping down the population, and many other such notions, are the fruit of a perverted and materialistic philosophy. They give a faint idea of the reign of terror that might supervene if the destructive forces now at work should gain the upper hand. A section of the world of thought seems to be going mad and the sooner the people find it out the better.

OPEN-AIR DRAMA: by Per Fernholm, M. E., Royal Institute of Technology (Stockholm)



ALL know that to act with knowledge at the critical moment is like throwing out a kindling spark that sets minds aflame and makes possible things which long have loomed in unattainable horizons. But the spreading of this fire proceeds on inner planes and can not be followed by those ignorant of the source. Seldom does it leave obvious traces in so short a time as is the case in the recent development of the drama.

Not more than twelve years have passed since the hills of Lomaland resounded with the soul-stirring stanzas of the *Eumenides*, the open-air drama being directed and supervised in all its detail by Katherine Tingley, and played by her students. She then declared that a new awakening in this art was at hand and that the drama would be restored once more to its true dignity as a most potent means of expressing the life of the Soul. The seed at that moment planted knowingly by her fell into a rich soil — today there is hardly a coun-

try where an attempt has not been made to present ancient life by representations in the open air.

This year, in Lomaland, another note has been struck, a new impulse given by the presentation of *The Aroma of Athens* in the open-air Greek Theater. More plays are to follow, of different lands and times, opening up limitless opportunities for all who are in earnest and have the welfare of the nations at heart. Ancient life is here given in unstained purity, suffused with the inspiring splendor of soul-life. Here all the rays come from within, from above; the false glamor from below has no place.

Elsewhere efforts have not always been successful, and we need not wonder at that. Where do we find knowledge of ancient times except in regard to scattered details of superficial life? Modern plays are few which can withstand the silent environment of nature, for there the conflict of human passions are out of place, as also much of the modern way of acting, dissecting emotions and sensations. Nature demands sincerity, and requires that a rôle should not only be *acted*, but actually *lived*, supported by a worthy life. Then only will nature help in many a hidden way; then only shall we have before our eyes the drama of all ages: Man learning to use his own powers wisely and to work in harmony with Nature.

One of the happier attempts outside Lomaland seems to have been that made in Sweden this summer by a band of young and enthusiastic actors. Their success may be due to the fact that they started out with the sincere wish to give the people out in the country who never had seen a play, and especially the young, an opportunity to obtain a glimpse of their ancient life. Refreshing simplicity and heart-feeling characterized their whole work, going around, as they did, from place to place where the young usually meet in summertime, selecting a fit place on a mountain, at a lake, in a grove, or whatever they could find, the audience having to resort to the flower-sprinkled grassy slope of a hill. Over one hundred representations were given in this way, most of them far away from cities.

Even as a string vibrates when its note is sounded from a distance, so the deeper heart-strings vibrate when their note is struck; and it seems as if a new means of reaching the people has been found in such representations.

If only the highest and purest notes be sounded, as was the case in Lomaland, new and helpful forces are called into play in human life.

INTRA-ATOMIC ENERGY: by H. Coryn, M. D., M. R. C. S.

WILL the turn of Keeley (of motor fame) come for vindication? The turn of the Keeley *principle*, the disintegration of atoms by sound, and the consequent liberation of their stored energy, undoubtedly will.

In his recent address to the British Association for the Advancement of Science Sir William Ramsay dealt with the *self*-disintegration of atoms, especially radium atoms, and then went on:

This leads to the speculation whether, if elements are capable of disintegration, the world may not have at its disposal a hitherto unsuspected source of energy. If radium were to evolve its stored-up energy at the same rate that gun-cotton does, we should have an undreamed of explosive; could we control the rate we should have a useful and potent source of energy. . . . If some form of catalyser [promotor of atomic change] could be discovered which would usefully increase their [such elements as radium] almost inconceivably slow rate of change, then it is not too much to say that the whole future of our race would be altered.

A *Scientific American* writer follows on naturally :

Iodide of nitrogen, a black powder, is one of the most dangerous of all explosives. When dry, the slightest touch will often cause it to explode with great violence. There appears to be a certain rate of vibration which this compound cannot resist. Some of it in the damp state was rubbed on the strings of a bass viol. It is known that the strings of such an instrument will vibrate when those of a similar instrument, having an equal tension, are played upon. In the present case, after the explosive had become thoroughly dry upon the strings, another bass viol was brought near and its strings sounded. At a certain note the iodide exploded. It was found that the explosion occurred only when a rate of vibration of sixty per second was communicated to the prepared strings. The note G caused an explosion while E had no effect.

The writer goes on to state that damage to stone and brick walls has been traced to long continued violin playing.

It follows, of course, that there must have been continuous playing for years to cause the loosening of masonry or to make iron brittle, but it will do so in time.

The point of interest is *the special rate of vibration* required to set free the energy locked up in the iodide of nitrogen. It was *intra-molecular* energy. Sir William Ramsay was referring to the far greater stores of *intra-atomic* energy, energy *within* the atoms, holding each one together. The other ties them one to another within the molecule, i. e., holds the molecule together.

But may not the atom too respond to some special rate of vibration

producible by sound, lying far among the upper harmonics of any audible tone? This at any rate was Keeley's statement and claim. The causes of his equally unquestionable successes and failure may be worth looking into once more now that a certain high temperature surrounding the subject has died down. *Sound* may be Sir William Ramsay's "catalyser."

A JAPANESE WRITER'S VIEWS ON MODERN CIVILIZATION: Contributed by E. S. (Tokyo, Japan)

IN an essay on the future of civilization in Japan, quoted in the *Japan Chronicle*, Dr. Otsuki says:

There can be little doubt that Western civilization and Japanese civilization will eventually be united. . . . The harmonizing of the two can be brought about only by mutual concessions; but it seems to me it would be a calamity if we were to concede too much. There are times when one feels as Dr. Nitobe felt when he wrote his *Soul of Japan*, and as Lafcadio Hearn felt when he described the moral beauty of old Japan; one fears that in their conflict with European civilization our Japanese ideals will be gradually wiped out, that the good and the beautiful as we have known it and loved it, will be sacrificed to the coarser forms of modern utilitarianism. . . .

The blending of the two civilizations

leads us to inquire what is likely to be the future of Western civilization. On this subject there is a great variety of opinion in the West; but of one thing deep thinkers seem sure: the present system of material civilization can only escape from ending in a terrible cataclysm by the addition to it of spiritual and moral elements that will guide, control, and conserve its energy. . . . Is it not possible that Japan may be able to take a prominent part in this work? Can she not save Europe and America from the dangers that now beset them? If by blending her civilization with theirs she can supply the elements of strength and permanence which are now lacking, then her future as well as that of Western nations will be one of increasing prosperity. But if, while receiving from Europe and America much that is good, she takes also much that is distinctly bad, and in addition to this, she allows her own fine old system of civilization to be blotted out of existence — then her future destiny cannot be contemplated by any patriotic Japanese with anything but grave misgiving and profound grief.



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FACE OF STELA B: COPAN
From Maudslay's *Archaeologia*



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FACE OF STELA P: COPAN
From Maudslay's *Archaeologia*

COPAN, AND ITS POSITION IN AMERICAN HISTORY:

by William E. Gates



NO place among all the sites of ancient ruins on the continent of America, arouses a livelier interest in both the observer and the student, than does Copan. Other remains, in Peru, and even in Mexico, are of vaster bulk; but the ensemble of Copan produces upon the mind an effect comparable in Egypt only by that of Thebes. And this evidence grows and is supported at every step by the evidence of such researches and excavations as it has been so far possible to carry on.

All would seem to indicate a gradual addition of new features accompanied by abandonment of older parts. It can readily be seen how a process of this kind carried on for centuries, without any well designed plan to adhere to or any definite idea to carry out, would result in a great complex mass of structures like that of Copan to puzzle and perplex the explorer.

There are other evidences that point to several successive periods of occupation. The river front presents what looks like *at least three great strata*, divided by floors or pavements of mortar cement. If these floors mark the various levels corresponding to different epochs in the history of the city, the question of the age of the ruins becomes still more complicated; for between each successive period of occupancy *there is the period of silence*, the length of which can only be inferred from the thickness of the superimposed stratum.—Dr. Geo. B. Gordon, *Exploration of Copan*, (in Peabody Museum *Memoirs*).

The ruins of Copan lie on the level plain of a beautiful valley, a mile and a half wide by seven or eight miles long, in Honduras, some twelve miles east of the Guatemala boundary. The site thus marks the eastern limit of the region covered by the ancient Maya remains and inscriptions, as Palenque about marks its western edge, a short distance beyond the Guatemala line, in the Mexican state of Chiapas. The valley of Copan is watered by a swift river which enters and leaves by a gorge, washing the eastern side of the ruins. The force of the annual freshets each year carries away more of this river wall, and by its washings has shown that the entire elevation of 120 feet is of historical or artificial growth, showing the stratification of occupancy mentioned by Dr. Gordon, and yielding fragments of pottery and obsidian down to the water level.

As can be seen by the plan, the ruins form a composite whole, some 2300 by 1400 feet, and the historical development of the site is shown by three independent pieces of evidence. Of these the most striking at first sight is the very apparent growth of the ground plan, pointing to

successive additions and enlargements of an original nucleus, just as we see at Thebes. The second evidence is that of excavation, which proves beyond all question, even by the little so far done, that new structures and temples were built upon or into the old. And this evidence is corroborated by the dates on some of the monuments.

The striking unity of the whole group of structures at Copan is therefore a composite unity, the result of long-continued occupation. Structures and temples were built and used; life flowed on around them, and after lapses of time whose length we have no means whatever (save in one case) of even estimating, other buildings were added, and the earlier ones built over, or even covered up by the new. People do not build temples and tear them down to build new ones the next year; nor on the other hand do alien peoples and civilizations expand by a harmonious enlargement the works of those they supersede, but rather change, destroy, or build their own.

The first thing then to be realized about the entire group of structures at Copan is their composite unity; then that this is not the result of a single construction, but of growth and successive additions; then that these periods of enlargement are separated by other, more or less long, periods of continued use and occupation, during which the civilization of the people maintained itself, somewhat modified by time, but not broken or interrupted. And finally, this evidence, together with that of the monumental dates, to which we will come, has so far only to do with the ground plan and the structures we can discover by a few feet of digging on the surface of the plain of Copan; for we have not the slightest means as yet of relating anything we can see at Copan to the various strata of occupation, with intervening silence, marked on the 120 feet of the disintegrating river wall. Those periods of silence may indeed, for everything we can yet tell, be the silence of non-occupation, of civilizations destroyed and forgotten, only to be followed by others. One Copan after another may have been built upon the obliterated site of its predecessor. Whatever evidence there is, read in comparison with similar evidence elsewhere, points to that; a few years ago we disbelieved in a historical Troy, only to find successive Troys, and many like places elsewhere, built one above the other. To *deny* the like or its probability at Copan, would be foolish.

But to return to the Copan whose remains we can see, one great question is forced upon us at the very outset. That is this: what must have been the state of the *American continent*, as regards civil-

ization, during the ages into which we are trying to look? And that they were long ages, even for the Copan we have before us, we shall presently see. While all this was going on there, what was the rest of the continent like? Our preconceived notions of savagery or nomadic tribal communities must be thrown entirely to the winds, together with the statement of the historian Robertson, made in 1777, that in all New Spain there is not "any monument or vestige of any building more ancient than the Conquest."

As a first step towards an appreciation of the place of Copan in American history, we must consider the actual state of New Spain (that is, the region from the Rio Grande to Panama, approximately) at the time of the Discovery. The Aztecs were in possession of the valley of Mexico, with an elaborate civilization, fairly comparable if not superior to that of Europe at the same time; but their history only goes back a few hundred years, for they were merely a warlike nation who had come in, probably from the north, and were about comparable to the Manchus in China, or the Goths in Rome. They settled upon and appropriated *some* (a very small part) of the civilization before them. Around them were various semi-independent peoples whom they had neither destroyed nor entirely subdued, and among whom they had only a primacy of force. To the southwest of Mexico the ancient Zapotec kingdom still existed, a link with the past, towards its end, but still owing nothing to the Aztecs. In Yucatan and Central America were the fragments of the Mayan peoples, broken up into half a dozen main language stocks, and a score of separate dialects. Between the Mayas and those of Mexico there was some intercourse and a little borrowing, with some very ancient traditions probably in common. In culture and mythology, as to which we have limited material for comparison, and in language, as to which we have ample material, they were about as much alike, or as closely related, as the ancient Germans to the ancient Romans. Both were Americans, as the others were Aryans, with a common inheritance of tradition, mythology, and language type; no more.

Beyond all possible dispute, the Mayas were indefinitely the older people. The Aztecs had but a picture or rebus writing, and there is no evidence they ever had more than this. There are slight traces of writing akin to the Maya, among the Zapotecs. But the Mayas had a complete system of genuine hieroglyphic writing, certainly not derived from the Aztec picture-writing, but dissimilar from this in every way,

with monuments antedating the period of Aztec history, on which the hieroglyphic forms are fully developed and perfect. The civilization, monuments, and hieroglyphs of Copan, Palenque, and of Tikal in southern Yucatan, are Mayan; but they are not the Mayan of the time of the Discovery.

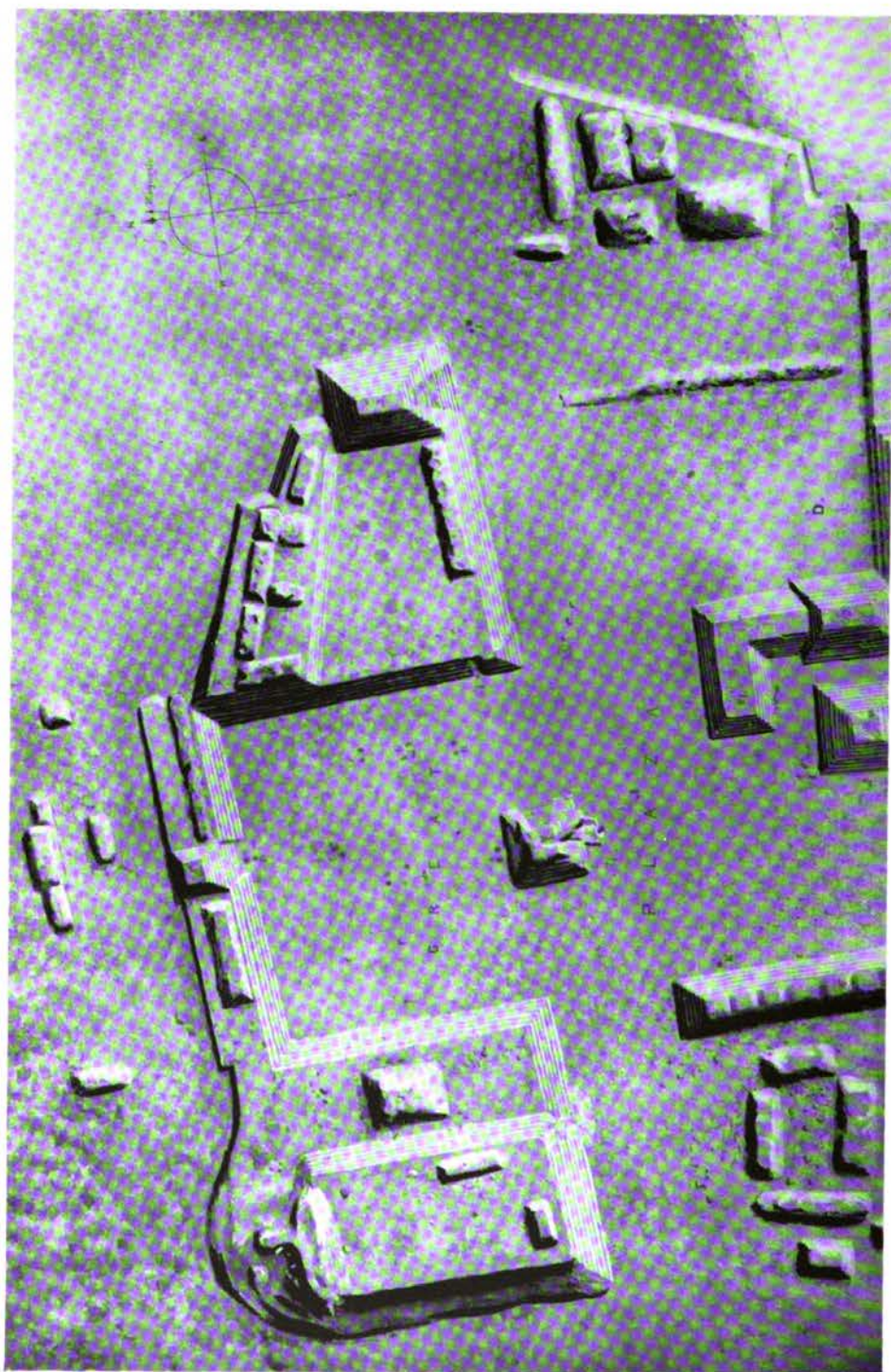
The period immediately preceding the entry of the Spaniards is a historical period. We have various chronicles written by native hands, princes, priests or recorders, giving us some of the early cosmic traditions, brought down into contemporary times. We have these in Maya for Yucatan, and in Quiché-Cakchiquel for Guatemala. In each case the period of definable history goes back several centuries, but throws no light on the earlier period. In 1500 the triple Quiché kingdom was still a powerful and civilized nation; and if we know less of it than we do of the Aztec it is only because it was more quickly wiped out, because Lake Tezcoco and not Lake Atitlán became the seat of the Spanish capital, and because no efforts were made at the time to preserve the Mayan knowledge and traditions, as was done by a few in Mexico.

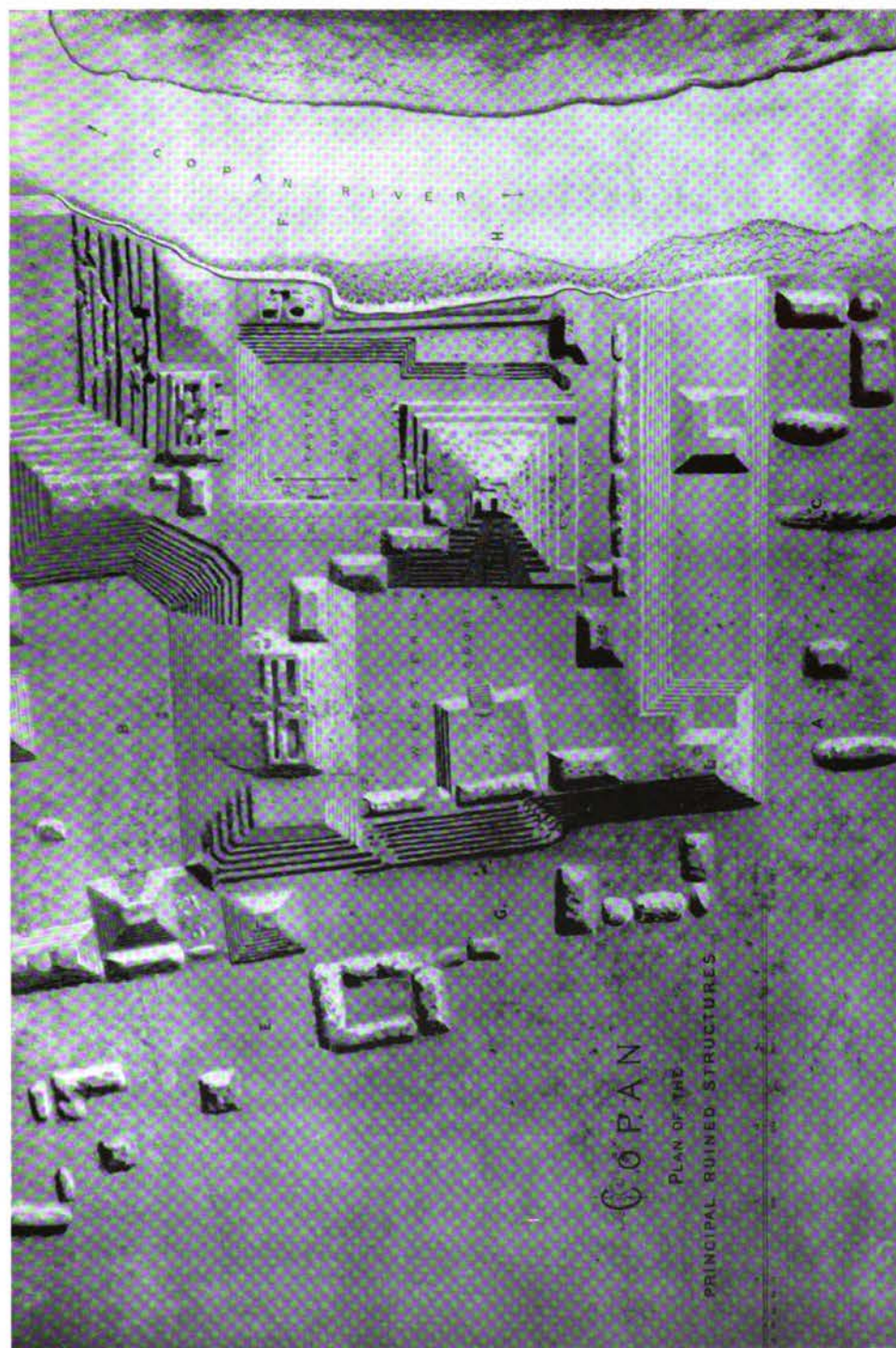
In northern Yucatan the capital of the last Mayan confederacy, Mayapán, had been destroyed in the middle of the 15th century; Chichén Itzá lasted as a city practically up to that time; and on the island of Tayasal in Lake Petén, southern Yucatan, there was a powerful and flourishing Itzá nation down to 1697. Of the architecture, manner of life, house furnishings, etc. of the different living Maya centers we have reasonably full descriptions left by different Spanish writers of the time. And they do not correspond in the smallest degree, to the monuments and buildings we have left at Copan and other ancient, abandoned sites. We are only able to trace a continuation of the type, and to know that the same hieroglyphic writing we find on the carved monuments of the older places, continued to be used until the Conquest. So that after sifting the various descriptions, we find that even the powerful cities of Tayasal and Utatlán, the Quiché capital, were but villages in comparison. The nearest link is Chichén Itzá, which seems to have been the last really great Maya city. Its architectural remains are indeed in size and extent comparable with the older sites; but in style and in the life of the people displayed by the carved and painted scenes, it is like comparing the Egypt of the Ptolemies with that of Ramessu and Hatshepsu. But Chichén Itzá itself was abandoned as the capital at least a century



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THE HIEROGLYPHIC STAIRWAY: COPAN
(AFTER EXCAVATION, SHOWING ONE-SIXTH OF ORIGINAL HEIGHT)
From Peabody Museum *Memoirs*





Lomaland Photo. and Engraving Dept.

COPAN: GENERAL PLAN
From Maudslayi's *Archaeologia*



Lomaland Photo. and Engraving Dept.

STELA H: COPAN
From Maudslay's *Archaeologia*

before the coming of the Spaniards. And to quote from the description of Mr. A. P. Maudslay, from whose great work most of our illustrations are taken, after saying: "I fear that this slight description of Chichén must wholly fail to convey to my readers the sensation of a ghostly grandeur and magnificence which becomes almost oppressive to one who wanders day after day amongst the ruined buildings"; and then after noting various differences between the ruins of Chichén and those of Copan and Quiriguá, he adds:

the absence of sculptured stelae, the scarcity of hieroglyphic inscriptions, and, most important of all, the fact that every man is shown as a warrior with atlatl and spears in his hand; the only representation of a woman depicts her watching a battle from the roof of a house in a beleaguered town, whereas at Copan and Quirigua there are no representations of weapons of war, and at Copan a woman was deemed worthy of a fine statue in the Great Plaza [see illustration, Stela P]. I am inclined to think that it must have been the stress of war that drove the peaceable inhabitants of the fertile valleys of the Motagua and Usumacinta and the highlands of the Vera Cruz [Copan], to the less hospitable plains of Yucatan, where, having learnt the arts of war, they re-established their power. Then again they passed through evil times: intertribal feuds and Nahua invasions may account for the destruction and abandonment of their great cities, such as Chichén Itzá and Mayapán, . . .

So much for the Maya civilization in the 15th century, and its then centers and capitals. But of Copan, Palenque, Tikal, and Quiriguá, we have not the slightest trace as living cities. Cortes visited Tayasal on his way to Honduras; Alvarado overran and conquered the Quiché kingdoms; but no one even mentioned the existence of any of these older places. Not a tradition about any of them has ever been discovered among the living natives at any time; for all we can see they were *then* buried, in ruins, in the forests, and forgotten.

In 1576 Diego García de Palacio, Judge of the Royal Audiencia, made a report to King Philip II of his travels, by royal order, in what is now eastern Guatemala and western Honduras. He reached Copan, and describes "ruins and vestiges of a great civilization and of superb edifices, of such skill and splendor that it appears that they could never have been built by the natives of that province." He sought, but could find no tradition of their history, save that a great lord had come there in time past, built the monuments and gone away, leaving them deserted. This, in the face of what we see on the site, means exactly nothing. Palacio's original manuscript, which is still in existence, was forgotten, only to be later discovered, and

printed first in 1860. For 259 years Copan was again forgotten, until visited in 1835 by John L. Stephens. Palenque for its part remained entirely unknown until about the middle of the 18th century. For what we know of real value concerning these ruins we are indebted to the works of Stephens, to the archaeological survey and excavations carried on by Mr. A. P. Maudslay, by the Peabody Museum of Cambridge, and to a few less extended visits by other explorers. In 1891, by the enlightened zeal of President Bográn of Honduras, the Peabody Museum acquired the official care of the Copan ruins for a period of years.

As seen upon the plan, Copan consists of a group of pyramids, on the summit of each of which probably once stood a small temple; of terraces and walls; and finally of sculptured pillars or stelae, each of which has or had before it a low, so-called altar. Nearly all of these stelae bear on one face a human figure surrounded by most elaborate symbolism of dress, ornament, and other figures. The faces are dignified and for the most part not grotesque. Above the head is usually a triple overshadowing. The main symbolism is worked out in bird and serpent motifs, and into the dress at different parts of the body, notably the chest, are worked medallions of faces, as if to symbolize different human centers of consciousness in the body. The sides and back of all are covered with hieroglyphic inscriptions, whose general characteristic it is to begin with a date, which is followed by the indication of intervals which reach to other dates throughout the whole inscription. This statement holds good for practically all Mayan monumental inscriptions, on stelae or otherwise. And these dates, or most of them, are all we can yet read of these writings. We can, that is, read them in their own terms, but without being definitely able to translate them into our chronology.

The first and greatest work done by the Peabody Museum was in the excavation and partial restoration of the Hieroglyphic Stairway. This stairway is on the west side of mound 26, almost in the center of the plan. It is 26 feet wide, with a three foot carved balustrade on each side. The risers of the steps are carved with a hieroglyphic inscription; at the base is an altar, and the ascent is, or was, broken by seated figures. But fifteen steps are left in place, although an approximate restoration was made by Dr. Gordon of the position of what were probably the upper rows. Originally they must have numbered about ninety, to the top of a pyramid as many feet high; but

a landslide at some time, probably since Palacio's time, carried the upper rows down and on over the lower ones, which remained buried until Maudslay's first visit. Palacio mentioned a great flight of steps descending to the river, which the river may have destroyed.

In front of the Stairway stands Stelae M, of which Dr. Gordon closes by saying: "It would seem to have stood in front of the older edifice, that served at last as a foundation for the Hieroglyphic Stairway with its temple, for centuries before the latter was built." And what now is the chronological evidence on these monuments?

Without going into what would be long details to set forth even what is known of the very elaborate Maya methods of time reckoning, it is enough to say that these sculptured dates regularly specify a certain day (indicated by the combination of twenty names with thirteen numbers), and hence recurring only once in 260 days, falling on a certain day of a certain month, in a certain year expressed by *four numbers in vigesimal* (instead of decimal) *progression*, so that the successive figures stand for 1, 20, 400, and 8000 years, instead of as with us, 1, 10, 100, 1000. It is a moot point whether the dates include the next stage, of 160,000 years, in the reckoning, or not. And it may be stated by the way, that though the Mayas knew and used the ordinary solar year, their long chronological count was kept in terms of 360 days, the same as we find in co-ordinate use in ancient India, and perhaps significantly identical with the perfect circle of 360 degrees. Whatever the fact, however, as to these higher periods, it is established that nearly all the Maya inscription dates occur within the ninth 400 of the current 8000-year cycle; that is, they are dated between about 3200 and 3600 years after the initial date of that particular period. It is not possible for us to consider these dates other than as the contemporary dates of the monuments themselves; and the great number of them, all over the Maya territory, slightly varying for different sites, points most clearly to a special "building" period of about that extent.

A very few monumental dates go much back of this period. The initial dates of the Temples of the Sun and of the Foliated Cross at Palenque both fall in the 765th year of the same current 8000-year cycle, and that of the Temple of the Cross about five years before that great cycle began. But as these inscriptions then go on to cover long successions of years, *these* earlier dates are probably historical, but not contemporary. On the other hand, a very few dates come on into

the tenth 400; and the only large stela bearing so late a date is at Chichén Itzá, the last great Maya city, so far as our history goes. An analysis of the groupings of these dates on the various monuments of the different sites, and their mutual comparison, gives a good deal of basis to check future historical researches, and at Copan it gives us one definite confirmation, already referred to, of the evidence which the structures themselves afford of successive separated "building" periods, with continued intervening use. Of four consecutive and deciphered dates on the fifteen lower steps of the Stairway, still in position, at Copan, the second and third are respectively 48 and 74 years, and the last, at the lower right hand of our illustration, is 937 years, 44 days *later than the first*. We can hardly regard this date as a future or prophetic one; it must be, like similar final dates of long inscriptions at Palenque, the contemporary date of the structure. All the other dates at Copan, those as initial dates on stelae, fall within the "building" era of the ninth 400, which we have mentioned as common to nearly all the inscriptions — except one, Stela C, in the middle of the north part of the Great Plaza, whose date is apparently almost contemporary with this final date of the stairway. And these two dates are 730 years later than any other stela date at Copan. Of Stela C, Dr. Gordon says:

The two monuments [the Stela and the Stairway] have certain technical affinities in the carving, as though they might have been the work of the same master.

In short, while we are still far from the end, the story of the monuments and their dates alike so far is that there was a great building period among the most ancient known Maya cities, in what we know as the ninth period, about date 3400 of the current cycle; that Copan shared in this; that then such building ceased, so far as dated monuments go, at Copan for some 730 years. That then the Stairway was rebuilt over a former pyramid, and Stela C erected; that this latter period was a few hundred years later than one Stela we find at Chichén Itzá; that after that silence fell, oblivion for all the southern sites, and internal strife, warfare, and disintegration for the last great Itzá city; then its abandonment; and then finally, on new sites, local dynastic histories, *each silent as to these earlier places*, yet embracing several hundred years of history, and carrying on even into Spanish times what were still then powerful and, as things went, civilized kingdoms. But they were not Copan.

SCIENTIFIC BREVITIES: by the Busy Bee



EGYPTIAN mummies have been put to a use for which they were probably never intended — the manufacture of a particular fine brown pigment. The body, being preserved in the finest bitumen, has assumed an appearance like leather; and it has been found that this mixture of bitumen and leather, when ground down, makes a brown pigment prized by portrait painters for the representation of brown hair.

THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN is responsible for the statement that the power which drives the mechanism of a watch is equivalent to only four times that used in a flea's jump; or, in mathematical language, a watch is a four-flea-power motor. One horse-power would suffice to drive 270,000,000 watches, whence we infer that one horse is equivalent to more than a billion fleas! We suggest the dividing of the horse-power unit into convenient sub-multiples, such as the dog-power or the mouse-power, instead of using the names of people, like Watt and Joule.

MEDIEVAL churches took whole reigns to build, and some of the monuments left to us from antiquity may have taken centuries. Structures designed for more immediate and less enduring purposes can be rushed up in a very business-like way. In fact the stately pile can be reared by gasoline jacks. Reference is had to the description and pictures of a church which was built in this way. It is of concrete; the molds are laid horizontally upon the jacks, and the walls cast each in one solid piece. Then the motors are started and the structure rears itself into place.

EVIDENCE as to the persistency of life is afforded by some experiments in which fish were frozen up in their water, and the block of ice then cooled down to 20° C. below the freezing point; after thawing, the fish came to life and swam about as usual. Yet, if the frozen block were broken, the fish would break up into little pieces along with the ice. Frogs can be frozen down to 28° C. below the freezing point and still revive; while snails will resist 120° C. From this it may be inferred that life can be preserved throughout long periods of glaciation.

It is reported that the farmers in the province of Skåne, Sweden, have organized to build a central station to furnish their farms with electric current, which will be used both for mechanical power and for lighting; and that in another part of the country the farmers have

formed a company to purchase power from a power station and distribute it to the farms.

At a meeting of the Selborne Society (for Natural History) England, it was suggested that a sanctuary for wild birds should be provided and a tract of wild country acquired and set aside for the preservation of birds likely to become exterminated, such as the chough, the raven, the buzzard, the peregrine, and the kite. If the Government did not see its way to undertake the work, it might give a grant as the nucleus for an appeal for subscriptions. The United States, Switzerland, and Austria already provide such sanctuaries.

By looking at one object too hard we may so bedazzle ourselves that we can see nothing else. This remark is suggested by the views of a botanist who appears to regard the colors and scents of flowers as being designed entirely and solely for the benefit of insects, in order that the insects may pollenize the flowers. We dare say that object forms part of the plan; but we surmise it does not form the whole plan. Birds carry seeds, but that is not the sole object and purpose of a bird's existence. Besides, the idea that insects and flowers were created for each other reminds one of the old story of the posts that held up the wires and the wires that held up the posts.

THE Swiss correspondent of the London *Morning Post* said recently that the glaciers in the Rhône district of Switzerland are in retreat, some of them to an extent "which may almost be described as alarming." The Arolla glacier has receded 85ft. in the past twelve months; the Aletsch, the longest in the Alps, 65ft.; the Gorner, 58; the Zinal, 51; while the Turtmann, in the Zermatt range, and the Zanfleurén or Sanetsch have retreated nearly 46ft. each. Within the last ten years the Zigiornuovo glacier has shrunk by 904ft., the Zanfleurén by 718, the Aletsch by 459, the Zinal by 378, and the Gorner by nearly 190. Other glaciers were observed, and all showed more or less shrinkage; but, as for the small Mont Bouvin glacier, in the space of four years it has entirely "disappeared from sight"—a cautious expression. These changes may of course be part of a periodic variation.

THE encroachment of the sea on the east coast of England is such that at Pakefield, near Lowestoft, a row of cottages has been brought to the edge of the cliff. In one of these cottages live an old couple, who own the house, but are now forced to move, as the cliff edge is only a few feet from the front door. The woman was born in the cottage and

remembers when it was a good walk to reach the cliff. Old fishermen in Pakefield are now catching fish where as boys they gathered blackberries.

Such rapid encroachments of the sea on some shores, accompanied by recession of the sea on others, alone suffice to account for great changes in the course of ages. These changes include tilting of the strata and change of the configuration of the shores. Judging by general analogy, one would infer that geological changes are of various speeds, some very gradual, others more rapid, just like the work of running water, which goes on all the time and yet may accomplish more during a single flood than during several ordinary years. There is room for both the "catastrophists" and the advocates of slow and gradual movement.

THAT the presence of comets causes or indicates hot weather is an item of ancient belief, and theorists may choose between rejecting or explaining it. There is a well-known story of a philosopher, who, desirous of proving that his philosophy could, if need be, be turned to material profit, bought up some vineyards in view of a prospective comet, thus reaping the harvest of a good season. The phrase "comet vintage", as applying to wine, is also well known. A recent theory, as announced in the papers, attributes the great heat of the summer of 1911 to the presence of a comet in the solar system, the head of the comet being supposed to act like a lens and to concentrate the solar power. Whether or not this lens plays any tricks with optics, we are not told. As science progresses, more attention is paid to the influence of electric and magnetic conditions upon the weather; while recent discoveries provide us with an ample machinery of rays and emanations to act as go-betweens from celestial bodies to the earth.

This is the Dog that worried the Cat
That killed the Rat
That ate the Malt
That lay in the House that Jack built.

So says an ancient poem, and it reminds us of the "balance of nature" which people are always upsetting. If we kill the Dog there will be too many cats and they will have to supplement their rat-diet with birds. If we kill the Cat, the Rat will eat all the Malt; and if we kill the Rat, we starve the Cat. So with agriculture; one scarcely knows what to kill or what to spare. We are told now that we must avoid deep plowing, or we shall kill the Spider which worries the Grub

which eats the Crop that Jack sowed. This spider is the aerial spider, a small but very numerous creature who — doesn't fly, but uses a filament of web as an aeroplane. A writer in *The Technical World Magazine* has studied their habits. Their webs are seen during the warm autumn days floating in countless numbers through the air; but even these are but a small fraction of the real number; for what we see are merely the ones who have made failures and got their aeroplanes caught on something. It is estimated that on cultivated grass-land there are enormous numbers of these spiders per square foot.

As to the "old style" and "new style" calendars, people are often in doubt as to the number of days by which these differ from each other, and whether to add or subtract the days. If we remember that when the new style is adopted anywhere, days are omitted from the calendar, and the date thereby set forward, we shall see that the old style dates are always behind those of the new style, and we must add or subtract as required. The astronomer Clavius, whose work has lent immortality to the name of Pope Gregory XIII, put the calendar date ten days forward, to make up for the error which had been accumulating for centuries. This was in the 16th century. To prevent the calendar from getting wrong again, he suppressed the intercalary days (Feb. 29) three times in every 400 years, namely, in 1700, 1800, 1900, but not in 1600 or 2000, the intercalary days being thus allowed to remain in every century year whose first two digits are divisible by 4. By the time England made the change it was necessary to put the date forward 11 days, as this was in the 18th century, and the year 1700 had intervened. Those countries which have not yet adopted the change were 12 days behind in the 19th century, and are now 13 days behind. The correct way to write a date so as to represent it in both styles is, for instance, July 31 / Aug. 13, 1911; or July 31 / Aug. 12, 1831. The calendars, unless the old style is given up, will continue to differ by 13 days until March 1st, 2100.

A WRITER on heredity says that if a person has not inherited the music disposition, he will never become a musician, although he may acquire a knowledge of music; and that a person not born with the potentiality of the poetical disposition will never be a poet, although he may gain a knowledge of prosody. This is a dogmatic statement, but it does not amount to much after all; for it can be turned around by saying that if a person does not become a musician or a poet, the in-

ference is that he has not inherited the faculties. Thus it is mainly a question of words and phrases.

At all events let the aspirant to the Muses put the matter to a practical test. Let him strive to become a poet or a musician; and if he succeeds, he can say: "See, I must have inherited the power." If he fails, why then he can foist the blame upon heredity.

But surely it would be difficult, in many cases of musical genius, to trace the effect to heredity. Still harder would it be, reversing the process, to predict such hereditament. So the above-quoted theory is only tantamount to an acknowledgment of the facts and the provision of a plausible formulation of them.

Characteristics come partly from the parental and ancestral soil wherein the human seed grows; partly from the mental atmosphere of the race and community; partly from one's education; and partly from qualities which the Individual himself has brought over from his own past. All of these concomitants have to be taken into account in considering the question of heredity. Needless to say, nobody should permit his efforts and aspirations to be relaxed in consequence of any dogma or theory which may tend to cast discouragement thereon.

TO BE conscious of one's ignorance is to have taken the first step from folly towards wisdom; and doubtless the tremendous overhauling that is now taking place in the stock of our ideas should be taken as a hopeful sign rather than an omen of woe. Hence the fact that chaos, as it seems, reigns in our ideas about the science of agriculture may be regarded as the sign that something is about to hatch out.

According to quotations made by *The Literary Digest*, a university professor of agricultural science takes to task the Bureau of Soils of the United States Department of Agriculture. These opponents take diametrically opposite views with regard to the care of the soil. The Bureau is credited, on the strength of quotations from its circulars, with maintaining that the soil contains an inexhaustible fund of plant food which is continually replaced by natural processes. Its opponents declare that this teaching is wrong and disastrous. The professor in question claims to have taken the opinions of most of the land-grant experiment stations, and maintains that the opinions of the Bureau are derided by these and by most other authorities in this country and in Europe. The soil needs to be taken care of, or else it will become barren. History is quoted in support.

This controversy indicates that our theories are in a state of chaos.

The more we learn about agriculture, the more there is to learn; for each new discovery opens up a new field. Plants need mineral food; they need nitrogen; they need bacteria to help them get the nitrogen. The chemist, the physicist, and the biologist all have a say in agriculture. Some of the great nations of the past seem to have known a good deal about agriculture; and probably there is a good deal of their knowledge that has not yet been transmitted or revived.

THE statement that the emu is almost extinct is misleading, says an Australian correspondent to a scientific paper. The birds exist in large numbers in north and northwest New South Wales and practically all over Queensland, and South and Western Australia. And he adds that he does not think they will become extinct yet, "because they are practically valueless." Can this be an instance of the survival of the fittest? The naïve assumption that man destroys that which he values can but lead to the scientific inference that the world will become stocked with things which man does not value. Hence, whatever may be supposed to be the case in nature, the influence of man is to promote the survival of the unfit. True, this works out all right for nature, but man becomes reduced to a mere destructive agency whose influence nature eliminates. Eventually, on this theory, man will find himself the denizen of a world stocked with things which are to him "practically valueless"; and then, presumably, he will leave off destroying, for want of anything to destroy.

Still it must not be forgotten that man, even in such a destructive civilization as the present, is a creator. He is potent on the invisible planes where thoughts are things; and according to hints given in the ancient teachings, mankind is concerned in the processes by which the animated forms of nature are evolved.

WITH regard to instinct in animals, people are sometimes prone to take too extreme views. Experience teaches us that instinct which is so reliable in beaten tracks of habit proves a failure in unfamiliar circumstances. A bird in a room cannot find the way out, even when door and windows are open, but flies back and forth just above the level of the openings. But even here we must be cautious; for animals can adapt themselves to new circumstances. The timid wild-bird learns to feed from the hand. In this respect we notice degrees among different animals, some having more plastic minds than others; this marks different upward stages in the perfection of the animal monad.

Because instinct, the accumulation of age-long experience, is so infallible in ordinary cases, we must not assume that it cannot err. On the contrary we often meet with cases of dunderhead stupidity and of a blind addiction to custom that savors almost of automatism. Thus a correspondent of an English paper writes about a blackbird which had been brought up as a nestling in the house. When grown up and given her liberty, she insisted on coming back to build, and made her nest in a bookshelf. But the family was a failure, because the hen had no mate and nature failed to depart from her rule; there were no young; fertile eggs had to be procured for her to hatch.

Another story in the same paper tells of a mare which lost her foal and was given a calf dressed in the skin of the departed. The giving of stuffed calves to cows, while being milked, is a familiar practice. In animals we see minds in course of development, capable of considerable growth, but within limits. The self-conscious ego, characteristic of man, is not there. We must bear in mind that the animal is an animal soul (or monad) within a form; that it is the monad which undergoes the evolution; and that though an animal does not become a man, that which ensouls the animal will in some future cycle of evolution enter into the making of man. It is by the gift of the self-conscious Mind, which links the Spiritual to the terrestrial, that the animal consciousness was made to subserve the purposes of the human kingdom.

WHILE the acknowledged scientific method of inquiry consists in logical inferences from observations, it is well known that a very limited amount of observation is frequently made to support an unlimited amount of inference. The "scientific use of the imagination" (Tyndall) is highly recommended, but may o'erleap itself and "give to airy nothings a local habitation and a name," unless checked by some sedater quality.

We see that a biologist has gone back in imaginative speculation beyond "protoplasm" as the origin of life; for, just as the physicists have subdivided their atom into electrons, so this theorist has subdivided his protoplasm into something still more elementary and primordial, which he calls "mycoplasm." The first part of the word means "fungus," so now we can speak of our ancestor as the primordial fungus; and indeed fungoid traits do seem to survive in some people. Science, we are told, knows a whole world of minute corpuscles which do not need oxygen for their existence and cannot be killed

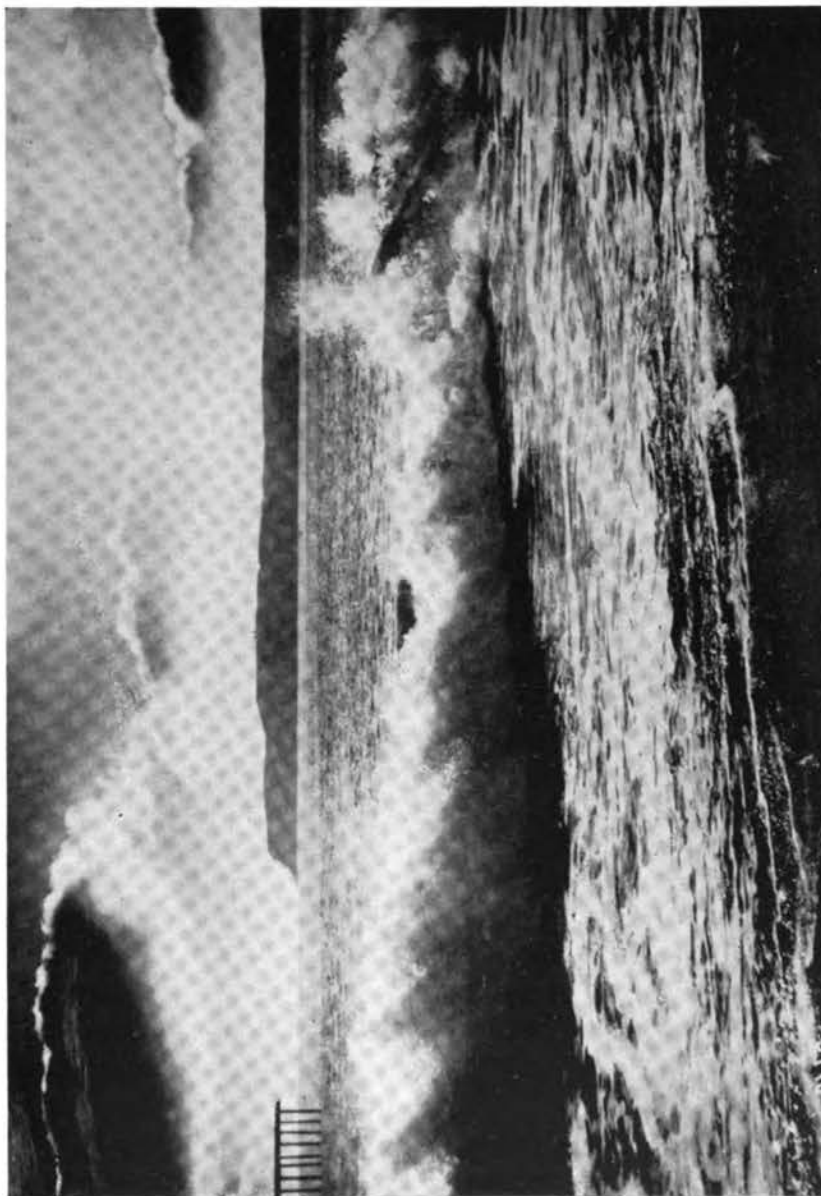
by boiling water. They do not make the amoeboid movements characteristic of protoplasm and are immune to the strongest poisons. This kind of creature, therefore, could exist on earth long before protoplasm could, as it is so very hardy; and from it, as soon as the crust had cooled and oxygen been formed, the protoplasm sprang. Such is the theory, but it may be wrong. What we want to know, however, is what the mycoplasmas sprang from; because either they must have sprung from something else, or else they are the great "I Am," eternal and uncreate.

It is a curious method, this, which traces the great back to the small, thus making the small greater than the great. The man in a silk hat proceeded from the man without a silk hat, and he from the ape, and the ape from the duck-billed platypus, and so on back to Haeckel's "moneron," and back again to this primordial mushroom.

So we may trace the scale of numbers back to prime factors and to unity; but between the unit and the zero, infinitude stretches. Is not unity, though in one sense the smallest of numbers, in all other senses the greatest? From whatever source we derive life, that source must be greater than life itself. So let us set up an image of the Mycoplasma and worship it. Jehovah himself could not have done more than it has done.

Is it not clear that material evolution is but one aspect, and that a small one, of the process? Growth and evolution mean nothing if not a coming into visibility from invisibility, into actuality from potentiality. A seed grows; and, seen from the material point of view, it seems to grow from nothing. But all the time the material plant is unfolding, something unseen is expanding into it. Evolution is a two-fold process. A mycoplasma would lie forever wrapped in its complacent hardihood in the primordial fiery atmosphere, unless some Impulse gave it the word to unfold and turn itself into protoplasm. The view of the world as a great machine without any motive power, and running by the power of its own motion, may be interesting, but it is not convincing.

If ever our globe were in such a primitive condition as that imagined, it is equally certain that the life-impulse which it received came from somewhere; and all analogy would lead us to surmise that that life-impulse came from another globe. But obviously the matter is too vast for little theories. The important point is that some theorists, in spite of good intentions, appear to have got things wrong way up.



Lomaland Photo. and Engraving Dept.

THE SURF AT CORONADO, SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA
THIS VIEW SHOWS THE SOUTHERN END OF POINT LOMA
Photograph by Slocum, San Diego



Lomaland Photo. and Engraving Dept.

THE MAMMOTH CAVE, LA JOLLA, SAN DIEGO



Lomaland Photo. and Engraving Dept.

SARAJEVO, CAPITAL OF BOSNIA

The minarets of the city's mosques are especially elegant



Lomaland Photo. and Engraving Dept.

KLAMATH RECLAMATION PROJECT, OREGON-CALIFORNIA

PART OF TULE LAKE, OREGON, LOOKING TOWARD BLOODY POINT

Nature frequently puts too much water in some places, and too little in others, to suit the purposes of man. Draining a piece of wet land is just the opposite of irrigating a piece of dry land. Both processes are called reclamation. This picture shows Tule Lake, in Oregon, which required to be drained that its fertile bed might be turned into farms.

CONFLICT OF THE AGES: by S. F.

THE bugle calls! while far and near
The gathering hosts are marching by;
Their clanging arms, their tread I hear,
The sounds which tell the strife is nigh.

To arms! to arms! each loyal heart
Responsive trembles at the call!
Each valorous soul will do his part
To win the victory for all.

'Tis not for selfish worldly gain,
For cross or crescent, king or crown,
They marshal on the battle plain
To strike the bold usurper down.

It is no mortal foe they seek —
No Brother's blood they wish to spill,
Nor strong that triumph o'er the weak —
Their good to gain through other's ill.

Ah no! the world has never yet
Been called to arm for such a fray,
Nor e'er such countless hosts have met
As those that bear the sword today.

'Tis hidden Forces they oppose —
A subtle Power that rules the earth —
While Nature shudders in her throes
To bring the Savior, Truth, to birth.

And 'tis not only men's weak hands
Which bear aloft the spear and lance —
Lo! o'er the plains the Master's bands
With swift and noiseless feet advance.

The Helpers of mankind are They —
Great Elder Brothers of the Race!
At dawning of the grand New Day
Each Warrior stands within his place.

The Order of the Ages New
Has come at last in dawning Light —
Its soldiers neither weak nor few —
And they are armed with God's own might.

In vain the hosts of Darkness rise
And shriek aloud their battle cry!
The dawn of Truth lights all the skies
And crime and wrong and fraud shall die.

WOMEN WHO HAVE INFLUENCED THE WORLD:

by the Rev. S. J. Neill



S gravitation existed before Newton made his discovery, so, also, has the influence of woman exerted a powerful sway among many nations long before the modern movement towards woman's emancipation.

That the modern movement is a powerful one cannot be denied by anyone who knows what is going on in the world. The wise study the action of the winds and waves and use them for beneficent purposes. We smile at the picture of the English ruler ordering back the tide; and at the Persian ruler who commanded the waters of the Bosphorus to be castigated. The woman's emancipation of the present day calls for careful study and wise direction on the part of all lovers of human welfare. Everything which gives a clearer understanding of woman in her own nature, and in her relation to man must be of service. What women have done in the past may throw some light on what woman may achieve in the future. As "lives of great men all remind us, we can make our lives sublime," even so the lives of great and noble women are a beacon light and a prophecy.

Though a truism, it must never be forgotten that woman's nature and her function in the world differ from man's. Many mistakes have been made, and are still made, through forgetting that woman and man are two aspects of the One Life in manifestation; therefore they are not opposed to each other, but are complementary of each other — "like perfect music unto noble words." Milton has tried to express this in the well-known lines:

For contemplation he and valor formed;
For softness she, and sweet attractive grace.

Harmony in nature consists in each part of the whole working according to its proper use or function. While this general law may seem to preclude the possibility of women being in their proper sphere and yet acting as great generals, great statesmen, or great rulers, we find that women have again and again become illustrious in these respects. In doing so it is possible that the woman parts with some of that "softness and sweet attractive grace," of which Milton speaks. It is possible that she may "lose the childlike in the larger mind," which Tennyson says the perfect woman should not lose; yet she remains a woman essentially while doing work supposed to be appropriate to man. Joan of Arc retained her girlish heart to the last, and

after she had led the armies of France to victory, wished for nothing better than to return to her native village and live in peace. Even Queen Elizabeth of England, generally regarded as one of the most masculine of her sex, retained to the end some of those qualities which distinctly belong to woman. Queen Isabella of Spain, though weighted down with domestic sorrows and engrossed with cares of state, was moved with deep compassion for the condition of the Indians, and in her last moments exacted from her husband a promise for their protection. A biographer says that she was possessed of all the "personal grace, gentleness, and feminine accomplishments of Mary Stuart, without her weakness." Great queen as she was, the name bestowed on her by her people, and ratified by history, was: "Isabella of peace and good will."

From the dawn of history we find great women in many countries of the world. Passing by Biblical women, as too well known to need mention, we find in Egypt, according to Meyer in his *Oldest Books of the World*, that "the position of woman both in religion and government was very elevated." He says:

Woman appears to have met with more consideration among the old Egyptians than with any other people of Oriental antiquity. It is to the glory of ancient Egyptian wisdom, that it has been the first to express the dignity and high position of the wife and woman.

Near the Great Pyramid a tomb has been opened which gives us a few facts concerning the first Queen of Egypt of whom we have any knowledge. Her name was Mer-ti-tef-s, which means "the beloved of her father." She was also described as "the wife of the king whom she loved." Another great ruler of Egypt, about 1516 B. C., was Hatshepsut. Dr. Wallis Budge of the British Museum tells us that this queen dressed herself as a man. Some of the other great queens of Egypt are: Nitocris; Aah-hotep; Mutemva, mother of Amen-hotep III; Ti, wife of Amen-hotep, whose tomb was found not long ago, and whose remains were found wrapped in sheets of gold, with the exquisitely worked crown of gold at her head. These two with Nefert-i-tain, are said to have "worked harmoniously together for the establishment of ancient truth in Egypt." Besides these we have Batria, wife of Rameses III; the well-known Cleopatra; and last but not least, Dido of Carthage, whom, had Aeneas married, the whole course of history would have been different.

Crossing over to Greece, we may mention Sappho, the sweet singer,

who has suffered much misrepresentation, and of whom Professor Palgrave says:

There is no need for me to panegyrisé the poetess whom the whole world has been long since contented to hold without a parallel.

There is also Aspasia, the wife of Pericles. From Greek statuary we see how noble woman must have been in Greece.

In Italy we have Cornelia, who has been called "the ideal mother," and Volumnia, mother of Coriolanus; and Portia, wife of Brutus; nor must we forget Beatrice, the heroine of *The Divina Commedia*.

In Japan, in China, and in India, we find many names of great women whose influence has endured through the ages. The Taj Mahal is sufficient to remind us of what a woman has been in the Moslem world. J. S. Mill says that

if a Hindû principality is strong, vigilantly and energetically governed; if order is preserved without oppression, in three cases out of four that principality is under the regency of a woman.

Coming to Western lands we find the valiant British queen Boadicea. In ancient Germany there was Queen Radigünde, who founded a school for women. In Sweden Birgitta was famous as a patron of learning; her schools numbered eighty, and there still exist six schools of her order on the Continent and one in England, the only one that can boast of an unbroken existence from pre-Reformation times. Ireland too had a Saint Brigit, some of whose wonderful works were evidently transferred to her from the Celtic goddess Ceridwen.

Who has not seen the beautiful picture of Queen Louise of Prussia, of whom such a great historian as Mommsen speaks so enthusiastically? She is said to have been by no means a genius, nor in any way abnormal, but she was so beautiful, so winning, so optimistic, and combined such dignity and charm, such cheerfulness, faith and fortitude, that she gained Silesia for her husband from Napoleon. Then we have such great women as Madam Guyon, the mystic; Caroline Herschel; Frances Power Cobbe; Florence Nightingale; Queen Olga of Greece; Queen Victoria; Madame Curie, and many others whom time does not permit to mention. There is no need here to speak of H. P. Blavatsky and Katherine Tingley, the heralds of a new age, except to say that the world in that new age will render them that justice which is so tardily given now.

While the greatness to which women have attained proves to us

what woman is capable of doing, yet, in a sense, it may be a little depressing, for all cannot be queens or rulers. But true greatness consists in doing well what has to be done. Besides, who can say what is great and what is small in the Divine Economy? "The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world," is an old saying. And for the great majority of women the making of the home to be a *real home* is the highest service that can be done to help the world; for the home is the foundation of the nation. And as Ruskin says:

Wherever a true wife comes, this home is always round her. The stars only may be over her head, the glow-worm in the night-cold grass may be the only fire at her foot, but home is yet wherever she is; and for a noble woman it stretches far around her, better than ceiled with cedar or painted with vermilion, shedding its quiet light far, for those who else were homeless.

THE TURKISH WOMAN: by Grace Knoché



HE Sultan of Turkey recently received a deputation of representative Ottoman women and in the course of his conference with them pledged them his support in their efforts to bring about a reform of certain conditions. Press dispatches state that the members of this deputation were heavily veiled.

The veil has always been, to the European mind, the point of departure for Turkish feministic reform, and the wearing of it by those who stand for such reform, when many Turkish women have discarded the impenetrable *yashmak* entirely and a still larger number wear only veils of gauze, seems an anomaly. To realize that it is not, one must get below current misunderstandings and baseless reports and know the high-caste Turkish woman as she really is — for with her Turkish feministic reform begins and by her it is being safeguarded.

Many who are familiar with the diplomatic and social life of our European capitals have stated that the high-caste Turkish woman of today is *as a class* more highly educated, and also more feminine, in the tenderest and most refined meaning of the term, than any other woman in the world. She not only knows the history, geography, and literature of her own and foreign nations, but in addition knows two, three, and often four languages besides her own — always French and German, usually English, and often Italian or Russian — lan-

guages which she does not speak haltingly but with fluency and perfection, for in the wealthier Turkish families of today French, German, and English governesses are a recognized institution. She is very beautiful, always refined, unobtrusively thoughtful of others, and supremely loyal to her ideals of character and duty — and her ideals always center about the home.

Yet her life is virtually an imprisoned one, bounded as it is, day and night, year in and year out, by the four walls of the women's apartment or *harem*. She cannot go out unattended in the daytime, nor in the evening at all; she may not attend theaters nor even a concert; she may not attend social or other gatherings where men are present.

This state of things was not so unendurable to the women of the preceding generation, for they had not been permitted to embrace European ideas through an education on European lines, but to the high-caste woman of today, who has been given a glimpse into a larger world than her own, and a world very wonderful and alluring, the old *harem* existence is almost intolerable. Yet she must continue in it for a time, and here is the wonderful thing — she does this, in the deeper sense, willingly.

Those who know her best tell us that out of the silence and seclusion of her life, the Turkish woman has evolved a philosophy of her own, and one that is not limited to the orthodox Muslim view of woman; those who know life and humanity best know also that this could never have come to her past the impenetrable barriers of caste and orthodox religious doctrine, had she not attuned her life to some, at least, of the higher notes of Life Universal. And it is the teaching of Theosophy that this can only be done by those with whom duty is the highest ideal — duty, for ever and ever, *duty*. In a heroic determination to do her whole duty to husband and family, to nation and to home, the Turkish woman may well be commended to that ultra-modern type who leaves husband and children to their own devices while she is away, chasing some will-o'-the-wisp or fad. Of this type Turkey is yet as destitute as certain strata of European and American life are prolific.

The Turkish woman is wise enough to wait in trust the day of her complete emancipation, and she feels it is approaching — but she also knows that to push or hurry it forward would invoke a reaction that might ruin her country and defeat her hopes. She knows

that methods even approaching those of the modern "suffragette" would only blot the golden dawn and put back until a later cycle the glorious day. We see now why the members of this deputation wore the orthodox veil, or partly why, for no Turkish woman of the educated class is unaware that to needlessly offend the conservative element is to fetter the Young Turk movement, that evolving drama of national life in which woman played so heroic a part. Says a current writer:

Everybody agrees that the most remarkable change in social conditions caused by the revolution in Turkey has occurred among the feminine portion of the population, and it is conceded that the wives and mothers of the Young Turk party had a powerful influence in bringing it about. During the anxious months of conspiracy and preparation many high-born Turkish ladies worked with courage, enthusiasm and intelligence for the cause of liberty. Some of them acted as messengers, carrying concealed about their persons papers which, if discovered, would have been their death; others afforded the revolutionary committees opportunities for holding their meetings, and furnished those who were in danger means of escape. Twelve thousand spies in the employ of Abdul Hamid were unable to outwit the women of Turkey in this work, and the leaders of the Young Turk party concede that they owe their success largely to the assistance of their wives and sisters and mothers.

In that intimate blending of heroic self-abnegation and of wisdom which characterizes the efforts and the daily life of the typical high-caste Turkish woman, the world has offered for its reading a great lesson. The Ottoman woman possibly has found her intuition, which is the soul's own voice, and her will, which is "the soul at work." Pain, misunderstanding, oppression, and heartache, have opened many doors in the chambers of her being, and in wrestling with the angel of untoward circumstance she has found the inner power that enables one to turn the leaden fetters about one's feet into the golden sandals of Hermes himself. If this has come about, and those who know the Ottoman woman best declare that it has, then we know that it is because she has striven to attune her life to that which must be the keynote of all lasting feministic reform — womanliness — true womanliness, with its overtones of tenderness, compassion and aspiration, and its deepening undertones of solid attainment, of patriotism, of courage, of loyalty to one's ideal, and of faithfulness to duty.

AN ENGLISH LADY'S LETTER: by F. D. Udall (London)

PEVENSEY CASTLE is one of the most interesting of all the ancient and historic castles of old England. It was seized by William the Conqueror immediately he landed in the bay close by, and he left a garrison to hold it while he pushed on to Hastings and subsequently to the country round about the "hoar apple tree" mentioned in the Saxon Chronicle, where the decisive engagement with Harold and his army took place. This spot, ever since commemorated in the name of the village — Battle — is some seven miles inland. Harold had taken care to leave a garrison, too, at Pevensey, while he went north, but according to Freeman, William found the place wholly undefended or else with a force totally inadequate to resist the Normans. At all events there appears to have been no resistance offered to the invaders, on that fateful Michael's Eve. The castle and land for miles around eventually became the property of the Conqueror's half-brother.

How old the castle is nobody knows. British coins have been discovered at Pevensey, and it is thought that the place was an ancient British settlement. As to the castle itself, the general opinion is that it was built by the Romans, and the many Roman coins found in its precincts, chiefly of the Constantine family, give support to the theory. In the days of the venerable Bede there was a great forest in these parts, the forest of Anderida, roamed by herds of deer and swine. Pevensey is first mentioned in historical documents in the year 792, when its owner — generous man! — gave it away, together with Hastings, to the Abbey of St. Denis at Paris. Sir John Pelham was appointed Constable of the Castle in the reign of Edward III, and his courageous wife held it during a siege in her husband's absence, in the following reign, in 1399. This lady gives the old ruins an interest of quite another character from their warlike associations by reason of a letter she dispatched to her husband during that siege. He was up in Yorkshire at the time. The letter has come down through the centuries — a brave, sweet, womanly, wifely relic of those early days in "our rough island story." It enjoys the honor of being enshrined in Hallam's *Literature of Europe*, and well it deserves the distinction. Here is what the lady wrote while the enemy was at the gate.

MY DEAR LORD:

I recommend me to your high lordship with heart and body and all my poor might, and with all this I thank you as my dear lord, dearest and best beloved of all earthly lords, I say for me, and thank you, my dear lord, with all this that



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RUINS OF PEVENSEY CASTLE



IN THE FOREST

I say before of your comfortable letter that ye sent me from Pontefract, that come to me on Mary magdalene day (July 22); for by my troth I was never so glad as when I heard by your letter that ye were strong enough with the grace of God for to keep you from the malice of your enemies. And, dear lord, if it like to your high lordship that as soon as ye might that I might hear of your gracious speed; which God Almighty continue and increase. And, my dear lord, if it like you for to know of my fare, I am here by laid in manner of a siege with the county of Sussex, Surrey, and a great parcel of Kent, so that I may nought out, nor none victuals get me but with much hard. Wherefore, my dear, if it like you by the advice of your wise counsel for to set remedy of the salvation of your castle, and withstand the malice of the shires aforesaid. And also that ye be fully informed of their great malice workers in these shires, which that haves so despitefully wrought to you, and to your castle, to your men, and to your tenants for this country, have yai (sic) wasted for a great while. Farewell, my dear lord; the Holy Trinity you keep from your enemies, and soon send me good tidings of you.

Written at Pevensey in the Castle on St. Jacob day (St. James, July 25) last past,

By your own poor,
J. Pelham.

To my true lord.

A MAGIC PLACE: A Forest Idyll for Young Folks: by M. Ginevra Munson



WHO has not felt the inspiring and soothing influence of certain quiet spots? as though the jarring and restless forces of nature were there rendered impotent and the soul could commune freely with the great heart-life of all. The conflicting vibrations of human thought are annulled and nature speaks in whatever language you choose: in song or verse, art or science. How it draws one up to the heights of infinitude to sit in solitude, with eye on the expanse of ocean in which is mirrored all the gorgeous tints and cloud-forms in the sky at sunset; or on mountain heights where no sounds or sights except the blue dome overhead and the distant landscape beneath, can distract the mind from the sense of the invisible Presence that fills all space; or in the depths of a noble forest where the foot of man seldom comes.

It was in such a place as this, surrounded by the elves and fairies of the wood, that Helena, in the company of her father and a few other artist spirits, pitched their tents for summer work in the stillness of

the forest; sculptors, painters, poets, musical composers, and writers on various themes, each lived in the quiet and privacy of his own domicile, out of sight or hearing of any other.

Helena was the daughter of a poet and inherited that keen sense of communion with and understanding of nature's moods and voices, but had never before been in such a place as this, having been born near a thriving city. She was devoted to her father, and though only yet in her early teens, showed such appreciation of her father's work that he brought her along with him as a sort of mentor when reading his poems over. Then too, her mother was dead, and he felt it his duty to keep Helena under his own care as much as possible, as she was an only child. Nothing could have made her happier or have been better for her than this forest air and odor of fragrant wood, and her spirits and health responded to it gratefully. While her father was busy she wandered about, making companions of the birds, trees, and other forest-life. The inspiration and magic of the place was so great that she was seized with the desire to express the joy and budding knowledge that stirred within her soul; so without saying anything to her father, she would take out tablet and pencil and sit on a fallen log near the singing brook that ran close by, and write down the daily dialog she heard going on around her. Overhead the trees said to the birds: "Are you happy my pretty ones, fluttering and hopping from twig to branch, pluming your feathers as I sway and swing you about?" "Oh yes, dear trees," twittered the birds, "and we will be diligent in destroying the worms that prey on your beautiful leaves, while we sing to you our thanks for the lacy bowers and secret hiding-places for our nests of young birdlings, who take their first lessons in song from the music of the breeze through your branches"; and then they poured forth a chorus in greater glee than ever.

Up in a high fork of the great spreading top of an oak was a huge nest of dead leaves, from one edge of which peered a pair of bright eyes in a furry gray head, over which curled a bushy gray and white tail. A chattering voice chimed in with the birds: "Dear trees, I too love you, for with your leaves for my nest you provide me a home out of reach of all harm, and you feed me with lovely acorns in such abundance that I can store up enough for the whole round year; but I'm sorry I can return so little back to you, save a grateful heart."

"Oh, thanks, I am safe home," said a bounding cotton-tail rabbit, as he shot into the protecting walls of a hollow log. "What would I

do if it were not for the deserted trunk of a tree; and even the live ones sometimes give me a home in a hole in their bodies, quite low enough down for me to jump into, yet too small and deep for intruders to poke their noses in very far."

"Yes, yes, I too," chirped a striped ground squirrel, "owe all my comforts to the trees, and no one can find my cosy nest of pine needles, so fragrant and clean."

An old sly fox ran swiftly by, saying: "O shelter me in your depths, dark forest, for I hear the bay of a hound on the scent of my track," then he jumped the purling stream to cut off the lead of the dog, and sped away.

As Helena glanced down the stream she saw a beaver working away on a pile of logs and heard him murmur: "What would I do if the trees did not furnish me logs for my dam? Nothing else would serve me so well, I am sure, and I only cut down young saplings where they are too crowded to thrive. In turn for the favor I will make the stream deeper so the water will not dry away in hot weather, but will give drink to the tree roots all the year through."

Away in the distance Helena spied the red-brown coat of a deer and heard its call to the fawn. Out from a tangled mass of vines and low swaying branches bounded the spotted young beauty, and answered back: "Here mother-deer, the forest has safely sheltered me, and fed me too on sweet young sassafras shoots. May I now take a run with you?"

Then Helena gazed in the stream at the fishes, who answered her thought: "Yes, we too would perish were it not for the shady pools that reflect the lacy network of the trees that draw down the rain from heaven to fill the stream and keep the water fresh."

Filled with wonder at these voices of the woods, Helena realized that though it seemed so silent it was full of song and happy life, but that the love and harmony of these beings made the magic of the place and filled it with peace and soul-inspiring influences. While she meditated and watched the bees gathering sweets from the fragrant wood-violets and wild-plum blossoms, she heard a voice so startlingly loud that she jumped with surprise. It said "Who? Who? Who——o?" and seemed to come from the very tree tops. While looking up in wonder, Helena saw a great, fluffy cream-colored bird with brownish bars on its wings and a big round head with two enormous yellow eyes, float noiselessly away through the forest. Could that voice have

come from the bird? "What did he say 'Who? Who? Who——?'" It seemed to question me, asking to whom were all these creatures, as well as myself, beholden? Why, yes, every voice spoke of love for and indebtedness to the trees. They stand here so silently and majestically through ages, affording food, shelter, shade, and protection, for all these other beings whose very lives depend upon them. The dear trees are monarchs over all, yet serve all, standing here with their roots fast in the soil and their heads touching the sun-bright heavens. To us people too, though we may live in cities and never know or think of the forest trees, we could scarcely live without them. Our houses, our furniture, and almost everything that is of use or convenience to us have some wood about them; and then we enjoy the nuts, the fruit, and other kinds of food produced by the trees as much as the squirrels and birds, no doubt. Perhaps these trees bring down from higher regions other forces that feed our souls also — Who? Who Who——o knows?"

"Yes, now I understand," thought Helena, "why the great Initiates, Masters and Saviors of the world, were called '*Trees*.' Jesus was called '*the Tree of Life*,' and the Initiates spoken of in the Bible, '*the Cedars of Lebanon*.' They stand and serve and protect."

Then Helena remembered that she had read in her Scandinavian Mythology that trees were formed from the hair of the giant Ymir, in the creation of the world. "His blood formed the oceans and rivers; his bones the mountains; his teeth the rocks and cliffs; and his hair, the trees." Also that "the universe springs from beneath the branches of the world-tree Yggdrasil, the tree with three roots."

Helena must certainly have been sitting on a branch or root of the tree of wisdom when getting into such a deep strain of thought. The spirit of the forest had awakened her soul to the realization of the fact of Brotherhood in Nature too, the give and take, the unity and inseparable life of the denizens of the wood that made it such a magic place. She also saw why the tree was made a symbol of universal life, for all other life in the world is really somewhat dependable upon the trees.

"No wonder," Helena thought, as she walked back to her father's bungalow, "no wonder there is such magic in the depth of the forest, and that father comes here to get in touch with the *soul of things*. That is why 'tis said that '*Poetry is the true language of the soul*.'"



THE SCREEN OF TIME

CURRENT TOPICS: by Observer



THE recent theft of the famous *Mona Lisa* of Leonardo da Vinci from the Louvre, which is such a loss to the artistic world, has brought to light the fact that many other valuable works of art have been stolen from the Louvre and other public museums without any arrests following. One thief is reported as having admitted that he lately stole many small pieces of sculpture from the Phoenician gallery in the Louvre and sold them for trifling sums. He lately returned a statuette to the museum in return for a payment, and the authorities admitted that it was actually one from their collection. Three years ago there were forty sculptured heads in one of the cases; now there are about twenty! There seems to be no hope of regaining the *Mona Lisa* at present, but, just as the famous *Duchess of Devonshire* of Gainsborough was restored after many years upon the payment of heavy blackmail, it is possible that the robbers will take some favorable opportunity of realizing a large sum by the return of Leonardo's masterpiece.

FOR the first time since the creation of the French Academy at Rome, a woman has been admitted as a student at the Villa Medici. Mlle. Lucienne Heuvelmans, the successful winner of the famous "Prix de Rome" for sculpture, had to compete against nine other contestants, but her remarkable ability compelled the judges to decide in her favor and to establish an entirely new precedent. Her subject was *The Sister of Orestes Guarding her Brother's Sleep*.

THE Norwegian Academy of Sciences has just recognized the claim of woman to admission to that body for the first time, by admitting Miss Kristine Bonnevin of Christiania, a doctor of philosophy and an eminent zoologist. She is Conservator of the Zoological laboratory of the Christiania University, and has produced several interesting scientific works in Norway, Germany, and the United States.

A COMPLETE revision of the rules of the road is being made in France. Instead of vehicles keeping to the right, as has hitherto been the custom, they will now have to travel on the left side of the road. This will bring France into line with Great Britain and most other European countries, and will be a great advantage for many automobilists and cyclists touring in France, for the difficulty of breaking through the automatic habit of turning to the left when another vehicle approaches is very great to those who have been accustomed to keeping on that side. Americans, who obey the rule of keeping to the right, will however find the new French regulation irksome. It is claimed that the rule of the left is more sensible for many reasons.

THE French people seem very quick to modify old-established customs when something they consider better is offered. They lately adopted Greenwich Observatory (England) as the place of first meridian for time and nautical calculations, as it was shown to be practically advantageous; they did not let an exaggerated patriotism stand in the way, though it may be questioned whether the change would have been made a few years ago, before the *entente cordiale* between France and England had been established, to which the indefatigable efforts of King Edward VII so largely contributed.

EVERYONE who has read Irving's *Alhambra* and has felt the charm of that delightfully romantic account of the celebrated Moorish palace in Granada, will be glad to hear that the Spanish Government is taking active measures to remove the débris which has collected during the last several centuries and to clear out the watercourses, and otherwise prevent the famous masterpiece of Moorish architecture from falling to ruin. Many interesting antiquities have been discovered and the finds have been removed to the old palace of the Emperor Charles V, which is being turned into a museum. Beautiful arabesque decorations have been discovered in unexpected places, and a hitherto unknown staircase has been laid bare, leading to a large system of underground vaults.

It is difficult to realize that it is only six years ago since the Wrights made their first flight of eleven miles in a power-driven aeroplane, and now we are reading of attempts to fly across the United States from ocean to ocean, and speeds of over a hundred miles an hour for long distances are continually being made. The days of racing and sensational exhibitions are apparently nearing an end, for a demand is aris-

ing for less flimsy aeroplanes which can be used for practical purposes. It will certainly be many years before the art of aviation arrives at perfection, and before it becomes as safe and practicable to travel by air-line as by train or automobile. Nothing but careful and scientific experimenting, free from the sensational element, can bring this about. The days of the big gas-bag type of flying machine, the dirigible, seem to be numbered, for the numerous accidents which have happened to these machines, even when directed with the greatest skill and caution, have greatly disappointed their supporters. A mere puff of wind, which would have presented no terrors to a heavier-than-air machine, destroyed the British naval dirigible lately. Its cost — about \$400,000 — would have paid for eighty of the best aeroplanes of the heavier-than-air-type.

The lifting power of the air is being utilized in man-carrying kites for war-scouting purposes, and they have proved quite practicable. They have been adopted by the British navy and are now being tried in that of the United States. Large six-sided box-kites are used; the total pull of fifteen of these, carrying a man in a boatswain's chair, is more than two thousand pounds. At the height of four hundred feet observations covering a range of some forty miles can be made.

THE celebrated Boston Symphony Orchestra completed its thirtieth year of existence and uninterrupted success on Oct. 22. At the last Symphony Concert of the Harvard Musical Association in Boston, in March, 1881, a Concert Overture was conducted by the composer, Georg Henschel, whose brilliant performance attracted the attention of Major H. L. Higginson, a music-lover who had for several years been maturing a new scheme of symphony concerts, and who was willing and able to subsidize it out of his own pocket. He was only waiting to find the orchestral conductor in whom he could have sufficient confidence. The Harvard Musical Association, then more than twenty years old, had been gradually declining in popularity, and he saw that there was an opening for a really first-class orchestra in Boston. Large audiences were attracted from the very first, and the Boston Symphony Orchestra has advanced from success to success. Its twenty-four annual performances now fill a very large place in the musical life of Boston, and the orchestra has now a double fame and a double audience, for it gives ten concerts yearly in New York, where it is equally popular. Of the original seventy members four are still playing in the orchestra, which at present numbers one hundred and one.

It is surprising that there is so much misapprehension in Western lands about the real character of the Turkish people. During the present difficulty with Italy many most exaggerated charges have been made against the Turks, which those who know them best deny with indignation. A writer in *The Boston Transcript* has just published an article which is unusually fair and which is marked with a due appreciation of the weakness of our frenzied manner of life which we call civilization. A few quotations will be of interest to all who are not prejudiced against the "heathen." Mr. Cobb, the writer, says:

No people in the world are more likeable than the Turks. They are kindly, honest, and generous-hearted. . . . The English and Americans who live among the Turks like them — come to feel a real affection for them.

To the charge that they are cruel, he assents, but he says that the reason is that they possess to a marked degree the Oriental indifference to physical pain, and that, above all, they are still in the condition we were during the later middle ages.

It is only a few centuries ago that we too held life and suffering in little value. . . . We burnt men at the stake in order to save their souls. . . . Even within two or three centuries we could have found in England the prototype of the modern Turk — the cultured English gentleman, the kindly, dignified merchant, who could witness with calmness, torture, execution, burning at the stake.

Already there has been a great refining process in the Near East during the last half century; and within the lifetime of this generation we shall see the East purged of its cruelty and physical roughness.

Speaking of the new movement in Turkey towards a better interpretation of the Korân, Mr. Cobb says:

A protestant wave is sweeping over Islâm; quietly and cautiously a translation of the Korân into modern Turkish is being prepared. The grip of the clergy is waning in proportion as the people are becoming educated.

It must be said in justice to Islâm, that it has never been as fanatical and intolerant of heresy as the Christian Church. There has never been any Inquisition in Islâm, and persecutions for religious differences have been far rarer than in Christianity. The Turks are the broadest and most tolerant of all Mohammedans.

While both Turkey and Persia are yet mostly in the middle ages as regards education,

In both countries there are a number of leaders who have received a European education and are thoroughly in sympathy with its ideas. Their influence is radiating throughout the country and in the end it must pervade the masses.

Mr. Cobb speaks in a most significant and welcome manner about industrial conditions in Turkey:

In methods of industry and business the medieval form holds sway. . . . Their hours are long, but their labor dignifies instead of degrading them. Now and then they stop work, light a cigarette and dream. There is a chance for a bit of meditation, a broadening of the vision of life. . . . Compare all that with the feverish activity of our modern industrial system with its soul-racking machines and unhumanizing servitude to work. . . . Poor East! Little does it dream, in its silent, meditative happiness, that it will one day have to face the industrial system — the age of machinery and iron. Already this is creeping upon them — already factories are being established, and labor is being chained to the loom. . . .

Let us hope it will profit by the bitter experience of the West, and keep the good things it has. The Turkish craftsman

makes a living — he is happy, he lives near to God. . . . Will you undertake to show him the possibilities of combination, of fierce competition, of ostentatious wealth? Will you take away his soul and give him a few millions in return? Pray do not! Leave us some distant corner of the earth where we can flee when the shadows of industrialism oppress us; when the soullessness of human faces arouses our despair. . . . The East is yet a land where one can seek the eternal solitudes of the spirit. . . . The despotism of the East is over. No more can its rulers consign to death at their whim. . . . Will the East be able to keep its characteristic of peace?

THE Irish-language demonstration held in Dublin on September 17 was impressive and successful; indeed the citizens appear to celebrate this annual event as a festival day. A considerable number of those taking part wore the ancient national costume. The first part of the procession, consisting of branches of the Gaelic League, occupied half an hour in passing a given point. Then came various schools. Next the National Foresters formed a picturesque element, an innovation being the attire of two branches of the lady Foresters, who appeared in green velvet cloaks and hoods which imparted a very realistic Celtic touch. Numerous labor organizations brought up the rear.

At the subsequent mass meeting Dr. Douglas Hyde, the energetic President of the Gaelic League, presented resolutions dealing with the education question in connexion with the preservation of the Irish language and industrial development. He said the National Board of Education had informed him that the managers of the schools and the parents of the children were colder towards the Irish language than the Board itself. "The priests of Ireland are the managers of

the schools," he went on to say, "and if it was true that the priests are colder than the Board it is a sad state of affairs. I do not believe it, but I will leave this question because it does not touch us." He concluded by asking the Gaelic League members to have a welcome for every person who was an Irishman, and to apply no tests except that when members came in they should leave religion and politics outside the door.

One cannot but admire the optimism of Dr. Douglas Hyde, and if the course he outlined be followed many will soon realize that the words unsectarian and non-political, sound a keynote of progress. And the Gaelic League is surely for progress! There is an eastern book called *The Arabian Night's Entertainments*. It contains the Story of Es-Sindibâd, who had the ill-luck to encounter trying adventures, among which was the task of carrying an Old-Man-of-the-Sea on his back. Perhaps the parents, the National Board, and Dr. Douglas Hyde might think of an Irish version. Meanwhile the children suffer most.

Talking of translations, we wonder whether some Gaelic League member will think of putting *Atlantis*, by Ignatius Donnelly, into Irish. To be sure, it would give young folk a wider outlook on life, but this might not be an insuperable objection.

BOOK REVIEWS: "Les Derniers Barbares: Chine, Tibet, Mongolie," par le Commandant d'Ollone. Pierre Lafitte et Cie., Paris. By H. Alexander Fussell

IN the preface to this most interesting and readable book of exploration Commandant d'Ollone reminds us that within or about the confines of the Chinese Empire there still exist "those races which conquered Cyrus, stopped Alexander, ravaged the Roman Empire, conquered Asia and half of Europe," that they are still the same, "unconquered and untamable." And he asks the question: "Will they succumb under the pressure of civilization; or shall we see them, armed with our own weapons, with modern artillery, utilizing the railways we have constructed, to begin again their terrible incursions?"

The names of these barbarians are familiar enough: Scythians, Huns, Turks, Mongols; to these must be added the Lolos, a race, according to some theorists, more nearly allied to our own, the Indo-European, than to the so-called Mongolian or Yellow race. To study the Lolos and their characteristics was one of the principal objects of the expedition d'Ollone.

Inhabiting the high mountainous plateau, about 11,000 square miles in extent, on the left bank of the Blue River, to the north of the province of Yunnan,

they have maintained their independence at the price of continual war with the Chinese. Theirs is "the forbidden land," "the country where the Chinese never go"; for the latter, if found in the country of the Lolos, are either massacred or reduced to slavery. Nevertheless, they are admitted at certain seasons to gather the much coveted "insect-wax," a source of riches to the neighboring province of Sseu-Tch'ouan, which is found only in "the Great Cold Mountains" of the Lolo country. To do this they must get the protection of some Lolo chief and pay an indemnity to each of the frontier clans. The Lolos, on the other hand, go freely in times of peace into Chinese territory to buy weapons and firearms.

The expedition had some difficulty in finding Lolo chiefs to be their introducers or "sponsors"; not only was it impossible to proceed without them, but with them they would be treated more as guests than travelers. However, three Lolo chiefs were induced to undertake this office. D'Ollone describes them as

tall, magnificent men, with nothing of the Asiatic. One of them, Ma-Yola, having one of the finest heads that could be imagined, not yellow in complexion, but tanned like the inhabitants of Southern Europe, straight large eyes, arched eyebrows, aquiline nose, well-formed mouth, and an open, frank, martial expression. Truly, a European head, with a touch of the Red Indian.

The Lolo woman, too, is *quasi*-European in appearance and attire — a high bodice, a long pleated skirt with flounces, a cloak of fine wool, and turban. Describing the wife of Ma-Djédjé, another of their "sponsors" from a different clan, d'Ollone says, "of stately and noble beauty, she at once compels attention, and all her movements are graceful and dignified."

Among many customs which testify to the high moral development of the Lolos is that of dividing property equally among the heirs of both sexes; as an unmarried woman, however, cannot inherit, her share is held over till her marriage, when it forms her dowry — and until her marriage her brothers must provide for her maintenance. If there is any inequality in the division of property, the youngest is favored. The Lolos appear to be Theists, but have no temples or religious ceremonies.

Who are the Lolos, and to what race do they belong? Hardy mountaineers, good horsemen, fond of war and violent exercise, of proud bearing, noble and often beautiful in countenance, they show all the signs of an energetic race well fitted to develop. What statues, monuments, or architecture have they to tell of their past? None, much to d'Ollone's disappointment. Though their system of government reminded him strongly of the feudal system, yet noble and serf would sleep together on the ground wrapped in their long cloaks, or in cabins without a scrap of furniture. What is the explanation of this anomaly? The real home of the Lolos is not the mountainous country where they have maintained their independence, but on the other bank of the Blue River, where the semi-independent Lolos (and the Miao-Tseu) live under their hereditary chiefs, who, however, acknowledge Chinese authority. But even here no traces of their ancient civilization are to be found, for the Chinese conquerors destroyed everything that reminded them of the Lolo supremacy.

The ethnological problem is thus succinctly stated by Commandant d'Ollone:

Are there in the midst of China populations which do not belong to the Yellow Race? If there are and they have come from elsewhere, we ought to find traces of their passage, colonies which they have left on the way, discover whence they came and to what original family to assign them. If, however, they are indigenous, or at least if they arrived before the beginning of history, then the Far East is not the cradle of the Yellow Race; it is this last which has come from far and has dispossessed the indigenous races, incorporating many of them without doubt, and its homogeneity is a fiction.

Here may be quoted a note by Madame Blavatsky in *The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. II, page 280:

"What would you say to our affirmation that the Chinese—I speak of the inland, the true Chinaman, not of the hybrid mixture between the Fourth and Fifth Races now occupying the throne, the aborigines who belong in their unallied nationality wholly to the highest and last branch of the Fourth Race—reached their highest civilization when the Fifth had hardly appeared in Asia" (*Esoteric Buddhism*, p. 67). And this handful of the inland Chinese are all of a very high stature. Could the most ancient MSS. in the Lolo language (that of the aborigines of China) be got at and translated correctly, many a priceless piece of evidence would be found. But they are as rare as their language is unintelligible. So far one or two European archaeologists only have been able to procure such priceless works.

This was written in 1888. It may be added that the Lolo nobles preserve very carefully their genealogies. To return to the Miao-Tseu. They, says d'Ollone,

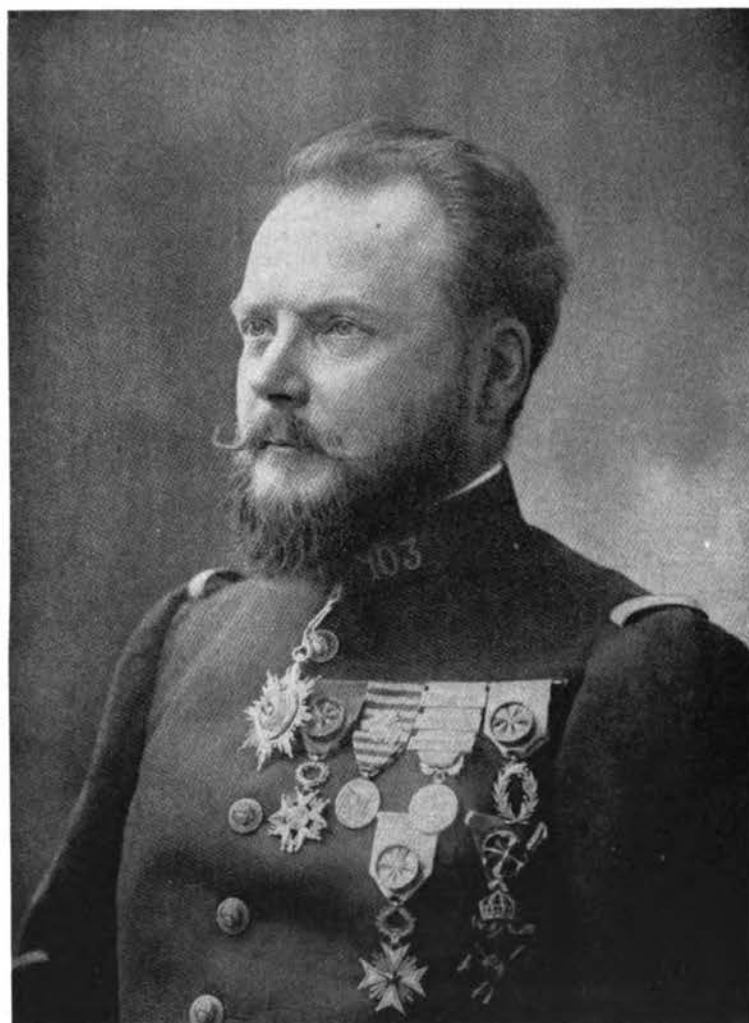
are usually considered as having no writing of their own. Taking advantage of the fact that one of them, who had a law-suit, asked my help, I begged him to put his case in writing. This he did without any difficulty, and assured me that since their subjection by the Chinese, the latter having destroyed all the books they could discover, the Miao-Tseu had hidden those that remained, and had feigned ever since to be ignorant of the art of writing; they possessed, however, numerous books containing the annals of their race.

We must refer our readers to d'Ollone's book for an interesting account of his "hunt for documents."

After studying the Miao-Tseu and the semi-independent Lolos the expedition returned to Ma-Tao-Tseu, whence they had set out, where d'Ollone met some *pimos* or learned Lolos who while they can read the sacred books, have no priestly functions and must by no means be considered as priests. With one of them, who was especially intelligent and well-informed, "my Lolo professor," as he calls him, d'Ollone worked hard for a fortnight, learning the Lolo writing and laying the foundations of a Lolo-French dictionary. At the end of that time,

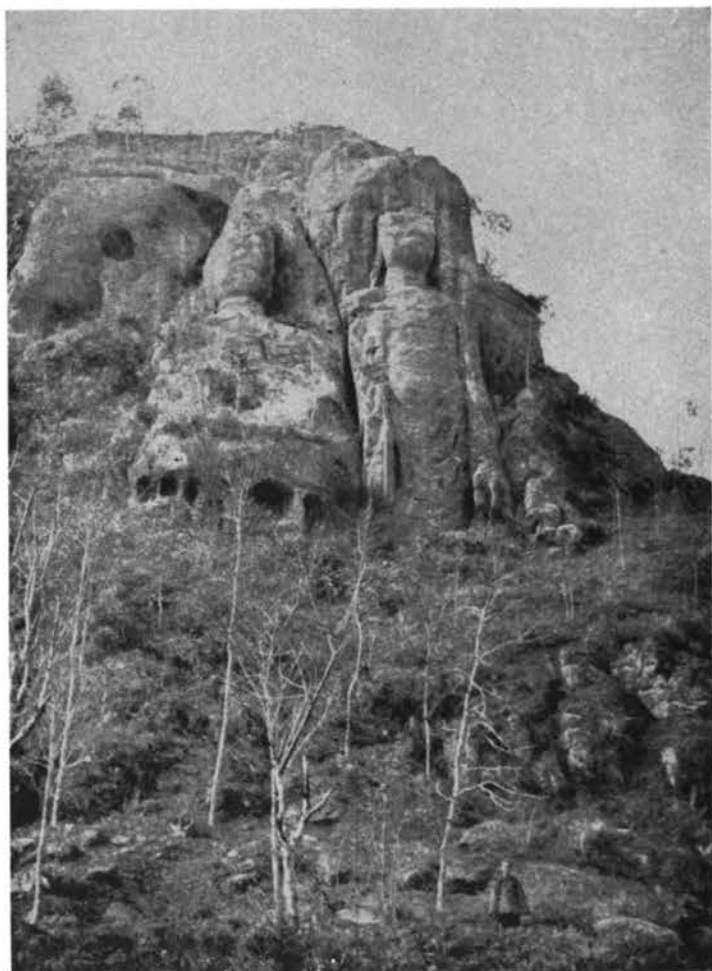
as a recompense for my zeal, my professor presented me with five volumes, treating, he said, of religion, geography, history, mathematics, and various sciences.

Our sympathy is secured in advance for all brave people who are striving to retain their nationality and their own language. The last twenty-five years or so has witnessed a great Celtic revival; the Welsh and Irish are both studying their ancient literature, speaking their original languages, and publishing books about



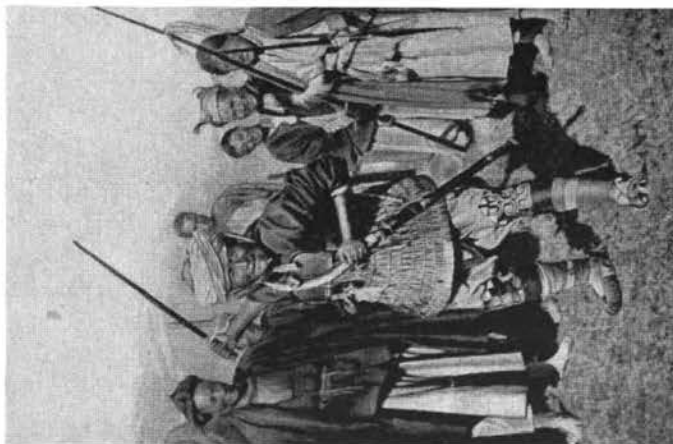
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COMMANDANT D'OLLONE
Chief of the recent Mission d'Ollone to the Far East
and author of *Les Derniers Barbares*



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ARCHAIC COLOSSAL STATUES OF KIANG-K'EU



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A LOLO WARRIOR



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LOLO MEN
AND THEIR INSEPARABLE CLOAK



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MIAO-TSEU DANCING. BOTH MEN AND WOMEN ARE REPRESENTED
The musical instruments are of curious form

their traditions which go back to a time when England was joined to the Continent and our forefathers could walk dryshod from Wales to Ireland. It is at least curious that far away in Central Asia, a Lolo prince, one of the most powerful and learned of them all, the nzemo Len, fired by the same national enthusiasm and patriotism should have founded a school where eighteen pupils are educated at his own expense in Lolo, not in Chinese. He has moreover established a rude printing-press, so as to publish books in his own language, to disseminate not only the old Lolo learning, but to popularize European science and discoveries, notably railroads, telegraphy, and ballooning, about which he has heard.

We have indicated but a small part of the work undertaken by the expedition d'Ollone. Many other interesting and hitherto unknown regions in Tibet and Mongolia were explored and are described with a wealth of anecdote and adventure which makes the book delightful reading even for those who are not attracted by the important data it has gathered for the solution of ethnographic and archaeological problems. For the sake of the latter we would observe that among the results of the expedition are

forty-six vocabularies of non-Chinese dialects; four dictionaries of native writings hitherto unknown or undecipherable; thirty-two Lolo manuscripts; two hundred and twenty-five historical inscriptions in Chinese, Sanskrit, Tibetan, Mongol, Manchu, Arabic and Lolo; the local histories of forty-two towns, about which hardly anything was known before, etc., etc.

These documents, illustrated by nearly 2000 photographs, are now being published in seven volumes with the collaboration of eminent savants, aided by a grant from the French Government.

The success of the expedition was due to the high qualities of the French nation, always the pioneers alike in science and in exploration. The difficulties to be surmounted only made their task the more attractive. Commandant d'Ollone and his confrères, Captains Lepage and de Fleurette and Sous-lieutenant Boyve, have done honor to their country and made scientists the world over their debtors.

In conclusion one may refer in justification of the warning with which this review opens, to an earlier work by d'Ollone, published in 1906, *La Chine nouvelle et guerrière* (Armand Colin, Paris). It does away, once for all, with the old idea of the homogeneity and inertia of the Chinese Empire—as large, we must remember, as Europe, and more densely populated by a hundred different races. This Empire, which Europe not so long ago spoke of dividing into “spheres of influence,” so as better to pursue a policy of commercial and military aggression, is wide awake now and intends to be “master in its own household.” The patriotism that was flouted a few years ago is breaking out today in cries for war.

In the province of the lower Yang-Tse, where, Marco Polo declared disdainfully, there was scarcely to be seen a man-at-arms, there are now young men training, by gymnastic exercises and drill for the coming struggle.

“Soon,” so runs one of their military marching songs, “soon, chiefs will lead millions of young men whose battalions will crush Europe and America.”

"O stupid white-faced Barbarians," is the refrain of the Gymnastic Society of Hang-tche'ou, "do not think that the wrongs of the Yellow Race will last many years longer!" And d'Ollone avers that all over China the same songs are sung.

It seems indeed as if we were approaching one of those great crises of the world's history. East and West are getting to know each other, and are measuring their strength. May a peaceful solution be found in the higher ideals which each proclaims, and the Federation of Nations and the Brotherhood of Man at last become a reality!

The work is beautifully printed on calendered paper, and illustrated very handsomely with views photographed during the expedition. A few of them are reproduced on these pages; they give one an idea of the different peoples.

"The Plough and the Cross : a Story of New Ireland," by William Patrick O'Ryan. The Aryan Theosophical Press, Point Loma, California. By F. J. D.

THIS story is surely one of the most arresting and charming which has appeared for many years. Reviewers of the first edition were almost unanimous in saying that it has to be read and re-read, because of its absorbing interest. Filled with beauties of ideation born of Celtic inspiration, are many memory-haunting passages. Seldom has there been a book portraying with such skill and grace the contemporary mental states of a naturally buoyant and imaginative people.

The first chapter is an adumbration, almost an epitome both of the story and of the general situation in Ireland along certain lines, mainly in the thought-world. For in spite of occasional brief personal or scenic sketches, one lives, in these pages, pre-eminently within the very thought-life of a people — a bold departure, and few have been the writers competent to make the attempt. Withal, the story is so genial and humorous, that one lives in that world unconscious of the magic woven around him. Most stories and dramas depend largely for their interest upon plot, incident, and stirring situations. Yet here the keenest interest is sustained within realms of mind, aspiration, and the higher planes of emotion; with little or no aid from plot or dramatic situation; although there are in reality deeply dramatic touches, those which belong to soul-drama.

One feels that the writer, while taking life seriously, looks ever to the brighter side — a wonderful achievement for any Thinker living in the Ireland of today. Because of this inherent attitude, he succeeds in throwing a strong search-light on existing conditions; and again because of it, that light illumines conditions prevalent in some other countries equally. The story has thus an almost universal character, and is in fact a kind of prose-poem. Some, entire strangers to Ireland, declare the characters in the story to be to them much more familiar than their most intimate friends. For being typical, they are real.

In one aspect it is the oft-told tale of struggle against conventionality and dogmatism; but the remarkable thing is that here these are presented in a sympathetic, rather than in an antagonistic light. It is a masterly touch; for conventionality, dogmatism, and even intolerance, are ways in which our imperfect natures cling fearfully to some halting-place, ere a new step is taken on the upward journey.

And so there must always be pioneers, leaders who encourage us to take the next step onward. Books such as this are like refreshing waters pouring new streams of life on jaded souls, weary of the squirrel-in-cage business of the accepted order. The book is full of good-humored raillery, and abounds in richly imaginative and poetic flashes. Although practically a recital of actual occurrences in Ireland, and therefore occasionally weighted with sad and unavoidably stern vicissitudes (less stern than the reality), one discerns plainly those undercurrents of aspiration and effort which are pressing upward in many places today — forces which, indeed, attain embodied expression before the world, in the Theosophical movement led by Katherine Tingley. And it was Katherine Tingley who, recognizing the high merit of this little work, acquired the copyright and caused the first edition to appear from the workshops of the Aryan Theosophical Press. The author himself, who is unconnected with the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, replying to his critics, and after disclaiming the idea that there was any propagandist design in his mind, went on to say:

The truth is that life and character in the Ireland that is waking up are extraordinarily rich and interesting if we look a little below the surface. . . . To take such ideas and characters and try to press them into the service of some personal theory or propaganda would be a crude and senseless proceeding. The point is to illustrate and interpret them, as well as one can, to let them speak for themselves,

The following extracts, much to the point, are taken from a review which appeared in *The Gaelic-American*, New York.

Here we see the mysticism of the medieval poet done into prose. Into his love romance the author has woven his own peculiar ideas about religion, society, theosophy, altruism, and every-day politics. His characters talk these things without, however, losing their human and personal traits. That is why the story is so interesting.

In some respects *The Plough and the Cross* is a psychological study. Katherine Tingley, the famous Theosophist of Point Loma, condenses the features of the novel in the following brief introduction:

"A story of real life in Ireland —in the deepest sense as well as in the usual one—it elucidates certain heart problems in social and religious life with a candor, charm, and fearlessness, and with so tender a restraint and sympathy that it can hardly fail to be regarded as a wholly unique contribution to modern thought.

"More than one actual initiation into the real meaning and purpose of human life is subtly and exquisitely depicted here—the outcome of those stern yet joyful experiences which must come sooner or later to all true hearts that toil nobly and unselfishly for the uplift of social and national life. . . ."

The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society

Founded at New York City in 1875 by H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge and others

Reorganized in 1898 by Katherine Tingley

Central Office, Point Loma, California

The Headquarters of the Society at Point Loma with the buildings and grounds, are no "Community" "Settlement" or "Colony," but are the Central Executive Office of an international organization where the business of the same is carried on, and where the teachings of Theosophy are being demonstrated. Midway 'twixt East and West, where the rising Sun of Progress and Enlightenment shall one day stand at full meridian, the Headquarters of the Society unite the philosophic Orient with the practical West.

MEMBERSHIP

in the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society may be either "at large" or in a local Branch. Adhesion to the principle of Universal Brotherhood is the only pre-requisite to membership. The Organization represents no particular creed; it is entirely unsectarian, and includes professors of all faiths, only exacting from each member that large toleration of the beliefs of others which he desires them to exhibit towards his own.

Applications for membership in a Branch should be addressed to the local Director; for membership "at large" to G. de Purucker, Membership Secretary, International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California.

OBJECTS

THIS BROTHERHOOD is a part of a great and universal movement which has been active in all ages.

This Organization declares that Brotherhood is a fact in Nature. Its principal purpose is to teach Brotherhood, demonstrate that it is a fact in Nature, and make it a living power in the life of humanity.

Its subsidiary purpose is to study ancient and modern religions, science, philosophy, and art; to investigate the laws of Nature and the divine powers in man.

It is a regrettable fact that many people use the name of Theosophy and of our Organization for self-interest, as also that of H. P. Blavatsky, the Foundress, and even the Society's motto, to attract attention to themselves and to gain public support. This they do in private and public speech and in publications. Without being in any way connected with the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, in many cases they permit it to be inferred that they

are, thus misleading the public, and honest inquirers are hence led away from the original truths of Theosophy.

The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society welcomes to membership all who truly love their fellow men and desire the eradication of the evils caused by the barriers of race, creed, caste, or color, which have so long impeded human progress; to all sincere lovers of truth and to all who aspire to higher and better things than the mere pleasures and interests of a worldly life and are prepared to do all in their power to make Brotherhood a living energy in the life of humanity, its various departments offer unlimited opportunities.

The whole work of the Organization is under the direction of the Leader and Official Head, Katherine Tingley, as outlined in the Constitution.

Inquirers desiring further information about Theosophy or the Theosophical Society are invited to write to

THE SECRETARY

International Theosophical Headquarters
Point Loma, California

The Theosophical Path



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KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

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THE PATH

THE illustration on the cover of this Magazine is a reproduction of the mystical and symbolical painting by Mr. R. Machell, the English artist, now a Student at the International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California. The original is in Katherine Tingley's collection at the International Theosophical Headquarters. The symbolism of this painting is described by the artist as follows:

THE PATH is the way by which the human soul must pass in its evolution to full spiritual self-consciousness. The supreme condition is suggested in this work by the great figure whose head in the upper triangle is lost in the glory of the Sun above, and whose feet are in the lower triangle in the waters of Space, symbolizing Spirit and Matter. His wings fill the middle region representing the motion or pulsation of cosmic life, while within the octagon are displayed the various planes of consciousness through which humanity must rise to attain to perfect Manhood.

At the top is a winged Isis, the Mother or Oversoul, whose wings veil the face of the Supreme from those below. There is a circle dimly seen of celestial figures who hail with joy the triumph of a new initiate, one who has reached to the heart of the Supreme. From that point he looks back with compassion upon all who still are wandering below and turns to go down again to their help as a Savior of Men. Below him is the red wing of the guardians who strike down those who have not the "password," symbolized by the white flame floating over the head of the purified aspirant. Two children, representing purity, pass up unchallenged. In the center of the picture is a warrior who has slain the dragon of illusion, the dragon of the lower self, and is now prepared to cross the gulf by using the body of the dragon as his bridge (for we rise on steps made of conquered weaknesses, the slain dragon of the lower nature).

On one side two women climb, one helped by the other whose robe is white and whose flame burns bright as she helps her weaker sister. Near them a man climbs from the darkness; he has money bags hung at his belt but no flame above his head and already the spear of a guardian of the fire is poised above him ready to strike the unworthy in his hour of triumph. Not far off is a bard whose flame is veiled by a red cloud (passion) and who lies prone, struck down by a guardian's spear; but as he lies dying, a ray from the heart of the Supreme reaches him as a promise of future triumph in a later life.

On the other side is a student of magic, following the light from a crown (ambition) held aloft by a floating figure who has led him to the edge of the precipice over which for him there is no bridge; he holds his book of ritual and thinks the light of the dazzling crown comes from the Supreme, but the chasm awaits its victim. By his side his faithful follower falls unnoticed by him, but a ray from the heart of the Supreme falls upon her also, the reward of selfless devotion, even in a bad cause.

Lower still in the underworld, a child stands beneath the wings of the foster mother (material Nature) and receives the equipment of the Knight, symbols of the powers of the Soul, the sword of power, the spear of will, the helmet of knowledge and the coat of mail, the links of which are made of past experiences.

It is said in an ancient book: "The Path is one for all, the ways that lead thereto must vary with the pilgrim."